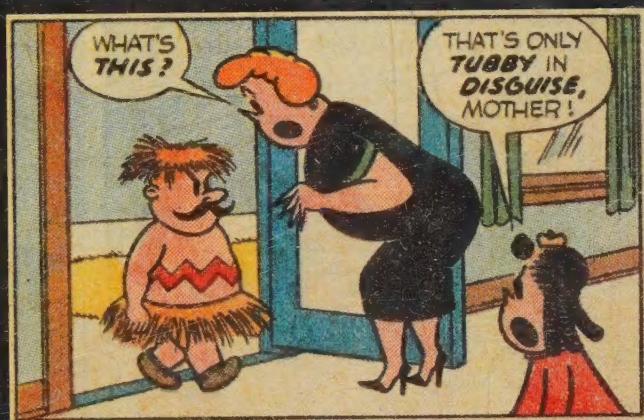


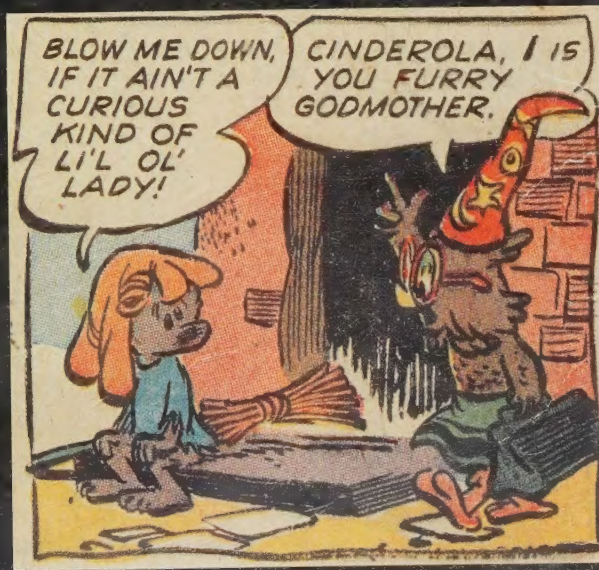
# A Smithsonian Book of COMIC-BOOK COMICS



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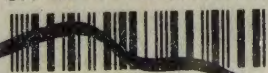


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Michael Barrier and Martin Williams



## A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics

Michael Barrier  
and  
Martin Williams,  
editors

A companion volume to the popular *Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics*, this book is a tribute to the fun and creativity of the comic strip's offshoot, the comic book. It presents outstanding features published in American comic books from near their beginnings (1938) to the advent of the Comics Code (1955). The editors have chosen the stories contained herein for their quality, and the book is not so much a survey or sampler as a permanent statement about the uniqueness and the artistic merit (and artistic pleasure!) of the comic book at its best.

There are thirty-two complete stories—almost 300 pages in color—among them the very first appearances of Superman, Batman, and Pogo Possum. And there are Captain Marvel, Donald Duck and his Uncle Scrooge, the Spirit, and the fantastic Plastic Man.

All are reproduced from their first comic-book printings, and the color faithfully recreates the comic-book pages, evoking great nostalgic appeal for everyone who read comic books as a child. For those unfortunates who were not in on those halcyon years . . . the golden age of the comic book . . . the editors offer a delicious taste of what they have been missing, including five of the most admired stories from the E.C. line, two of them from the early *Mad* magazine. And the authors give long-overdue recognition to some features—Little Lulu, Scribbly, and the Pie-Face Prince—never before included in reprint volumes.

A look through the table of contents indicates the authors' high regard for the humor features, even those that treated the conventions of the comic book itself and the super-heroes with a healthy and hilarious disrespect. It is evident that Barrier and Williams would head their personal list of major talents among comic-book creators with Carl Barks (Donald Duck), Walt Kelly (Pogo), John Stanley (Little Lulu),











# **A Smithsonian Book of**



# COMIC-BOOK COMICS

Edited by  
**Michael Barrier**  
and  
**Martin Williams**

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## Acknowledgments

The names of the copyright holders who have generously contributed to this volume appear on the comics pages that follow. And we owe special thanks to the following individuals, for help of many kinds.

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John Benson, Rick Durell, Don and Maggie Thompson.





# Introduction

The comic book as we know it today—with its slick covers, newsprint-paper insides, and crude colors, all in a package measuring about seven by ten inches—was a long time in being born.

The comic book was the child of the newspaper comic strip, and the comic strip was born in the United States late in the nineteenth century. Several elements that had been separately present in European culture for centuries—drawings in sequence that told a story, “balloons” filled with dialogue, caricature—were combined by American cartoonists, as what quickly came to be called comic strips, in American newspapers beginning in the 1890s. Within a few years, daily comic strips and Sunday comics sections in color were widely featured in American newspapers.

Some newspaper comics offered extended narratives—stories that were told over many days, and in many drawings—almost from the start. And although the full-color Sunday comics were often presented in a grid pattern—rows of boxed drawings, or panels, of the same size—cartoonists sometimes dealt with the comics page as a whole, giving their panels different shapes and arranging them in unusual ways.

Many ingredients of the comic book—the comic-strip form, the extended narrative, the page as a basic unit along with the panel—were thus present in newspaper strips from around the turn of the century. (The Sunday comics section—very thick and colorful in those early days—was itself a comic book of a sort.) But just as the comic strip took a curiously long time to assume its definitive shape, so too did the comic book.

For about three decades, publishers experimented with formats of many kinds. They first reprinted newspaper strips in books (both hard and soft covers), making what one might call early comic books. In 1929, one publisher tried something different—a weekly publication made up of completely new comics. Called *The Funnies*, it died after a few issues, perhaps because it was tabloid size (twice as large as a modern comic book) and so looked too much like a Sunday comics section.

In 1933, comic books of approximately the modern size and shape were published by Eastern Color Printing Company—but as premiums, to be given away by retailers and manufacturers to their customers. No one thought about selling these comic books directly to readers until M. C. Gaines, a salesman at Eastern Color, tested the market by putting ten-cent price stickers on a few copies and leaving them at two newsstands. The comic books quickly sold out, and this led—after a few false starts—to the publication of

*Famous Funnies* No. 1 in May 1934. *Famous Funnies* was sold on newsstands for a dime, and it was soon being published on a monthly schedule. It was the first true comic book in the modern sense.

But, like the premium comic books that preceded it, *Famous Funnies* was composed of reprinted newspaper strips. The first comic book made up entirely of new material did not appear until early in 1935; this was *New Fun* No. 1. In later years, comic books with new material came to dominate the field, eclipsing the comic books made up of reprints.

So, depending on the definition one uses, the first comic book was published anywhere from early in the century to as late as 1935. But the real turning point in the comic book's history probably came in the summer of 1932.

Jerry Siegel, a student at Glenville High School in Cleveland, and his classmate, Joe Shuster, had become friends because of a shared interest in comic strips, particularly heroic fantasies like *Tarzan* and *Buck Rogers*. They began to make comic strips of their own; Siegel wrote and Shuster illustrated. As Siegel later told the story to a writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, the idea for the new strip came to him one hot night in 1932, as he was trying to fall asleep:

"I am lying in bed counting sheep when all of a sudden it hits me. I conceive a character like Samson, Hercules, and all the strong men I ever heard tell of rolled into one. Only more so. I hop right out of bed and write this down, and then I go back and think some more for about two hours and get up again and write that down. This goes on all night at two-hour intervals, until in the morning I have a complete script."

That morning, Siegel rushed to Shuster's house, and they whipped up the script and the drawings for twelve installments of a daily newspaper strip—two weeks' worth—to submit to newspaper syndicates. The strip was called *Superman*. The established syndicates were uniformly unflattering in their assessments of Siegel and Shuster's samples and *Superman* gathered a large pile of rejection slips. When *Superman* finally found a home, in 1938, it was in the first issue of a monthly comic book, *Action Comics*, wherein the strips had been cut up and the panels rearranged to make a thirteen-page feature.

Within a short time, *Action Comics*—with *Superman* in each issue—was selling almost a million copies every month, the bimonthly *Superman* comic book was selling well over a million copies per issue, and the character had spread from comic books to radio and the movies. And to the

newspapers—by 1941, *Superman* as a daily strip signed by Siegel and Shuster, was running in 230 papers.

If, in the mid-1930s, just one syndicate editor had come to a different decision and given *Superman* a test run, the history of comic books would surely have been different. Had *Superman* squeezed onto the newspaper comics pages before 1938, the strip probably would have wound up in a reprint comic book, and a second-hand *Superman* of that kind could not have changed comic books the way that *Action Comics* and the *Superman* bimonthly did.

*Superman* alerted publishers to the riches to be gained from offering readers the larger-than-life costumed super-hero, and within a couple of years the newsstands were filled with comic books starring such characters, and comic books themselves had become big business. Some of the new heroes were super-human, like Superman, although they usually had fewer powers than Superman did, and some of them had powers that Superman did not (the ability to burst into flame, for example, or to stretch one's body into all sorts of improbable shapes). Other heroes were not super-human, but had well-developed muscles and specialized skills; they were not the heirs of Superman so much as of the masked, law-into-their-own-hands vigilantes (the Phantom, the Lone Ranger, the Green Hornet, and others) who had become popular through comic strips, radio, and pulp fiction. However, the new comic-book vigilantes were clad in costumes far more garish than simple masks. The exemplar was Batman, whose adventures became the lead feature in *Detective Comics* (published by National, the company that brought out the *Superman* titles) a year after Superman's debut. Batman quickly became the second most popular of the super-heroes; his bimonthly comic book was selling 800,000 copies per issue by 1941.

Not all comic-book heroes had the sustained success of Superman and Batman, but starting in the early 1940s other kinds of comic books, from many different publishers, found favor with millions of readers. The Walt Disney characters Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck began appearing monthly in *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* in the fall of 1940, and other comic books with animated-cartoon characters soon followed. Another genre was the comic book with teenage characters; the *Archie* feature, which first appeared in 1941 as a filler in a super-hero comic book, spawned a multitude of imitators. The western—that staple of Americana—made the transition to comic books with ease, and cowboy movie stars like Roy Rogers and Gene Autry became comic-book stars as well. Romance comic books flourished in the



postwar years, sharing the appeal of radio soap operas and confession magazines.

Of the many new genres, the one that ultimately had the greatest effect on the industry was the crime comic book. Crime was always present in the super-hero comic books—the heroes usually proved themselves to be heroes by defeating criminals—but in the new crime comics, the emphasis was on the crimes themselves. A wave of such comic books started with *Crime Does Not Pay* in 1942 and crested in the postwar years. The success of the frequently lurid and violent crime comic books encouraged one publisher, E. C., to go a step further, and in 1950 it introduced three horror titles—*The Crypt of Terror*, *The Vault of Horror*, and *The Haunt of Fear*. Other publishers quickly scented a bonanza, and the comic racks filled up with bloody axes, severed heads, and rotting corpses.

Comic books had been criticized in print since 1940 or so; because most of the readers were children, some people worried that comic books—crude and violent as many of them were—might be damaging young minds. The crime and horror comic books were found especially alarming, and a storm of indignation finally struck the industry with full force in 1954. Comic books were dumped on bonfires; comic books were denounced in Congress; comic books were solemnly condemned by psychiatrists as the root of a host of social evils. (And, more important for business, distributors started refusing to accept some comic books from the publishers.) As the movie producers had done twenty years earlier, the comic-book publishers responded to charges of immorality by drawing up an extremely strict code and entrusting its enforcement to a panel recruited from outside the industry. Only one major publisher—Dell, whose comic books starred such licensed characters as Donald Duck and the Lone Ranger and had attracted little criticism—could afford to shun the new Comics Code.

The adoption of the Comics Code in October 1954 marked the end of sixteen years of flamboyant success for the comic-book industry. Many publishers left the business in the 1950s, and total circulation fell sharply. Despite occasional bursts of prosperity (like the one that accompanied the public's interest in the *Batman* television show of the 1960s), comic books have never come close to equaling their popularity in the 1940s and early 1950s. Once ubiquitous on newsstands and in drug stores, variety stores, and supermarkets, comic books in recent years have been slipping slowly out of sight.

Even when comic books were at the peak of their success,

very little of that success trickled down—in the form of money or artistic freedom—to the writers and cartoonists who were producing the magazines.

For the most part, comic books did not attract established, main-line magazine publishers. They attracted publishers that were already on the fringes—companies that specialized in pulp fiction or movie-fan magazines or, at best, mass-market children's books. Such publications were produced mostly according to formulas, with the formulas determined by whatever sold well. The publishers were accustomed to dealing with formula writers, and everything that passed through their hands was therefore treated like hackwork. In such an atmosphere, there was not much incentive to try to make comic-book stories into artistic statements.

And if a feature turned out to have great commercial value, it was the publisher, not the artist or writer, who profited. (Siegel and Shuster were paid only ten dollars a page for the *Superman* story that was published in *Action Comics* No. 1—and they were required by the publisher to sign away all rights to the character. Although they continued to work on the *Superman* comic books and strips, it was as employees only.) The artists and writers who worked on comic books were often not allowed to sign their work, and many saw comic books only as a rung on the ladder leading up to a contract for a syndicated newspaper strip, or to writing for radio or slick magazines, or to a career in commercial art.

In short, there was no reason to believe that the comic book, when it was flourishing in the 1940s and 1950s, would give birth to stories of enduring value. But it did.

The comic books' readers can take part of the credit. Readers often responded with delight to those few comics that broke free of the formulas or turned them to new purposes. *Captain Marvel*, *Uncle Scrooge*, *Little Lulu*, and the early *Mad* won the allegiance of hundreds of thousands of readers. But of course the readers could not bring such comic books into being by themselves.

On at least one occasion, a group of comics creators—supported by an enlightened publisher—set out to do work well above the industry norm. That happened in the early 1950s at E.C., the company that spawned the horror-comic boom. Cushioned by the profits from E.C.'s crime and horror titles, the company's editors and artists put their best efforts into science-fiction and war comic books that were aimed at more mature readers (and did not sell as well as crime and horror). E.C.'s patience with slow-selling titles paid off spectacularly when the satirical *Mad*, edited

and written by Harvey Kurtzman, became a best seller after a rocky start.

Another cartoonist did not have to seek out a mature audience; it came built in. Will Eisner's *Spirit*—the adventures of a masked crime-fighter—was distributed as a small comic-book section with Sunday newspapers, and as such was read by adults as well as by children—perhaps more by adults than by children. Although Eisner worked under severe deadline pressures—turning out a seven-page story every week—he worked under few pressures of any other kind, and many episodes of *The Spirit* were so formula-free that the title character played only a limited role in them.

But outstanding stories usually emerged in another way. A single cartoonist was hired to perform a specific, limited task; often—but not always—he was hired to both write and draw his stories. The cartoonist set out to do the work in the spirit of a craftsman; and slowly, he became something more than a craftsman.

For example, a few cartoonists started with conventional super-heroes—C. C. Beck with Captain Marvel, Jack Cole with Plastic Man—and put them at the center of stories that were far more witty and charming than comic-book conventions had seemed to permit. Other cartoonists, like Walt Kelly and George Carlson, found havens in comic books intended for very young children. Many such comic books were published in the 1940s, especially by Dell, which brought out *Animal Comics*, *Fairy Tale Parade*, *Raggedy Ann and Andy*, and *Santa Claus Funnies*. It was in these low-key Dell comic books that Kelly perfected the skills that he put to use in his famous *Pogo*. Unlike Kelly, who worked in comic books in the early stages of his career, Carlson came to comic books—to *Jingle Jangle Comics*—after many years as a cartoonist and illustrator. He saw—and seized—an opportunity to cap his career with very free and inventive stories about such zanies as the Pie-Face Prince.

Other cartoonists wrote and drew humorous features to be used as “comic relief” in titles that were dominated by characters meant to be taken more seriously. Both Sheldon Mayer and Basil Wolverton filled this role in the 1940s—Mayer with this *Scribbly* feature, Wolverton with *Powerhouse Pepper* and other features. Since they worked on the edges of the spotlight, Mayer and Wolverton could indulge comic fancies even to the point of mocking the super-heroes that were the mainstay of the industry.

In the 1940s, it was common for a cartoonist to be paired with an existing character and to draw the stories with that character in issue after issue, perhaps for years. Such



pairings did not lead inevitably to distinguished work; but sometimes, a gifted cartoonist could find unsuspected possibilities in an established character. That happened when Carl Barks was assigned to the *Donald Duck* feature in *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*, and when John Stanley was asked to write and draw the new *Little Lulu* comic book. Both cartoonists turned out brilliant stories in which the familiar characters were transformed and enriched.

Other cartoonists, too—far more than could be represented in this book—did comic-book work that reflects high levels of both craft and caring.

Comic books did not seek out truly original talents. But in its heyday, the field was so large and so fluid that talented people could find ways to do exceptional work—and, sometimes, extraordinary work.

Our volume is intended to be not so much a survey or a sampler as a statement about the comic book at its best. Therefore, most of our choices are here because of our own convictions about their quality. We considered several thousand stories in making our selections. One or the other or both of us read all, or almost all, of the comic-book work of some of the creators represented here (Barks, Stanley, Kelly, Carlson) and large selections from the others. We also sought and received valuable advice from several people whose names you will find in our acknowledgments. But the choices here are our own.

To reduce the criteria for our selections to a few words would be difficult, but perhaps we can say that we have looked for compelling stories whose creators have made use of the medium itself—who have made their words and pictures work together to achieve results not possible in any other medium.

It will not come as a surprise, to anyone who has glanced at this volume's table of contents, that we think most highly of the humor features, even those that treated the conventions of the comic book itself and the concept of the super-heroes themselves with humor. And it will soon be evident also that our own list of the major talents of the comic book would begin with Carl Barks, Walt Kelly, John Stanley, C. C. Beck, Will Eisner . . .

Our cut-off date for this collection has been the adoption of the Comics Code in October 1954 (the first comic books that had been subjected to the Code's requirements were published in the spring of 1955). Nothing published after the Code took effect will be found here. The adoption of the Code marked a distinct change in the industry, although some comic books with real vitality—like Stan Lee's collaborations

with Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko in the Marvel super-hero comics (*Fantastic Four*, *Amazing Spider-Man*) of the mid-1960s—have been published under the Code.

Inevitably there are dozens of popular features that are not included in this volume; *Blackhawk* and *The Heap* are two much-admired examples. We have been forced to exclude the work of many highly regarded artists; Alex Toth, for one. Many artists were not well served by the writers whose scripts they illustrated, and we have felt that the features included in this book should be distinguished in writing as well as drawing. There are also genres and types of comics that we have not represented. We have no romance comics and no westerns. There are no teenage comics here, and hence no examples from the very durable *Archie* magazines. We include no examples of the comics based on classic novels, plays, and poems, and none of the comics based on movies or—except for the Disney ducks—on the supposed adventures of movie stars, such as Bob Hope, Jerry Lewis, or others. We have also avoided those comics that were based on newspaper strips—those that offer not reprints but new material about their characters.\*

All of the features in this book are, of course, comic-book originals. And it is our conviction that although some may show the work of assistants, none were in any sense ghosted, and all are ultimately the work of the men we have identified as the authors.

But enough. It is high time for the reader to begin to enjoy that work.

Michael Barrier  
Martin Williams

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\* Those latter magazines, incidentally, were often turned out by the syndicate that distributed the strip and were probably never seen by the newspaper strip's author or authors. A few conscientious strip artists did directly supervise their comic-book ghosts. And a small few even worked, with assistants, on the comic-book adventures of their characters.

## About "Superman"

As we have seen, comic-book originals began to appear in 1935; the first was a magazine called *New Fun*. In its first issue, *New Fun* (its name was soon changed to *More Fun*) was anything but impressive. Some of its features had a professional look; more of them looked like the work of promising amateurs; and some seemed to be the work of amateurs of little promise. Many of them were indeed the work of eager teenagers in their conception, their scripting, and their drawing. But from *More Fun* came the magazines *New Adventure*, *Detective Comics*, and *Action Comics*, and from these came the whole line of National Periodical Publications, now called DC Comics and now part of a huge conglomerate.

Two things intervened to make all that possible: the arrival of the feature called *Superman* in 1938 and the one called *Batman* in 1939, both in comic books published by National Comics. Indeed, at second hand, the sustained success of these features probably made a whole industry possible and, thus, at third hand made the contents of this book possible.

*Superman*, as we have said, came from Jerry Siegel, who wrote it, and Joe Shuster, who drew it. They had been contributing to *More Fun* and *Detective Comics* since 1936, but they originally intended *Superman* to be a newspaper strip and had submitted it unsuccessfully to almost every syndicate there was. Harry Donenfeld purchased it for *Action Comics* and had its daily-format panels pasted into a thirteen-page feature. Three years later *Superman* was appearing in three comic books simultaneously and still other *Superman* adventures had newspaper distribution as well.

The idea of a secret identity for Superman (he is otherwise, of course, Clark Kent, "mild-mannered reporter") could have come from such heroes of pulp fiction as the Shadow and the Spider or their radio counterparts like the Green Hornet or from the several films based on the Zorro character—but, in the *Scarlet Pimpernel* of the British novelist Baroness Orczy, the idea dates back earlier than they.

Philip Wylie's 1930 science-fiction novel, *Gladiator*, has often been suggested as Superman's inspiration. An equally handy suggestion could have come from John Carter, the hero of Edgar Rice Burroughs's Martian adventures. Carter was an American mysteriously teleported to Mars in the 1860s. There he discovered that the lesser pull of Martian gravity made his earthling's muscles exceedingly powerful: he could leap to great heights, run in great strides, and fight with superior strength. Substitute Krypton for Mars, reverse



the idea, and one has Kryptonian Clark Kent-Superman on earth, "able to leap tall buildings at a single bound." Indeed, in his initial conception, superior strength and leaping power on earth, plus a skin impenetrable to bullets, were Superman's super powers. The ability to fly unlimited distances and X-ray vision—such powers came later.

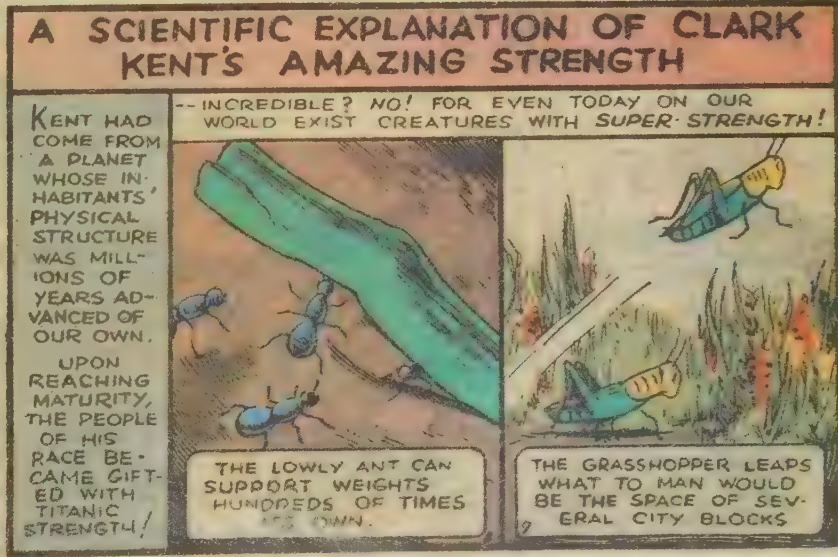
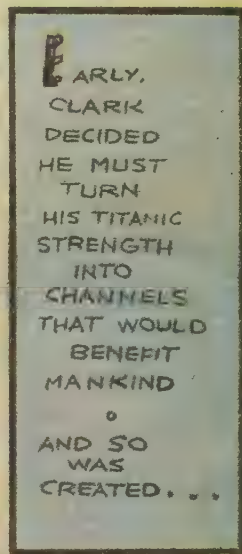
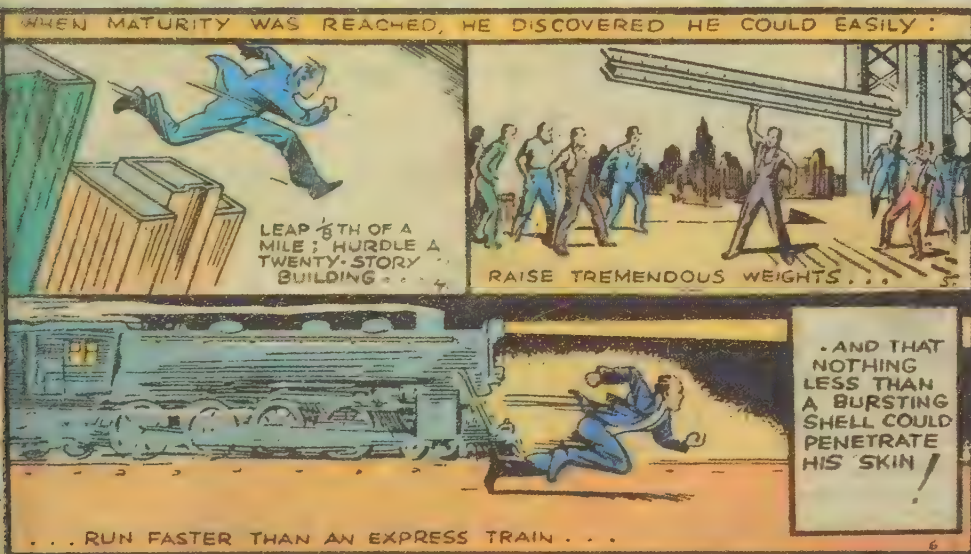
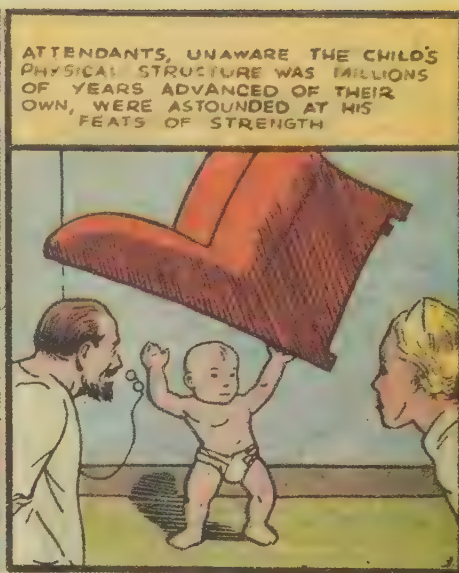
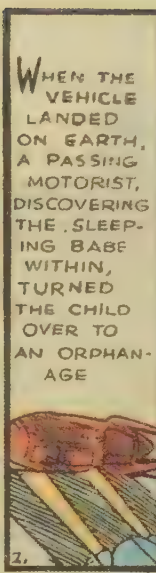
On the other hand, one does not have to look for conscious sources for *Superman* or look too far to account for his appeal. The promotional material for the 1978 *Superman* movie made the matter virtually specific in the blurb, "with Marlon Brando as Jor-El, who gave his only son to save the world." Intended or not (and the allusion would not *have* to be conscious), only the word "begotten" seems to be missing from the sentence.

Superman: conceived in a magic land in the sky (the planet Krypton), from a superior group of beings and fathered by a wise and powerful member of that group (Jor-El), threatened in his infancy with death (the destruction of Krypton), sent to earth, raised in humble surroundings (the farming Kent family), the possessor of great powers that he uses to save mankind.

Superman is one version of the hero with a thousand faces—to employ the title of Joseph Campbell's excellent book on the subject—and his appeal should therefore not surprise us. But Superman is a crude version of the hero; if you will, an elementary one. Unlike his more developed analogues in all the world's great religions, Superman does not offer love or goodwill, self-knowledge or contemplation as keys to man's salvation. He offers his own physical powers. Ultimately Superman's message for man rests only in his own superior strength and lies in his power to be an enforcer of his own judgement of what is good and what is evil.

For our Superman choice here, rather than jump forward to his later appearances in his own *Superman* comics, we have chosen the less frequently reprinted first appearance in *Action Comics* No. 1, with Siegel's episodic scripting (designed for daily newspapers, remember) and Shuster's cartoon-oriented drawing style. Superman's origin is barely sketched; Krypton is unnamed; Kent's newspaper is called the *Daily Star*; and although there is a "Lois," there is no Perry White and no Jimmy Olsen.

M.W.





A TIRELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT. SECONDS COUNT. DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE.

10

THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED.

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE! I HAVEN'T TIME TO ATTEND TO IT

11

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

I MUST SEE THE GOVERNOR. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!

12

SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!

CLICK

13

I'LL SEE HIM NOW!

14

THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!

ANSWER MY QUESTION! ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE GOVERNOR?

15

NO! I WON'T!

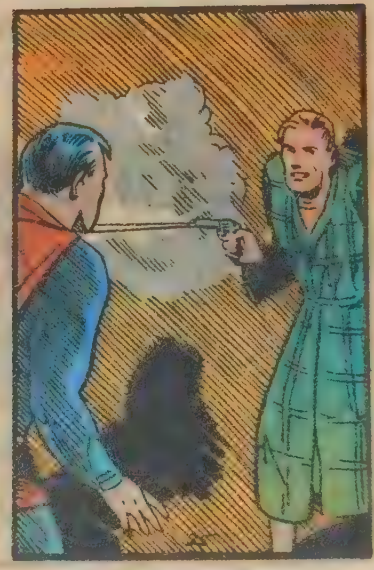
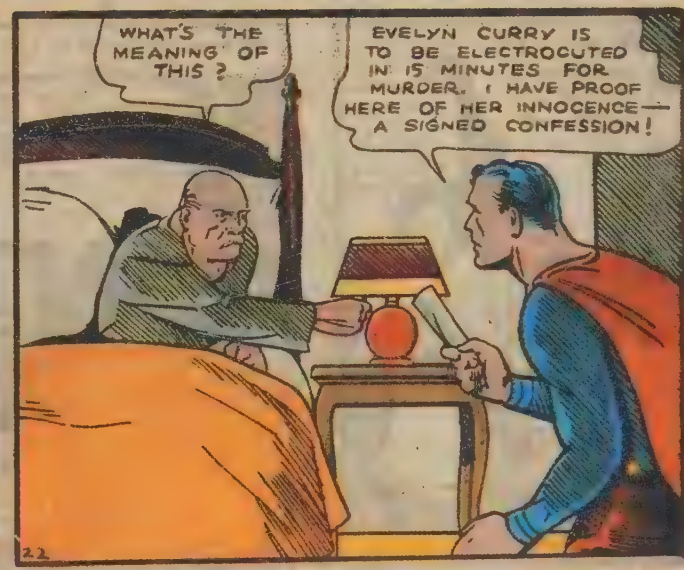
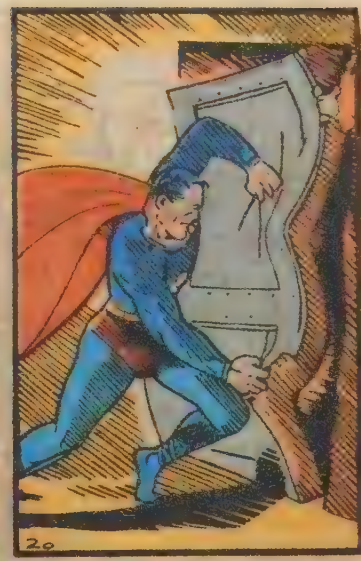
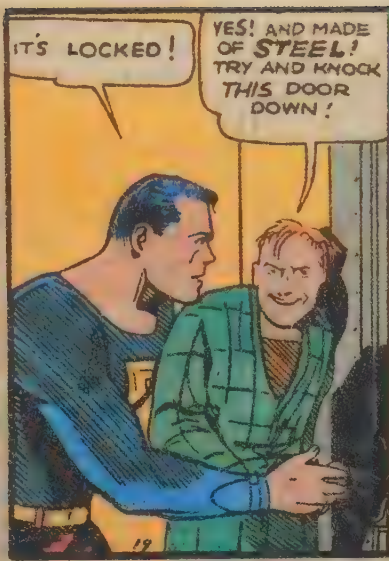
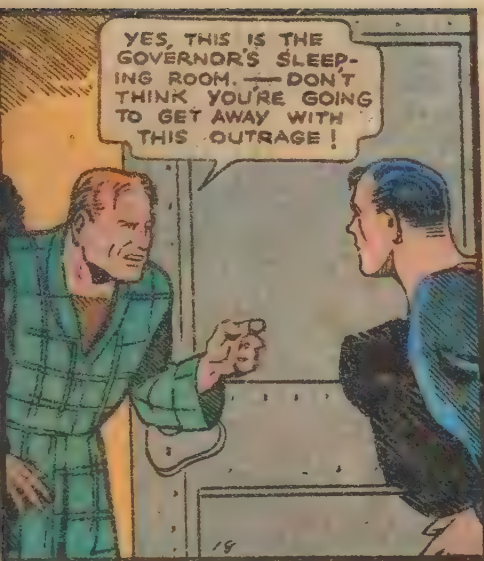
THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!

16

HELP! HELP!

17







26

THE BULLET RICOCHETS OFF SUPERMAN'S TOUGH SKIN!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR HORSEPLAY!

A LIFE HANGS ON THE BALANCE

12 minutes to go

DON'T YOU REALIZE? I'VE PROOF SHE'S INNOCENT AND YOU ALONE CAN SAVE HER!

LET ME SEE THOSE PAPERS

9 minutes to go

HURRY! — CONNECT ME WITH THE PENITENTIARY!

STOP! THE GOVERNOR HAS PARDONED HER!

THANK GOD, I TOLD YOU I WAS INNOCENT!

HE'S GONE — DISAPPEARED!

YES... BUT HERE'S A NOTE HE LEFT, SIR. — "YOU'LL FIND THE REAL MURDERESS BOUND AND DELIVERED ON THE LAWN OF YOUR ESTATE"

NEXT MORNING AS KENT LEAVES FOR THE NEWSPAPER UPON WHICH HE WORKS AS A REPORTER...

HAVE YOU HEARD? THE CURRY GIRL IS INNOCENT!

LET'S SEE THE PAPER!

GOOD! I'M NOT MENTIONED!

DAILY STAR

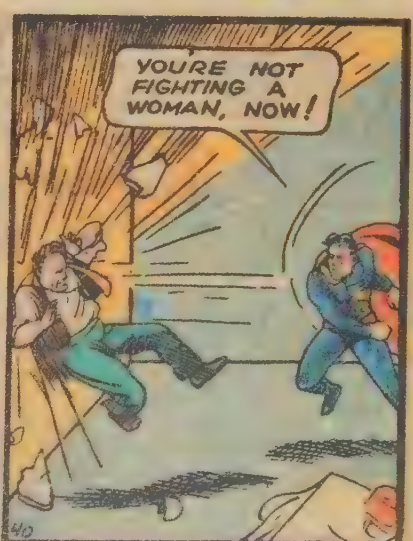
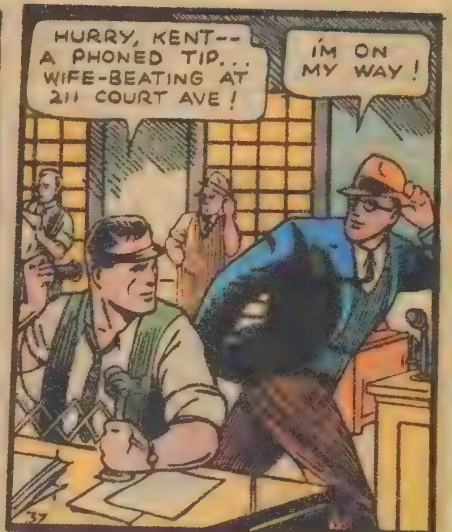
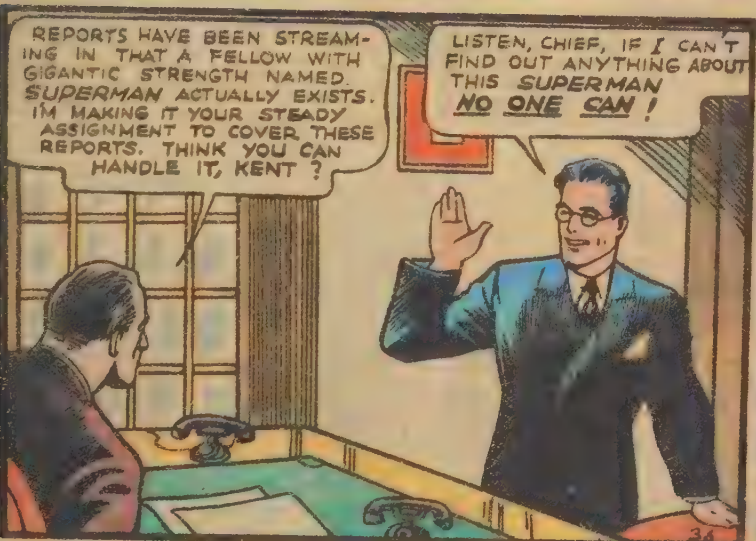
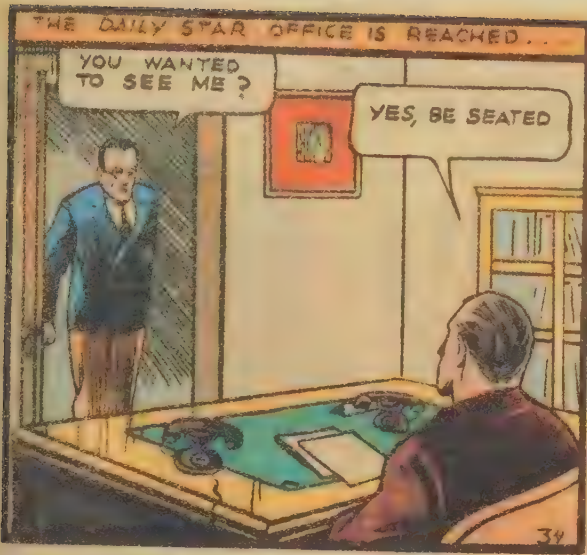
CURRY GIRL RELEASED

CONTEXTUAL ALIVE AND WELL

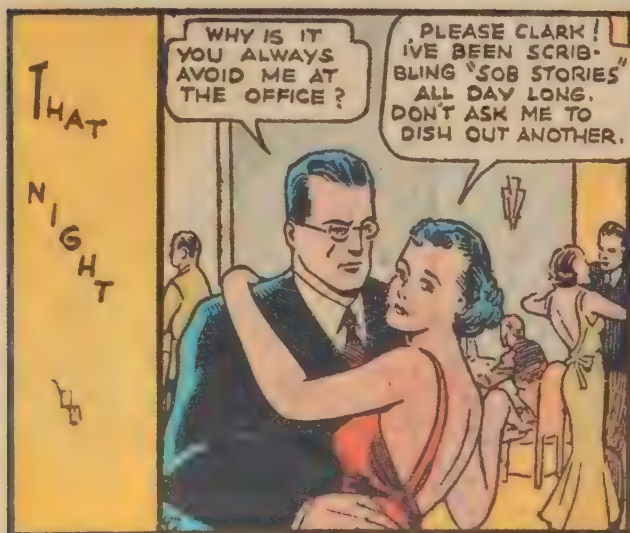
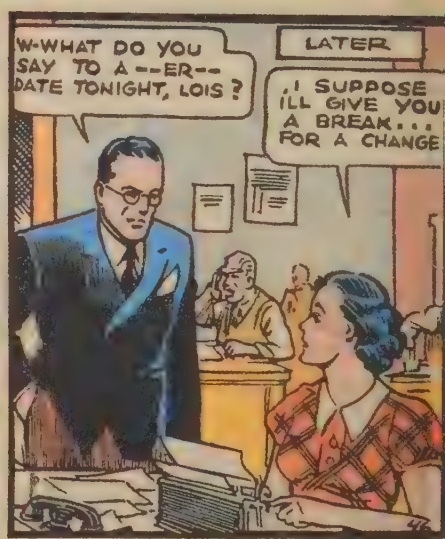
MILES AWAY, IN THE GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE CHAMBER

GENTLEMEN, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MY SENSES! HE'S NOT HUMAN! — THANK HEAVEN HE'S APPARENTLY ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER!

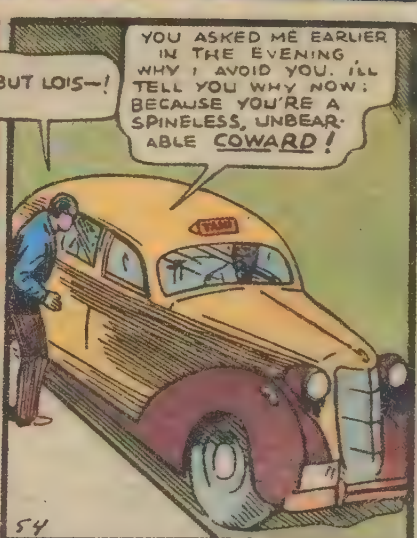
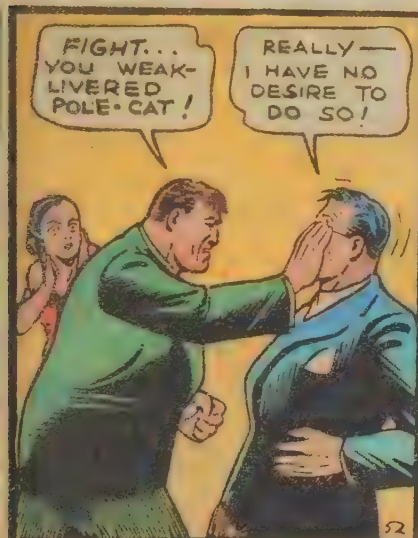




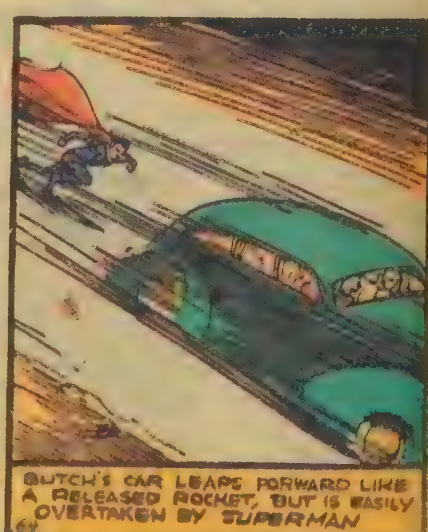
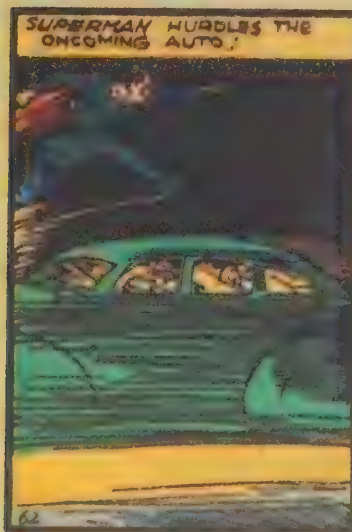
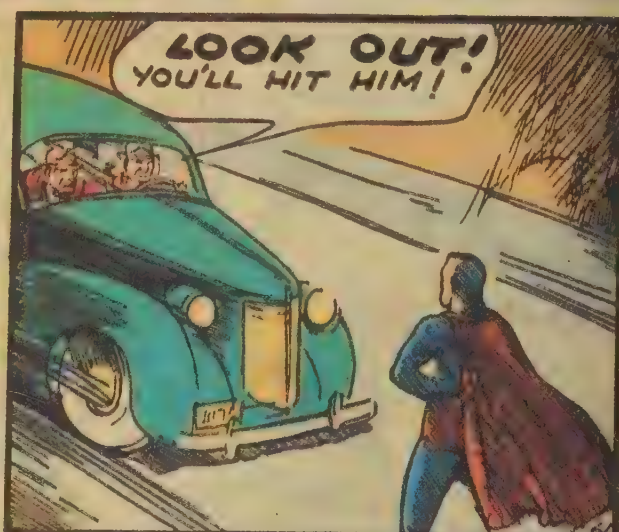
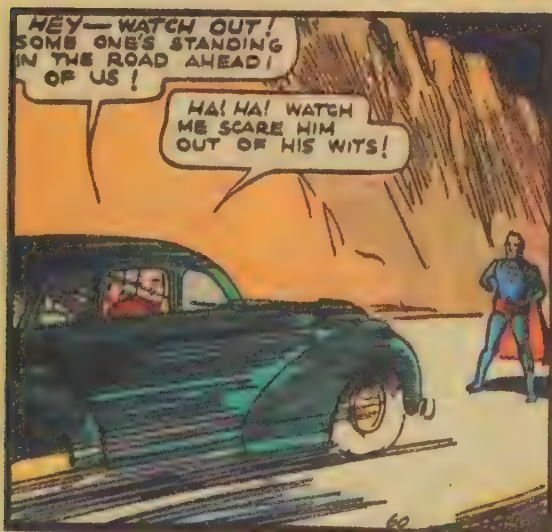




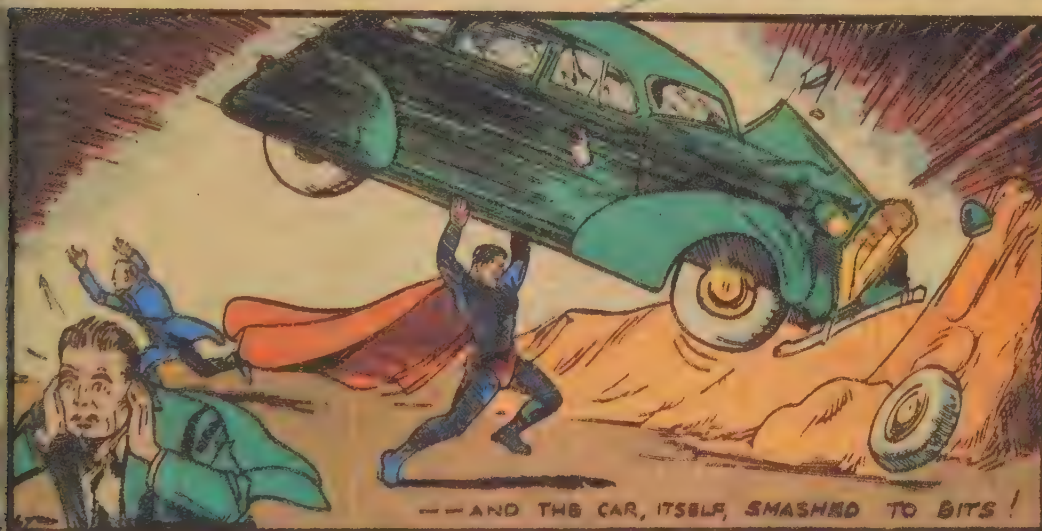
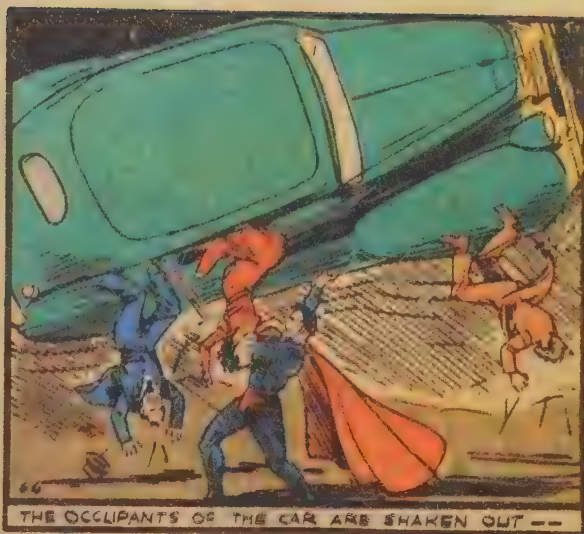




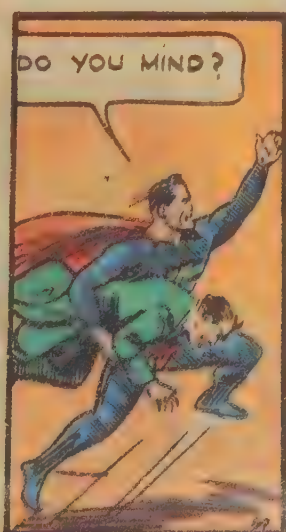
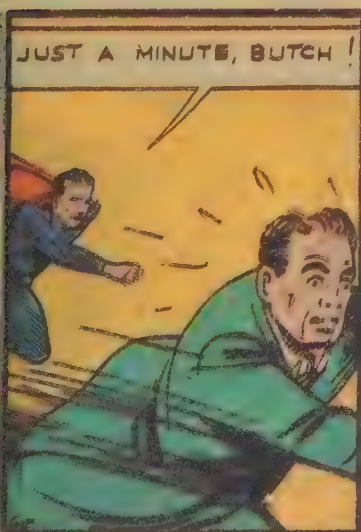




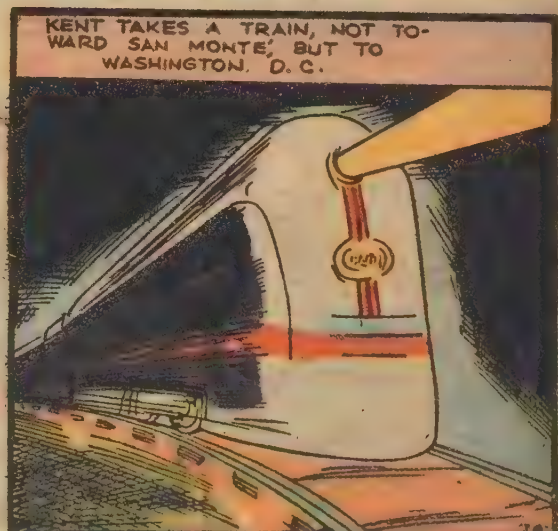
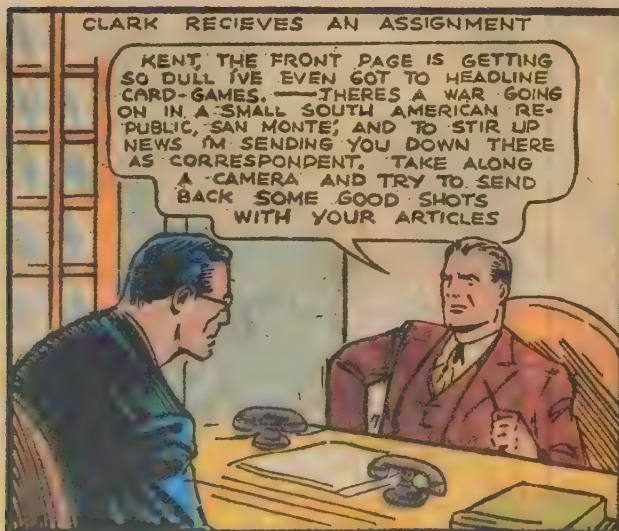
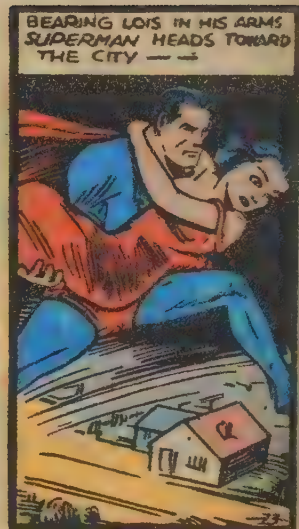
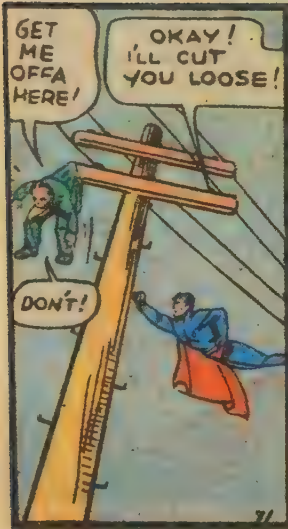




NEXT,  
SUPERMAN  
OVER-  
TAKES  
BUTCH  
IN ONE  
SPRING..









IN THE CAPITOL CITY, HE  
AT TENDS A SESSION OF  
CONGRESS, SITTING IN  
THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR  
BARROWS SPEAKING?



UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS,  
CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURTIVE  
MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR  
BARROWS

WHEN CAN  
I SEE YOU?

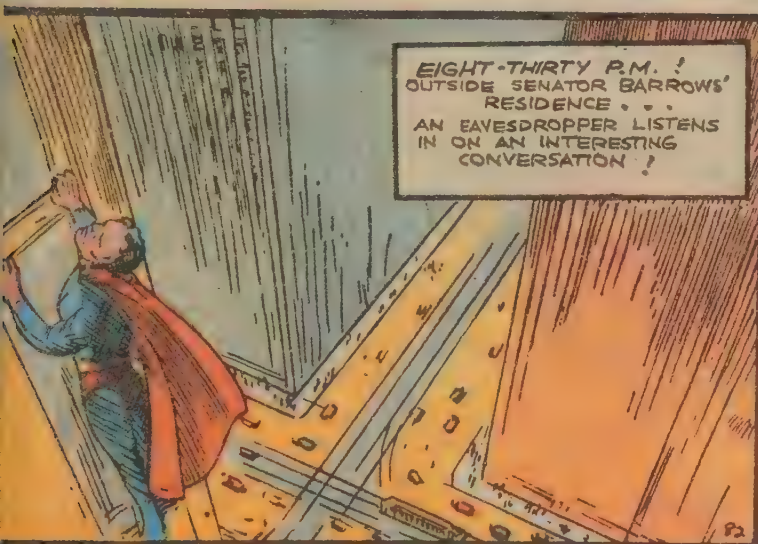
I TOLD YOU NEVER  
TO SPEAK TO ME  
IN PUBLIC!...UH..  
MY HOME...TONIGHT  
AT 8:30



AT THE "MORQUE" OF A LOCAL  
NEWSPAPER

WHO'S THE CHAP  
SPEAKING TO  
SENATOR  
BARROWS?

WHY, THAT'S  
ALEX GREER, THE  
SLICKEST LOBBYIST  
IN WASHINGTON.  
NO ONE KNOWS  
WHAT INTERESTS  
BACK HIM.



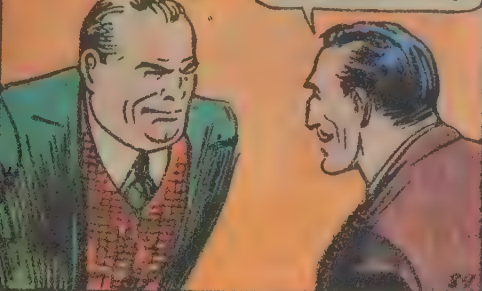
I'VE TOLD YOU TO  
AVOID ME IN PUBLIC.  
WHAT WOULD PEOPLE  
THINK IF THEY KNEW  
I HAD ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH YOU?

QUIT SPUTTERING!  
I HAD TO SEE YOU.  
TELL ME: DO YOU  
THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED  
IN PUSHING THE BILL  
THRU?

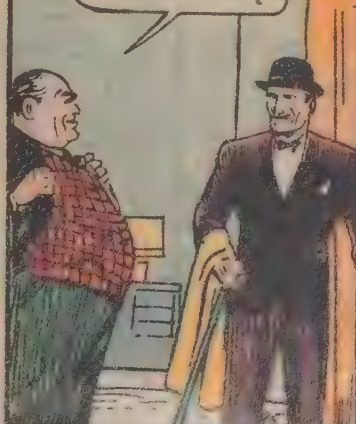


THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!  
THE BILL WILL BE PASSED  
BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS  
ARE REALIZED. BEFORE  
ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN  
BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY  
WILL BE EMBROILED  
WITH EUROPE.

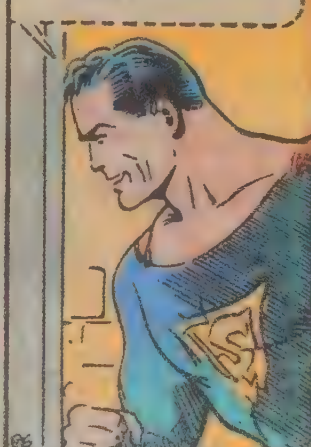
FINE!  
WE'LL TAKE CARE  
OF YOU FINAN-  
CIALLY FOR THIS!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE WELL  
TAKEN CARE OF  
YOURSELF?



YOU BET HE  
WILL!

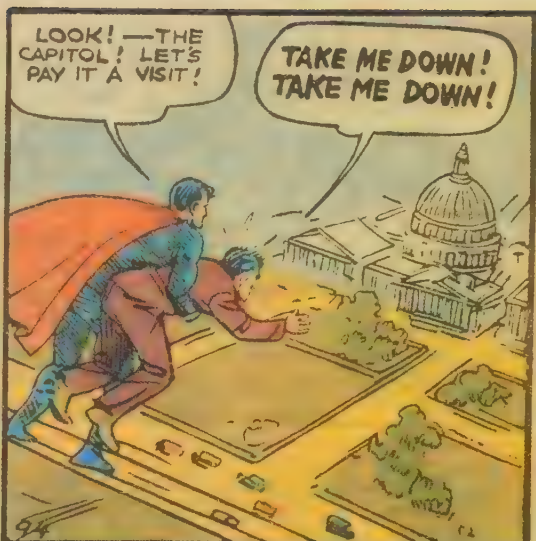
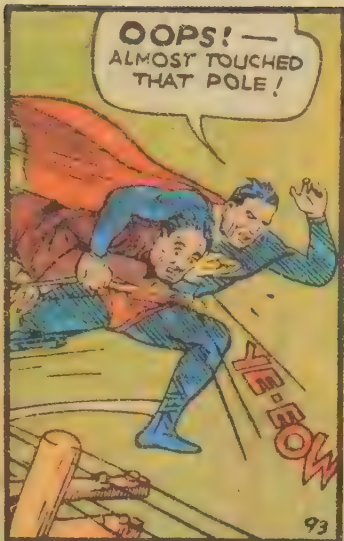




UPON  
LEAVING  
BARROWS;  
GREER  
IS  
CONFRONTED  
BY  
SUPERMAN







AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**

A PHYSICAL MARVEL, A MENTAL WONDER, SUPERMAN IS DESTINED TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY OF A WORLD!

Only in **ACTION COMICS** CAN YOU THRILL AT THE DARING DEEDS OF THIS SUPERB CREATION! DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!





## About “Batman”

Just as we have included Superman’s first appearance, we have also selected Bob Kane’s first six-page account of *The Bat-Man* (as it was called) from *Detective Comics* No. 27. And even less than the first Superman appearance is it concerned with its hero’s fictional origin.

The details of the Batman’s creation are somewhat obscure and even controversial. National Comics editor Whitney Ellsworth frankly wanted a bizarre character who would be as popular as the company’s Superman. He went to Kane, who had been working regularly with writer Bill Finger, and between them they worked out the Batman.

A bat-costumed night-stalker had appeared more than once in pulp magazines—on either side of the law. And Kane, incidentally, points to a striking analogy in his early Batman depiction and Leonardo’s notebook designs for his flying devices.

Batman was, by day, Bruce Wayne, a man with inherited millions, a rather bored character who was friend to the city’s Police Commissioner Gordon. Acting on information he casually gathered from Gordon, Wayne became the Batman by night, a self-trained strongman, gymnast, and acrobat, with high intelligence—a costumed vigilante who preyed on the fears, superstitions, and insecurities of criminals to stalk them and turn them over to the police (or occasionally, in the early days, to shoot them himself).

Wayne, it was later revealed, had been orphaned when his well-to-do parents were killed in a street holdup, and he decided to devote his life to fighting crime, or rather, of course, to one-man vigilante justice. The feature’s other regular characters, Alfred, Kane’s butler, and Robin, the Boy Wonder (a young orphaned circus acrobat whom Wayne adopted), came later.

So did the colorful recurring criminals: The Joker, the Penguin, the horrifying Two-Face, and the rest. And there the inspiration, like the inspiration for the feature’s flat, angular, poster-like drawing style, was in part Chester Gould’s *Dick Tracy* newspaper strip. As *Batman* evolved, a brooding, threatening quality was sustained in its pre-dominantly black, night-time panels.

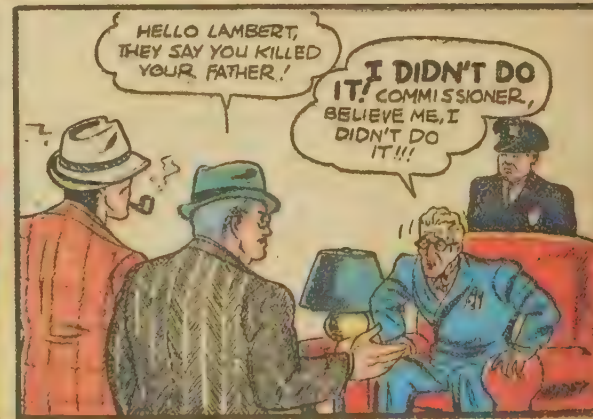
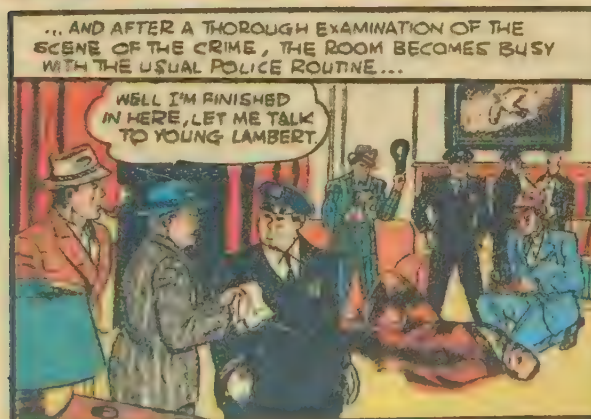
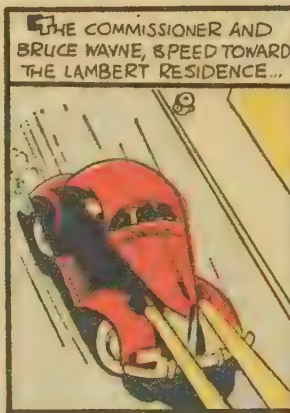
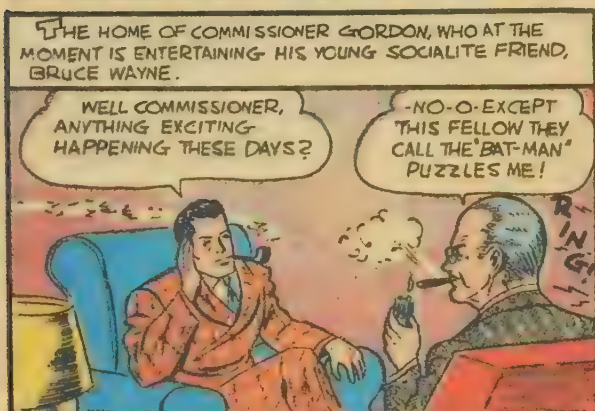
Kane had begun his comic-book career at age twenty; at first it was mostly devoted to humor strips, plus a couple of thrillers he worked on with Bill Finger. He remained with *Batman* well into the 1960s. Meanwhile, the feature’s quick success had led to several comic books, to the employment of artist Jerry Robinson to share the work, to a newspaper strip version, to two movie serials—long before the campy TV version of the 1960s.

M.W.

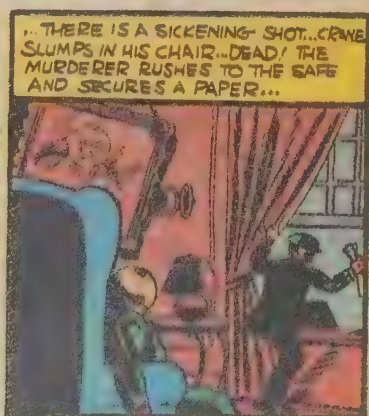
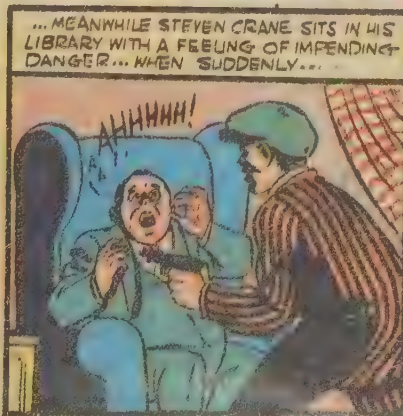
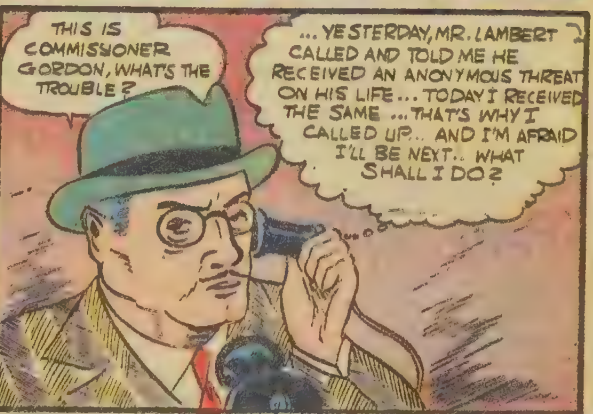
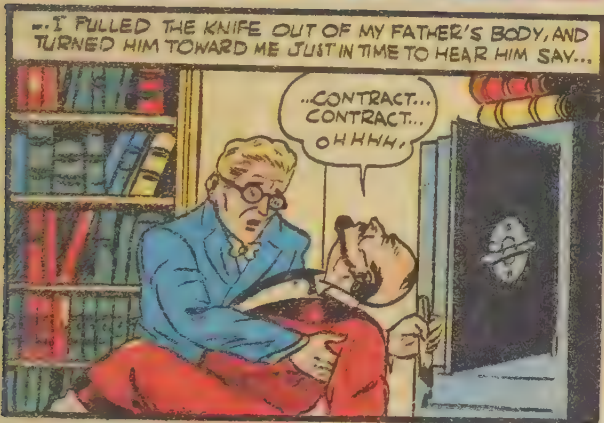
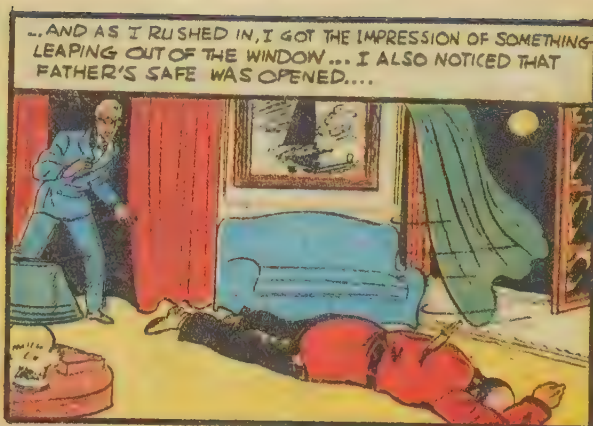
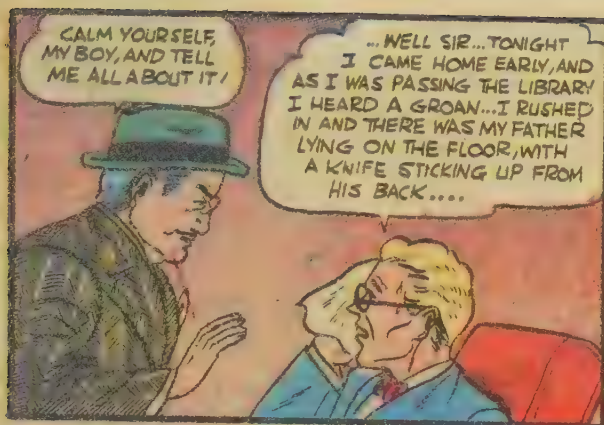
# THE BAT-MAN

THE CASE OF THE CHEMICAL SYNDICATE.

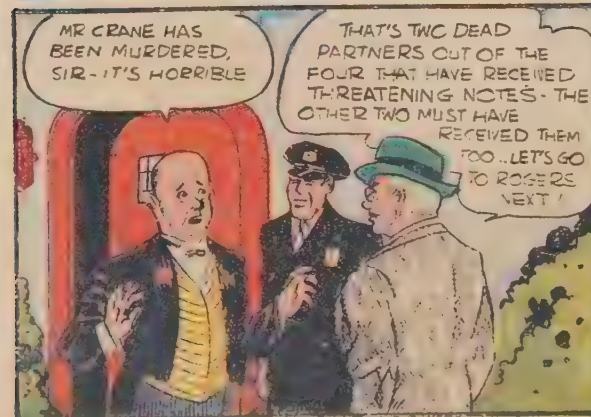
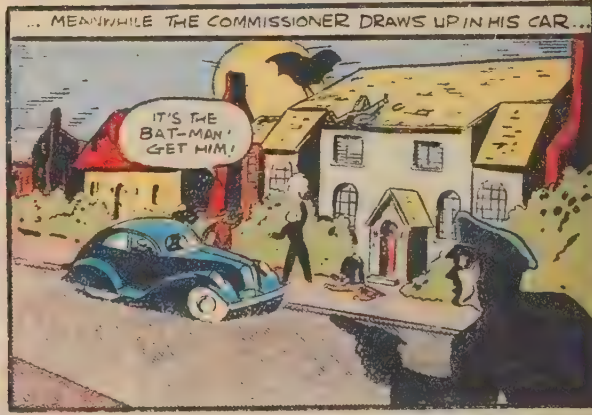
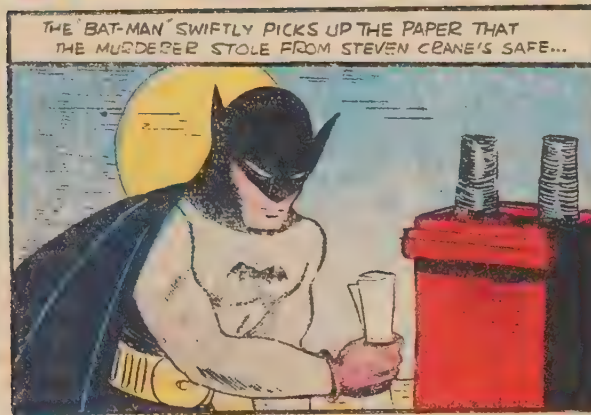
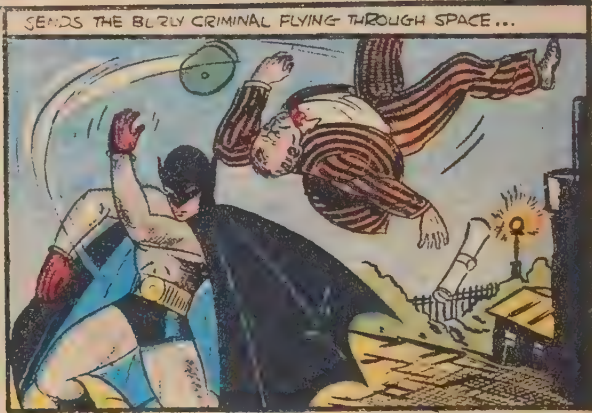
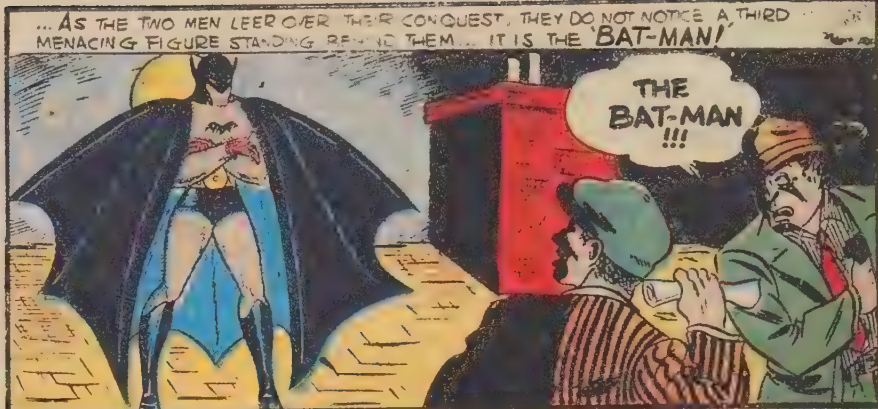
THE "BAT-MAN", A MYSTERIOUS AND ADVENTUROUS FIGURE, FIGHTING FOR RIGHT-DOSSNESS AND APPREHENDING THE WRONG DOER, IN HIS LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL FORCES OF SOCIETY... HIS IDENTITY REMAINS UNKNOWN.





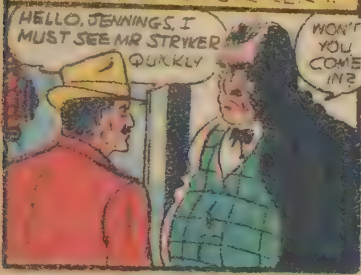




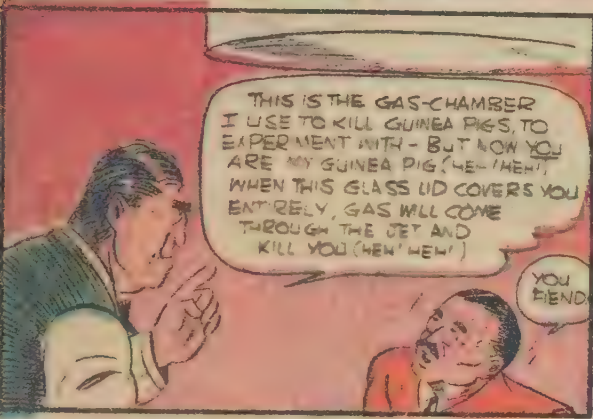
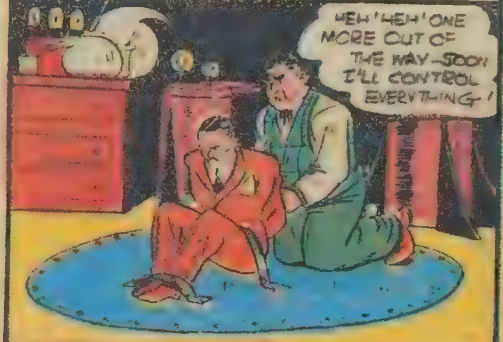




...MEANWHILE ROGERS WHO HAS LEARNED OF LAMBERT'S DEATH BY NEWS BROADCAST - HAS ALL READY GONE TO THE NEIGHBORING LABORATORY OF HIS EPOCHWILE PARTNER, ALFRED STRIKER...



JENNINGS, STRIKER'S ASS STANT, CARRIES ROGERS TO THE BASEMENT OF THE LABORATORY...



JENNINGS PULLS A BRAKE WHICH STARTS THE GLASS DOWN OVER ROGERS AND CERTAIN DOOM...



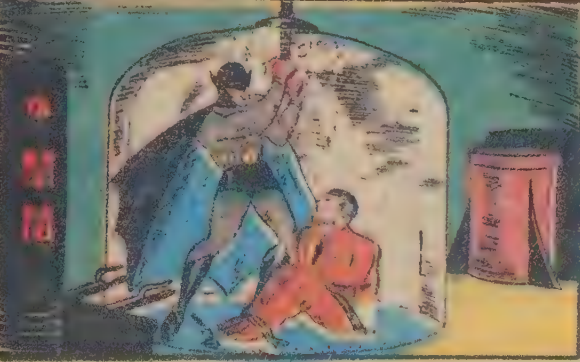
AT THAT MOMENT THE BAT-MAN LEADS THROUGH AN OPEN TRANSCOM...



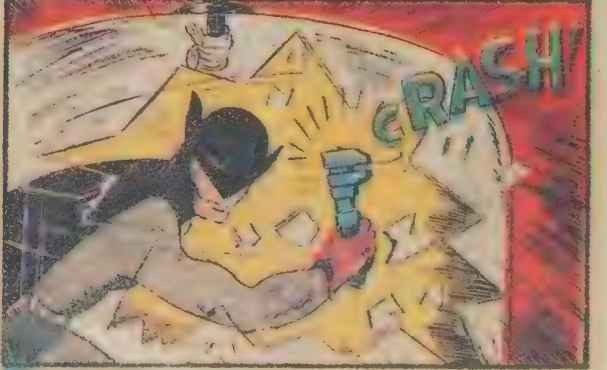
...THE BAT-MAN SEIZES A WRENCH FROM A TABLE AND LEADS FOR THE GAS-CHAMBER....



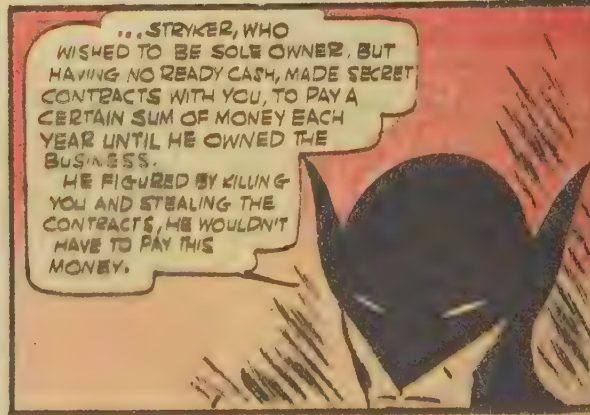
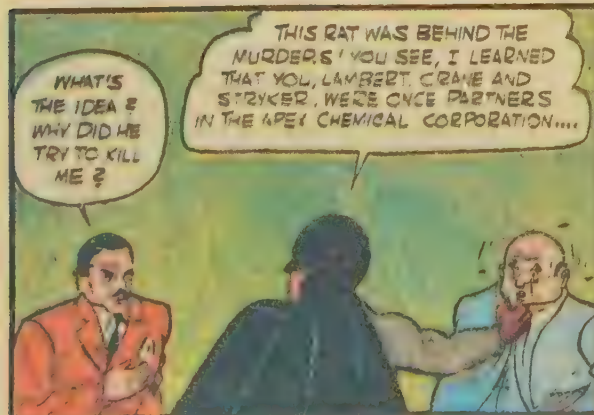
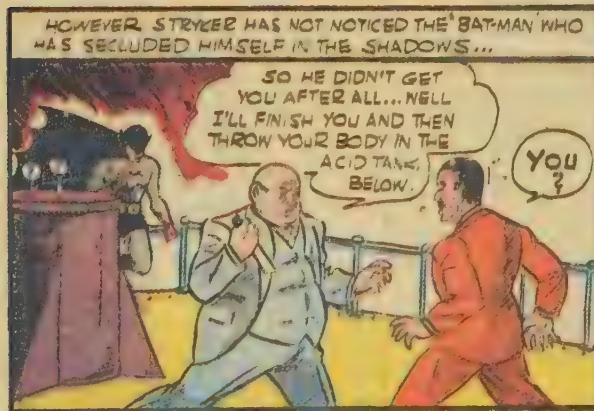
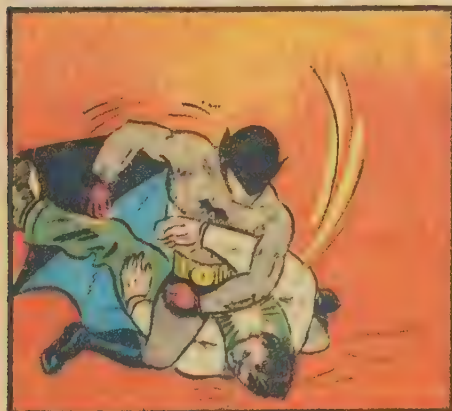
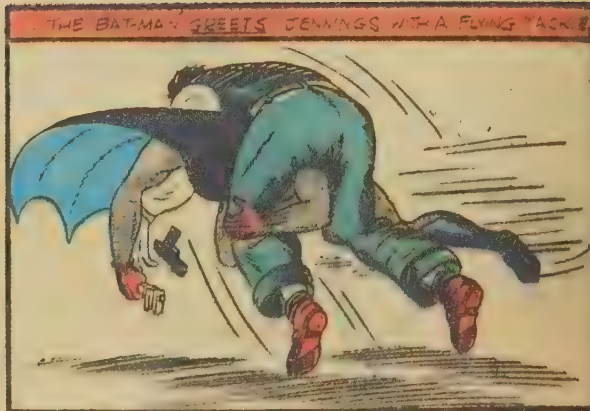
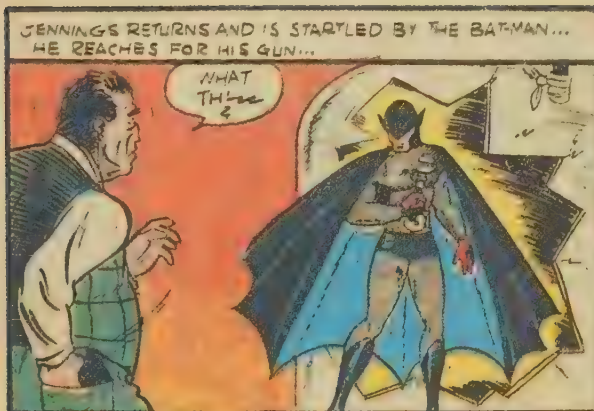
THE BAT-MAN QUICKLY PLUGS THE GAS-JET WITH A HANKERCHIEF AS THE GLASS CHAMBER DESCENDS ENTIRELY OVER THEM...



HE THEN UNTIES ROGERS, AND WITH A POWERFUL SWING...















## About “Scribbly” and Sheldon Mayer

The following early sequence from Sheldon Mayer’s *Scribbly* is heartening evidence that the implicit pomposity of the costumed super-heroes received romping, low-comic comment almost from the moment of their arrival (and in a comic book from National, the home of the most popular super-heroes).

The *Scribbly* feature did not quite begin with this uninhibited super-hero buffoonery. In the first issue of *All-American Comics*, it introduced the adventures of a would-be boy cartoonist, and it developed and explored that premise for ten subsequent years, not only in *All-American* but in the young protagonist’s own magazine. Mayer was also editor of *All-American*, and *Scribbly* was a comic interlude among the more earnest doings of *The Green Lantern*, *The Atom*, and a *Rescue on Mars*. Predictably, perhaps, *Scribbly* sometimes confused his own life with the events in his cartoonist’s fantasies.

Mayer was born in 1917 in New York City, where he worked as an assistant (and occasional ghost) to several established cartoonists, beginning in 1932. By 1936, in addition to his other work, Mayer had begun to help with the editing of a new comic-book line for Dell, and thus he was a founding professional of the comic book. He held the editorship of *All-American* and its related titles for ten years, and he continued to write features of all kinds for National Comics after that. After *Scribbly*, however, Mayer’s most respected feature was another humor strip, *Sugar and Spike*, begun in 1956 and continued through 1971. It was his own reaction to the many derivative comic-book imitations of Hank Ketcham’s newspaper feature, *Dennis the Menace*, and his own determination not to do another one. In *Sugar and Spike*, Mayer came up with two spunky infants, merrily observing and involving themselves in the adult world, but communicating in a gibberish baby talk that only they (and the reader) understood.

As we join the *Scribbly* saga, the formidable Ma Hunkel has bought a grocery store, and some racketeers have made the mistake of trying to collect “protection money” from her. She has mussed them up and they have fled in their car—not knowing that Ma’s daughter Sisty and *Scribbly*’s brother Dinky have locked themselves in the rumble seat.

M.W.

# SCRIBBLY

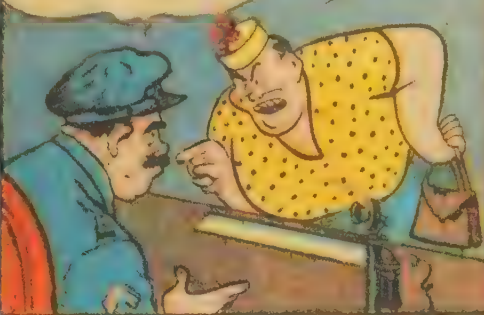
BY SHELDON MAYER

DAVE AND STY HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF RACKETEERS AND ARE BEING HELD IN A SHAKY GAMBLING HOUSE -



NOW, LISSIN, LADY. MR. TORPON'S A PRETTY POWERFUL MAN IN POLITICS... YA CAN'T WALK IN AN' ARREST HIM JUST LIKE THAT! YA GOTTA HAVE SOME EVIDENCE!

YA MEAN YE'RE AFRAID OF TH' GUY, HAH? OKAY! THAT'S ALL I WANNA KNOW!



C'MON GANG, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE! THESE DUMB COPS WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HELP US FIND OUR WAY OUT OF A PAPER BAG!

A'W, NOA LISSIN, LADY. THAT AIN'T SO...



SAY, MA YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INSULTED TH' CHIEF OF POLICE LIKE THAT... HE'S GOT THE BEST HE CAN

WELL, WHY DOESN'T HE TRY RAIDING ONE OF TUBBS TORPON'S GAMBLING JERKETS? EVERY ONE IN TOWN KNOWS HE'S A RACKETEER EXCEPT TH' COPS!



142-77A

I BETCHA IF TH' GREEN LANTERN WAS ON TH' JOB WE'D HAVE TH' KIDS BACK IN A MINUTE!

THE GREEN LANTERN? WHO TH' HECK IS THAT?

YEA... AN' HOW!



WELL, HE'S A GUY WHO JUST WANTS FER SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN AN' THEN HE PUTS ON A SUPERHERO COSTUME SO NOBODY'D RECOGNIZE HIM AN'...

AN ZINGO! HE COMES TO THE RESCUE!

AN' IZZAT SO?



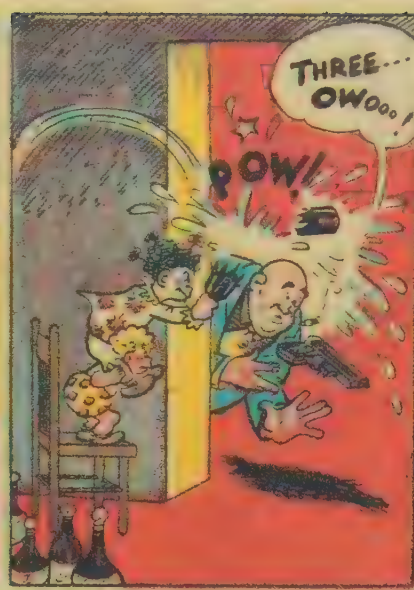








C'MON YOU KIDS.. I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.. IF YA DON'T COME OUT WHEN I COUNT THREE, I'M COMIN' IN AN' GET YEZ! ONE..TWO...



THREE... OWOOO!

POW!



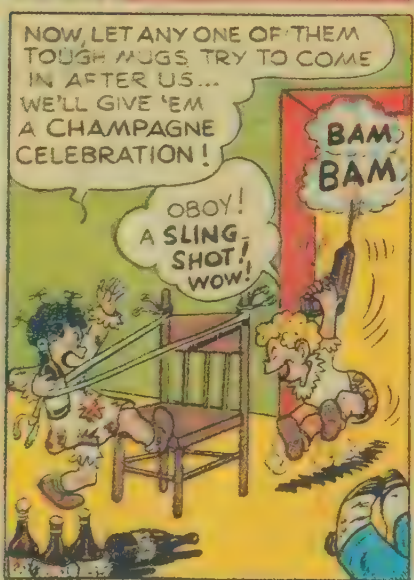
QUICK! GRAB HIS GUN AN' HELP ME GET HIS SUSPENDERS OFF!

HIS SUSPENDERS? WHY?



NEVER MIND TH' DUMB QUESTIONS! GO OVER AN' GET ALL TH' BOTTLES YA CAN CARRY WHILE I TIE THESE SUSPENDERS TO TH' CHAIR!...AN' STEP ON IT!

OKAY! OKAY!



NOW, LET ANY ONE OF THEM TOUGH MUGS TRY TO COME IN AFTER US... WE'LL GIVE 'EM A CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATION!

OBOY! A SLING SHOT! WOW!

BAM BAM



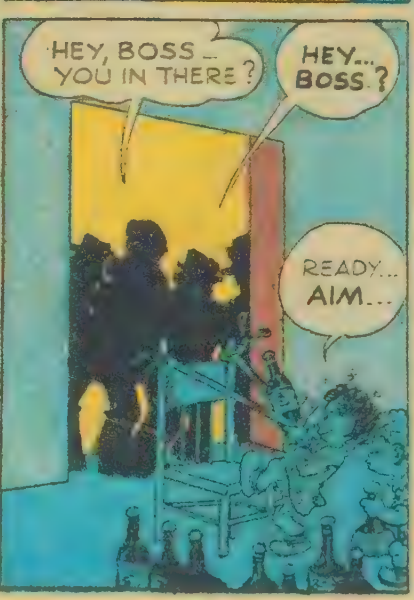
WHAT'S TH' IDEA SHOOTIN' OFF THAT GUN LIKE THAT. YA DOPE!

GEE... I WAS EXCITED AN' IT WENT OFF!



DOJA HEAR THEM SHOTS? TH' BOSS MUSTA SHED THEM KIDS OFF... C'MON LET'S GO UPSTAIRS!

Y'KNOW, COME T' THINK OF IT IT AN' NICE TO SHOOT LITTLE KIDS... FOR THEM, KINDA KIDS LEAD'S GOOD FOR THER CONSTITUTION



HEY, BOSS... YOU IN THERE?

HEY... BOSS?

READY... AIM...



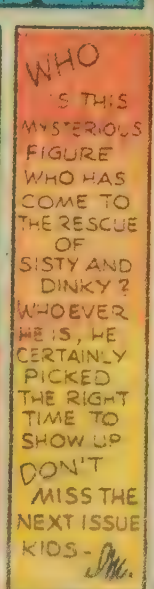
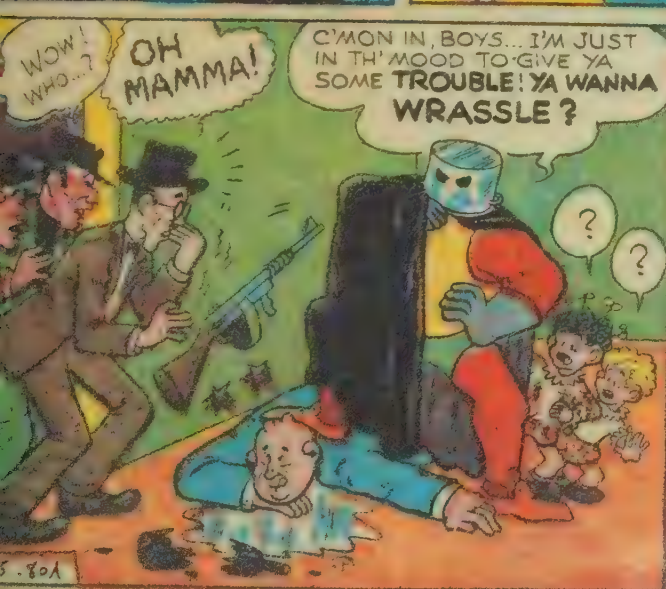
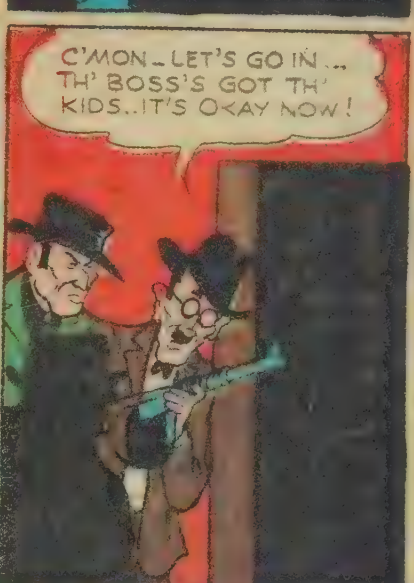
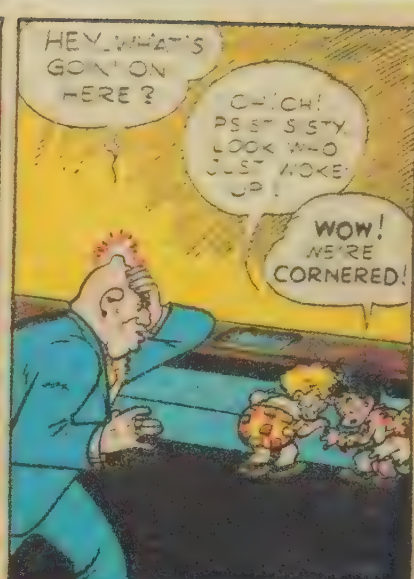
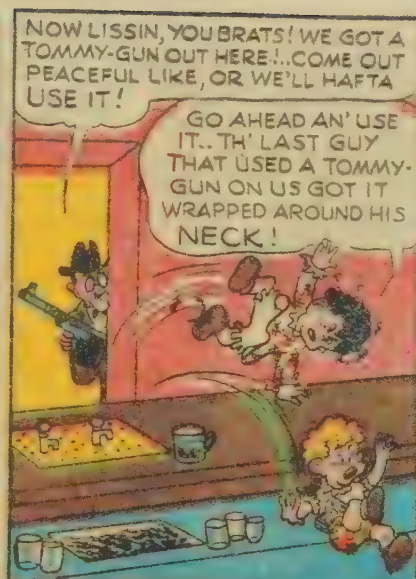
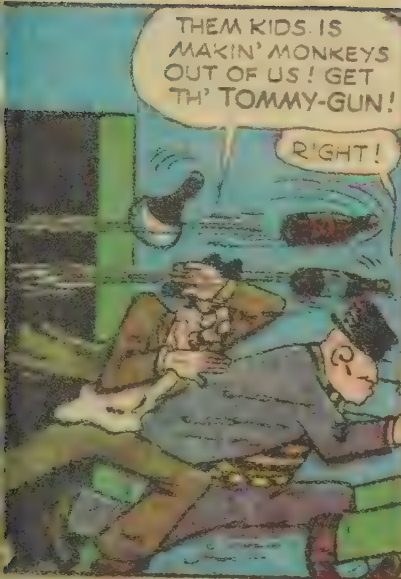
YOW! IT'S THEM BRATS AGAIN!

FIRE!

SPLAT

BLAM







# SCRIBBLY

BY SHELDON MAYER.

DINKY AND SISTY HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A GANG OF RACKETEERS, AND WERE HAVING A RATHER ROUGH TIME OF IT WHEN A WEIRD FIGURE APPEARED FROM NO WHERE, AND CAME TO THEIR RESCUE!

WOW! LOOKA THAT!

ZOWIE! THIS IS MURDER, BUT I LOVE IT!

PULL IN YER HEADS, BOYS! YER GOIN THRU A TUNNEL!

BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG

HEY, MISTER- WATCH OUT! THAT LUG, TORPONI IS GOIN' FER HIS GUN!

DON'T BOTHER THE MAN ABOUT LITTLE DETAILS! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

S'MATTER WITH YOU, TORPONI? YOU KEEP ON WAKIN' UP ALL TH' TIME! WHADDAYA GOT-INSOMNIA?

NICE GOIN' KIDDO-- THAT FINISHES A GOOD DAY'S WORK!

POW

HELLO, POLICE DEPARTMENT, SEND OVER A COUPLE OF THE BOYS TO 54 BIRCH DRIVE AN' HAVE 'EM PICK UP TH KIDNAPPERS OF SISTY HUNKEL, AN' DINKY JIBBEL, YOU HEARD ME!

?

?

54 BIRCH DRIVE? WHY THAT'S TUBBS TORPONI'S PLACE! ARE THE KIDS SAFE AND SOUND?

SURE, BUT TORPONI AND HIS GANG ARE SLIGHTLY DAMAGED!

I'LL SEND A RADIO CAR RIGHT OVER-- WHO IS THIS SPEAKING, PLEASE?

BUD-- YOU'RE TALKIN' TO NONE OTHER THAN THE RED TORNADO IN PERSON!

NOT TOMATO... I SAID TORNADO! THE RED TORNADO! STOP YOUR WISE-CRACKIN' AND SEND OVER YOUR LITTLE BLUE COSSACKS, OR I'LL GO OVER THERE AN' WRECK YOUR JOINT TOO, YA HEAR ME?

?

?





THERE, NOW! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE NICEST AN' NEATEST FILE OF GANGSTERS, THE COPS IN THIS TOWN EVER TOOK IN!

YOU SAID IT! MY DON'T THEY LOOK PEACEFUL!



LOOK KIDS, THE GOTTA GO BEFORE TH COPS COME! EACH OF YOU KIDS TAKE A BOTTLE AN' IF ANY OF THOSE LUGS SHOWS SIGNS OF COMIN' TO... SLUG 'IM!

YESSIR...WERE GOOD AT THAT!

AN' HOW!



G'BYE, MR. TORNADO!

THANKS FER HELPIN' US OUT!

THINK NOTHIN' OF IT! IT WAS A PLEASURE!



A LITTLE WHILE LATER AT THE JIBBET HOME--

HELLO? YES! THIS IS MRS. JIBBET. WHAT? YOU'VE FOUND THE CHILDREN AND CAUGHT THE KIDNAPPERS? THAT'S WONDERFUL! I'M SO RELIEVED! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!



SCRIBBLY-TH POLICE ARE BRINGING DINKY AND SISTY HOME! THEY'VE CAUGHT THE KIDNAPPERS!

OH, BOY! I'M GOIN' OVER AN' TELL TH HUNKELS! YOU BRING TH KIDS OVER AS SOON AS THEY GET HERE !!!



HEY, GANG! THEY'VE CAUGHT TH KIDNAPPERS! MY MOTHER'LL BE BRINGIN TH KIDS OVER ANY MINUTE!

NO KIDDIN'!

SAY MOM OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT THIS! SHE WAS SO WORRIED SHE WENT OUT FOR A WALK TWO HOURS AGO AND DIDN'T COME BACK YET!



HERE WE ARE!

HYAR GANG!

WELL, WELL... HELLO KIDS- YOU SURE HAVE BEEN THRU! SOME DICKENST! YOU'LL HAPTA TELL US ALL ABOUT IT!

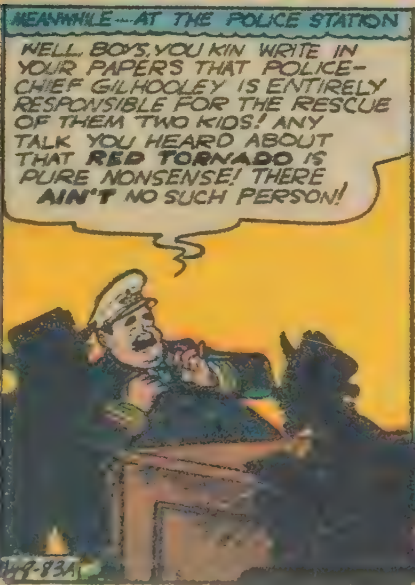
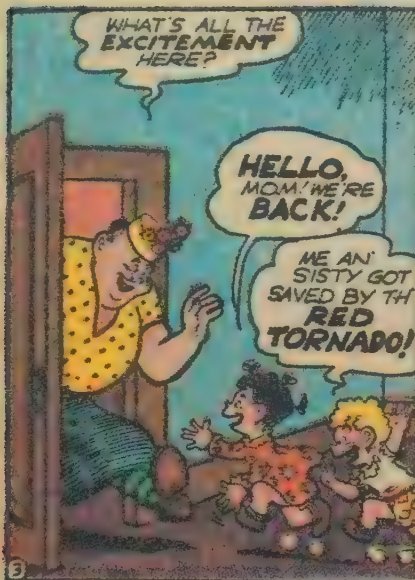


WELL IN TH FIRST PLACE TH POLICE DIDN'T SAVE US! WE WAS SAVED BY A MYSTERY MAN!

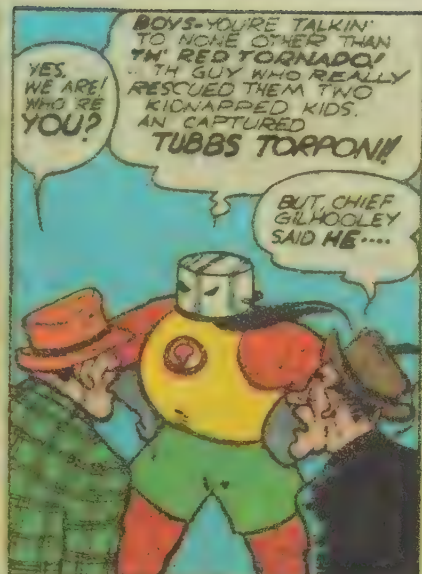
YEAH AN' WAS HE STRONG! NOW! HIS NAME'S TH RED TORNADO!

HA'HA' LISTEN TO EM! YOU KIDS HAVE BEEN READING TOO MANY COMIC BOOKS!













LATELY, SOME STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN SCRIBBLY'S NEIGHBORHOOD. EVERY TIME ANY STORE-KEEPER WAS CAUGHT SHORT-CHANGING, OR OVER-CHARGING A CUSTOMER, A STRANGE, WEIRD FIGURE VISITED HIM, AND...

OKAY! NOW, YOU'RE GONNA SEND TWO POUNDS OF PORK-CHOPS FREE TO EACH AN' EVERY ONE OF YER CUSTOMERS! THAT'LL HELP MAKE UP FER ALL OF TH' GYPPIN' YA'VE BEEN DOIN SINCE YA'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS! YA HEAR ME?

YESSIR! YESSIR! I'LL DO IT GLADLY!

NEXT DAY--

EXTRY! EXTRY! GET TH' LATEST NEWS ABOUT TH' RED TORNADO!



SAY, SCRIB, IT SEEMS AS THO' TH' RED TORNADO CONFINES ALL HIS ACTIVITIES TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD!

YEAH--IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY, DON'T IT?



YEAH SO HERE'S YOUR ASSIGNMENT! I WANT YOU TO STICK AROUND YOUR HOME UNTIL YOU GET A GLIMPSE OF THAT MYSTERY MAN AND I WANT YOU TO DRAW A SKETCH OF HIM! WE'LL BE THE ONLY PAPER IN TOWN TO PUBLISH HIS PICTURE!

HUH?



HIM AN' HIS IDEAS!



DIDJA EVER HEAR OF SUCH A THING, MRS. HUNKEL? I GOTTA HANG AROUND TH' NEIGHBORHOOD UNTIL I GET A LOOK AT THE RED TORNADO! I GOTTA DRAW HIS PITCHER!

HM-- IZZAT SOP?

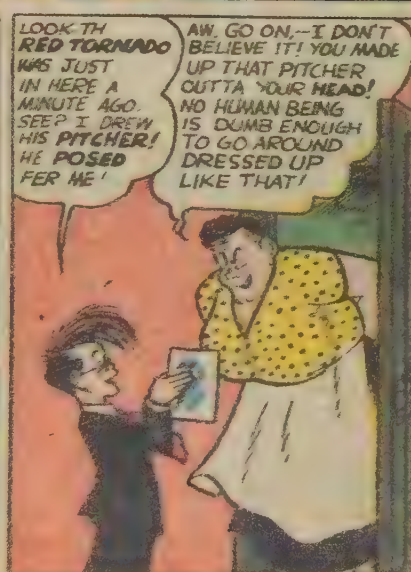


HA! THIS IS GONNA BE EASIER FOR HIM THAN HE THINKS! WERE'S WHERE TH' RED TORNADO DOES ANOTHER GOOD DEED!

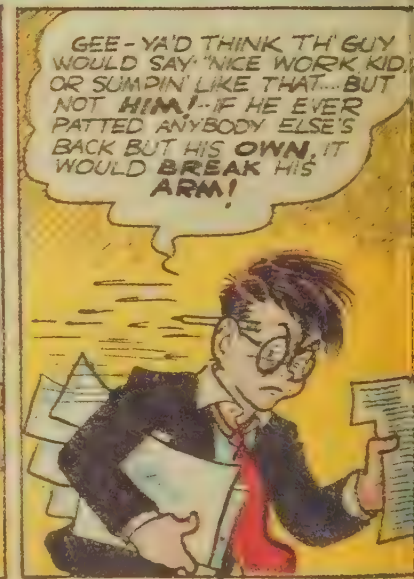
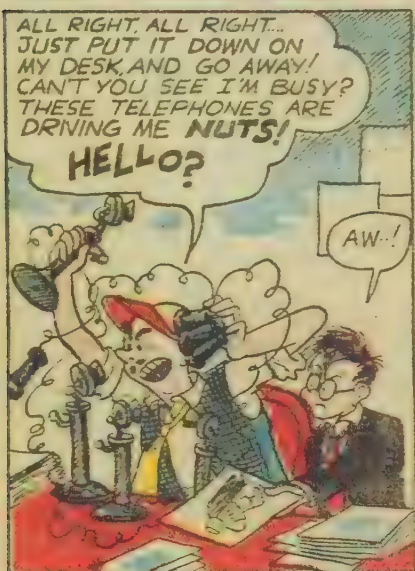
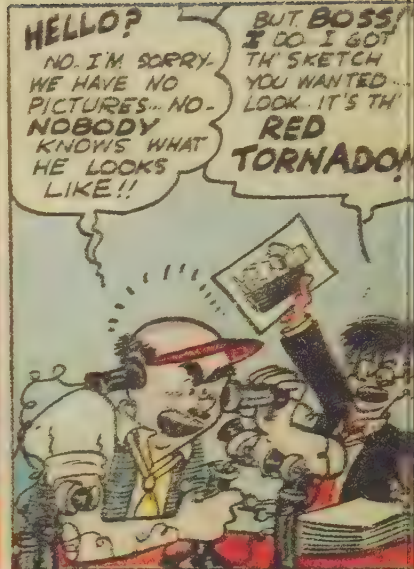
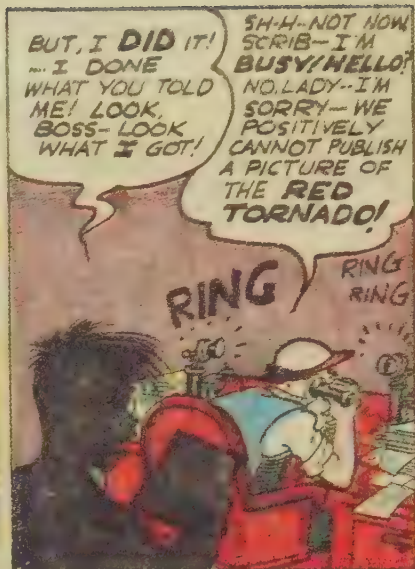
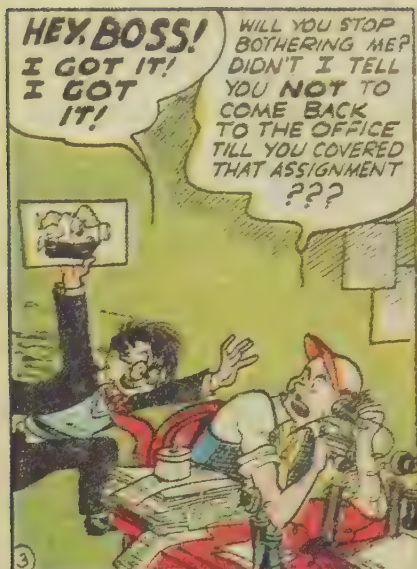


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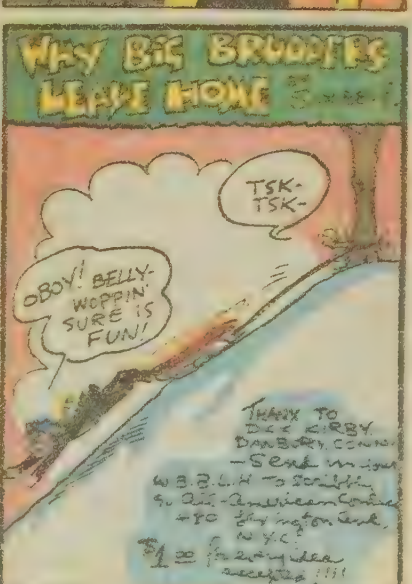
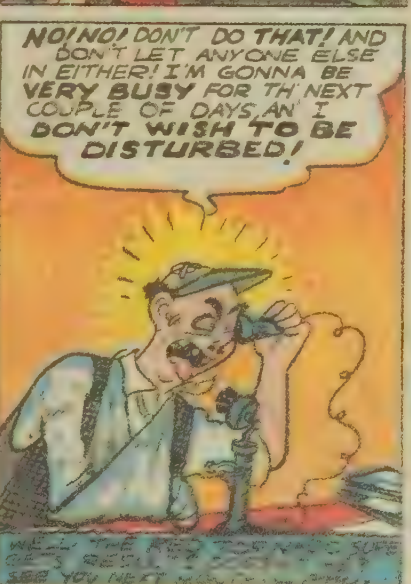
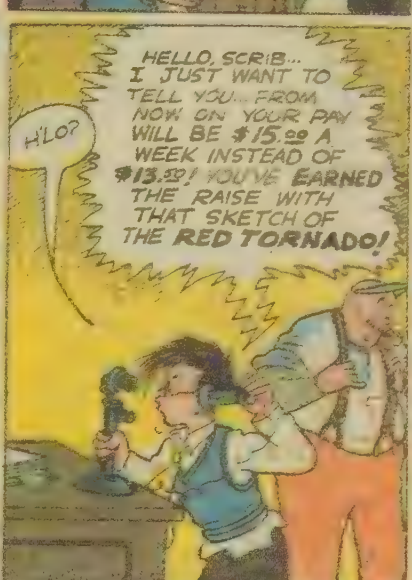
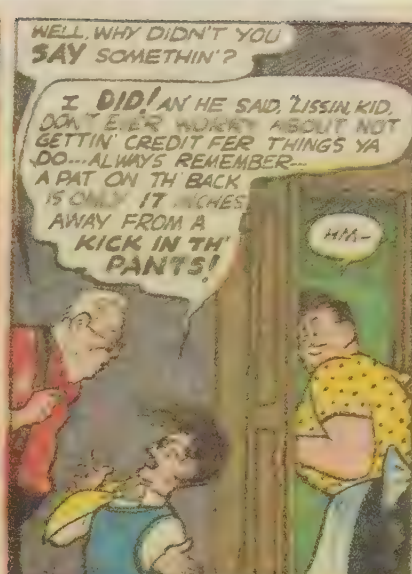




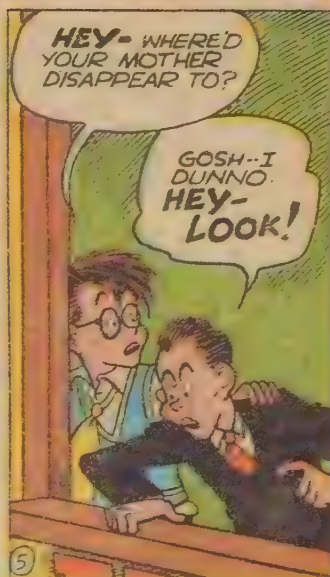
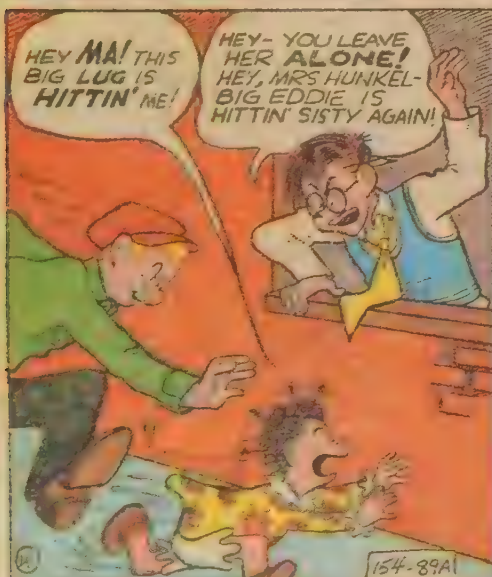
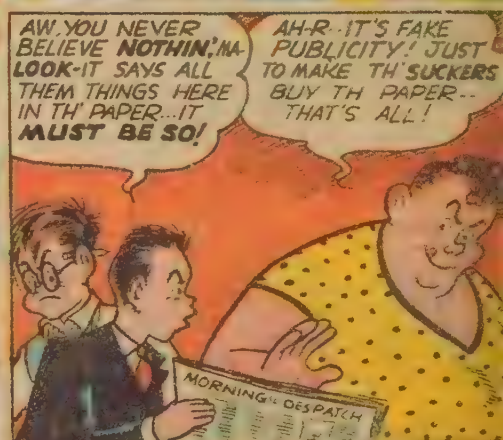




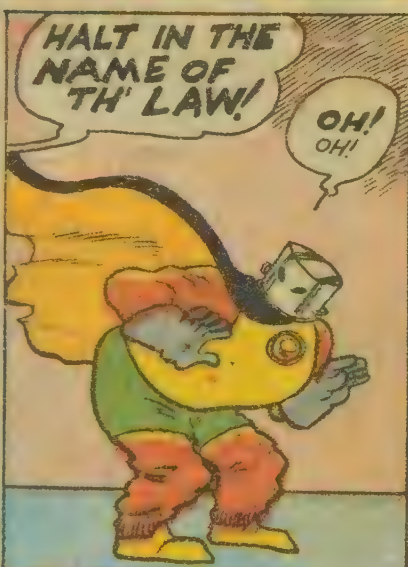




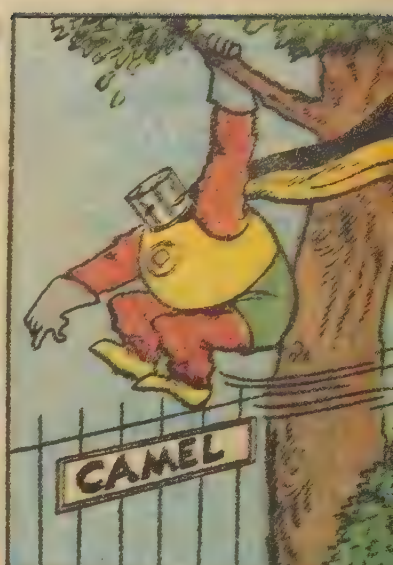
















C'MON BOYS!  
WE GOT 'IM  
CORNERED!  
SURROUND  
HIM!



ALL RIGHT NOW!  
GIT DOWN OFF  
THAT CAMEL!  
WE GOT YOU  
COVERED!



HEY!



HEY YOU POLICE FELLERS.  
WHAT ARE YEZ DOIN HERE  
BY TH' CAMEL CAGE--?  
DONTCHA KNOW WINIFRED  
TH GORRILLA'S LOOSE?

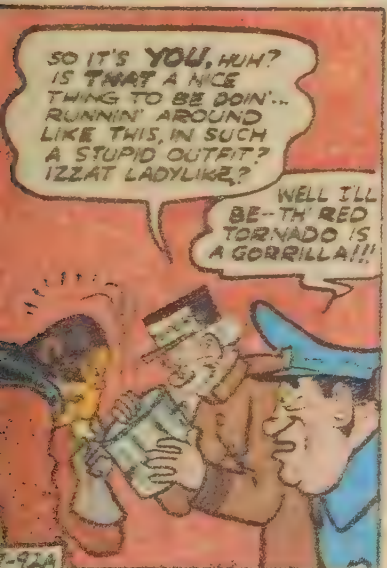
DONT BOTHER US!  
WE'RE BUSY CHASIN'  
TH' RED TORNADO!  
C'MON, BOYS!



HEY WINIFRED!  
WHERE ARE  
YA! HEY  
WINIFRED!



HEY, WINIFRED!  
C'MERE, YA  
BIG APE!!!



SO IT'S YOU, HUH?  
IS THAT A NICE  
THING TO BE DOIN'...  
RUNNIN' AROUND  
LIKE THIS, IN SUCH  
A STUPID OUTFIT?  
IZZAT LADYLIKE?

WELL I'LL  
BE TH' RED  
TORNADO IS  
A GORRILLA!!!



WELL, SERGEANT...  
SO TH' RED TORNADO  
IS NOTHIN' BUT A  
GORRILLA, HAH? I  
GUESS THAT SOLVES  
TH' PROBLEM FROM  
NOW ON, EHP?

LIKE HECK IT SOLVES THE PROBLEM!  
IT ONLY MAKES IT WORSE COME TO  
THAT BOY IF THE COPS ONLY KNEW THAT  
MA HUNKLE, HERSELF IS THE  
RED TORNADO!



MY BIG BROTHERS  
WE'VE HOME

BRUSH TH' SUIT,  
GOOD, DINKY.  
I GOT A BIG  
DATE TONIGHT!

DONT WORRY  
SERIB... I'M  
DOIN' SUCH A  
GOOD JOB.  
YOU'LL HAVE  
EVERY BODY  
LOOKIN' ATCHA!

SEND  
IN  
YOUR  
BEST  
FEARS  
TO  
SERIB...  
TO THE  
AMERICAN  
COMICS  
AND  
ENTERTAINMENT  
ALC.  
N.Y.C.

A BUCK  
GOES TO  
JOHN  
KUSHER  
FOR THE  
ONE!

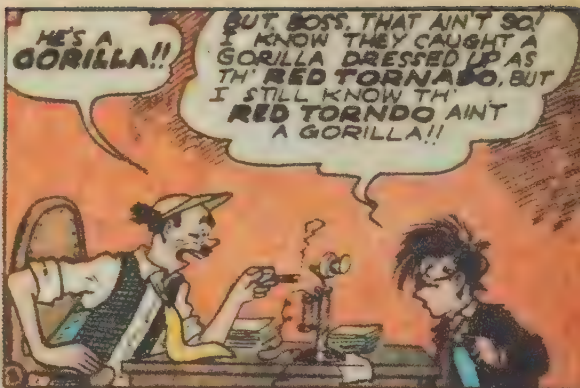


# SCRIBBLY AND THE RED TORNADO!

BY SHELDON MAYER

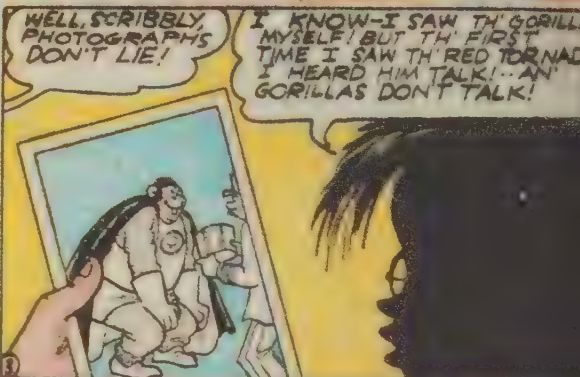


THE STRANGE FIGURE WHO APPEARS FROM NOWHERE ALWAYS IN TIME TO BEAT THE PANTS OFF OF WRONG-DOERS! **THE RED TORNADO!** WHO IS HE? WHAT IS HE? THE POLICE SEEM TO HAVE FOUND OUT! HE IS NEITHER MAN NOR MOUSE .....



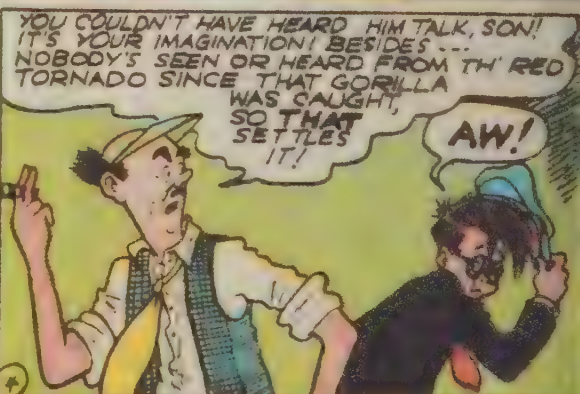
HE'S A GORILLA!!

BUT BOSS, THAT AIN'T SO! I KNOW THEY CAUGHT A GORILLA DRESSED UP AS TH' RED TORNADO, BUT I STILL KNOW TH' RED TORNADO AIN'T A GORILLA!!



WELL, SCRIBBLY, PHOTOGRAPHS DON'T LIE!

I KNOW-I SAW TH' GORILLA MYSELF! BUT TH' FIRST TIME I SAW TH' RED TORNADO I HEARD HIM TALK!... AN' GORILLAS DON'T TALK!



YOU COULDN'T HAVE HEARD HIM TALK, SON! IT'S YOUR IMAGINATION! BESIDES... NOBODY'S SEEN OR HEARD FROM TH' RED TORNADO SINCE THAT GORILLA WAS CAUGHT, SO THAT SETTLES IT!

AW!



GEE WHIZ-THAT BOSS OF MINE SURE IS BULL-HEADED! HE INSISTS ON PUBLISHIN' TH' NEWS THAT TH' RED TORNADO WAS ONLY A GORILLA THAT SOMEBODY DRESSED UP FOR A GAG!

WELL-IT'S PROBABLY TRUE! SO WHAT'S TH' DIFFERENCE?



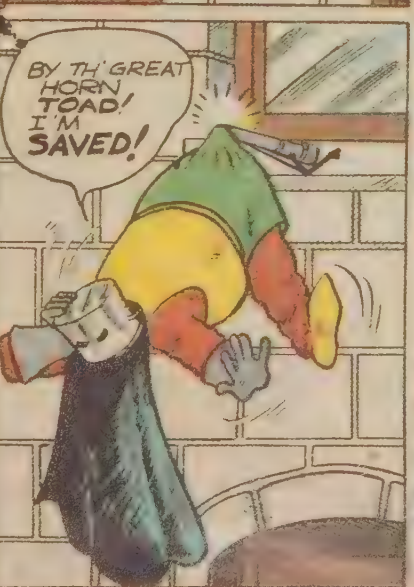
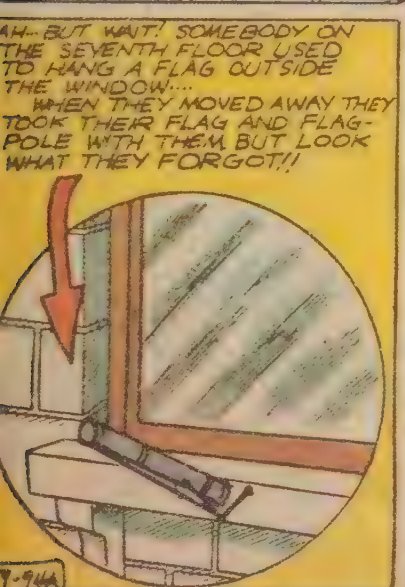
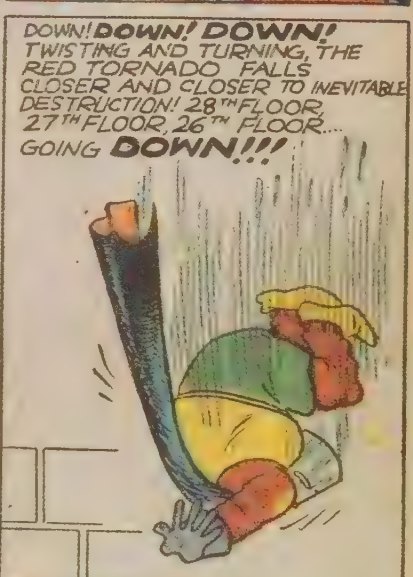
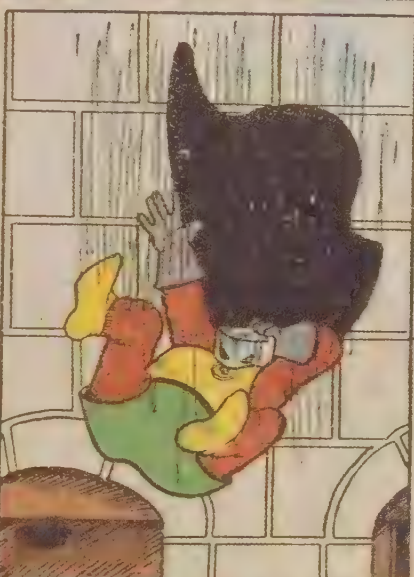
WHAT'S TH' DIFFERENCE? WHY, ALL TH' RACKETEERS THAT TH' RED TORNADO SCARED CUTTA TOWN WILL READ THAT, AND COME BACK, AN' START THEIR MONKEY BUSINESS AGAIN!

HM?



HM! THE KID'S RIGHT AT THAT! I GUESS MAYBE I BETTER GET BUSY WITH MORE RED TORNADO SHENANIGINS AN' CHANGE THAT EDITOR'S MIND!





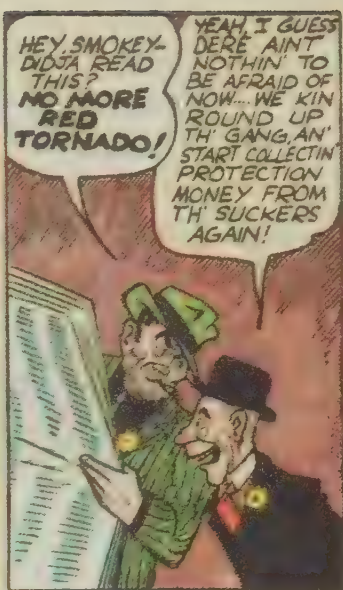




**EXTRA! EXTRA!**  
RED TORNADO  
A HOAX!  
READ ALL  
ABOUT IT!

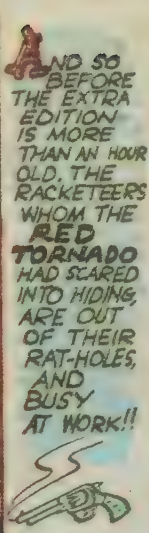
IN PRACTICALLY NO TIME  
AT ALL, AN EXTRA EDITION  
OF THE MORNING DESPATCH  
IS SPREAD ALL OVER  
TOWN ANNOUNCING THE  
RED TORNADO HOAX!

3



HEY SMOKEY-  
DIDJA READ  
THIS?  
**NO MORE  
RED  
TORNADO!**

YEAH, I GUESS  
DERE AINT  
NOTHIN' TO  
BE AFRAID OF  
NOW... WE KIN  
ROUND UP  
TH' GANG, AN'  
START COLLECTIN'  
PROTECTION  
MONEY FROM  
TH' SUCKERS  
AGAIN!

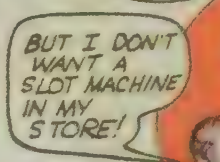


AND SO  
BEFORE  
THE EXTRA  
EDITION  
IS MORE  
THAN AN HOUR  
OLD, THE  
RACKETEERS  
WHOM THE  
**RED  
TORNADO**  
HAD SCARED  
INTO HIDING,  
ARE OUT  
OF THEIR  
RAT-HOLES,  
AND  
BUSY  
AT WORK!!



C'MON-  
PAY UP OR  
ELSE!!

D-DON'T  
HIT ME-  
I'LL PAY!



BUT I DON'T  
WANT A  
SLOT MACHINE  
IN MY  
STORE!



YOU'LL  
TAKE IT, AN'  
LIKE IT, BUD!

**B**Y EVENING  
EVERYONE  
IS  
TALKING  
ABOUT  
THE SUDDEN  
CRIME  
WAVE ---  
WITHIN  
TWELVE  
HOURS, IT  
HAS BEEN  
FELT ALL  
OVER TOWN!



DIDJA HEAR  
WHAT THEY'RE  
SAYIN' ABOUT  
TH' **RED  
TORNADO**,  
DINKY?

YEAH-IT'S AWFUL,  
AINT IT? I  
JUS' CAN'T BELIEVE  
TH' **RED  
TORNADO**  
WUS A FAKE!



WELL, WHETHER HE'S A  
FAKE OR NOT, THEM  
PUNK GANGSTERS  
ARE STILL MAKIN'  
PESTS OF THEMSELVES!  
SOMEBODY OUGHTTA  
STOP 'EM!

YEAH-WHAT  
THIS COUNTRY  
NEEDS IS  
MORE AN'  
BETTER  
**MYSTERY  
MEN**



YOU **GOT** IT!  
C'MON!

I GOT IT?  
I GOT  
**WHAT?**  
**HEY!!**  
WHO YA  
PULLIN'?



**YOU, YA DOPE!**  
YA GOT A  
**IDEAR!**  
STAND  
STILL!

**HEY!**  
WHADDYA  
DOIN'?



WHAT AM I DOIN' HE ASKS ME!  
I'M CREATIN' TWO OF TH'  
COUNTRY'S BEST  
MYSTERY MEN!  
**THE CYCLONE  
KIDS!!**

?

160-95A





175-185--  
TWO HUNDRED  
BUCKS!- NOT  
BAD FOR A  
DAY'S HAUL,  
TH. SMOKEY?

ALL RIGHT YOU  
FELLERS-HAND  
OVER THAT  
MONEY!...  
IT'S GOIN'  
RIGHT BACK  
WHERE YOU  
TOOK IT  
FROM!

NO-  
HEY!  
LOOK!



HEY!  
THAT KID  
SOUNDS  
TOO WISE!  
GET 'IM!

C'MERE  
YOU!

COME  
AN  
GET ME!



ZOWIE! LOOKIT  
ALL THAT MONEY!  
WE HIT TH JACK-  
POT, SISTY!

NICE  
GOIN' DINKY!



HEY!

HURRY UP AN' RUN,  
DINKY--IT LOOKS  
LIKE YOU DIDN'T  
HIT THOSE GUYS  
HARD ENOUGH!



HEY!  
GET 'EM!  
DON'T LET  
'EM GET  
AWAY!  
RUN!

WHADDAYA  
THINK  
I'M DOIN'?  
A WALTZ?  
HEY!!



AHA-A!  
NOW  
WE  
GOTCHA!  
LET 'EM  
HAVE IT,  
SMOKEY..

ULP!



THIS STORY MIGHT HAVE  
HAD A SAD ENDING, BUT  
FOR A CIGAR CARELESSLY  
THROWN FROM A WINDOW...

IT'S TH'  
RED  
TORNADO!  
WE'RE  
SAVED!

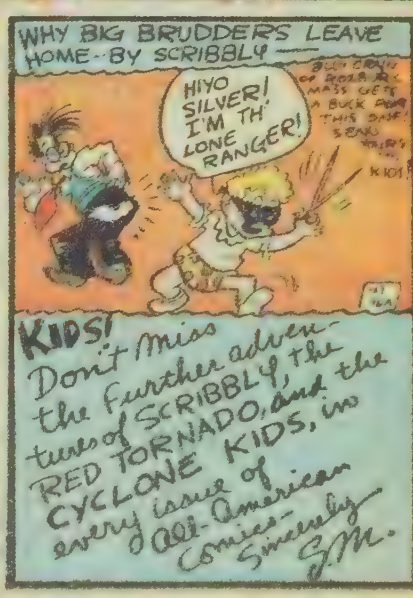


NEXT MORNING--

MORNING

RED TORNADO  
NOT A HOAX  
AFTER  
ALL!

TODAY THE RED TORNADO  
DO CAPTURED TWO OF  
THE CITY'S TOUGHEST  
SQUADERS! IT WAS  
SAID THAT THE NEWS  
WAS THE ACCOMPANYING  
SMALL EDITION



WHY BIG BRUDDERS LEAVE  
HOME-BY SCRIBBLY--

HIYO  
SILVER!  
I'M TH'  
LONE  
RANGER!

KIDS!  
Don't Miss  
the Further adver-  
tises of SCRIBBLY, the  
RED TORNADO, and the  
CYCLONE KIDS, in  
every issue of  
OAG-American  
Comics-  
Sincerely  
G.M.





## About “Plastic Man” and Jack Cole

*Plastic Man* was the creation of Jack Cole, a man whose life came close to true tragedy.

Cole was born in 1918 in New Castle, Pennsylvania. He once took a correspondence course in cartooning, but he was a man with the natural talents of a cartoonist. By 1937, he was already at work in comic books, turning out gag features built around more or less traditional “big foot” characters. Within two years, however, he was meeting the demand for super-heroes and adventure by editing, drawing, and writing several features, including the durable *Daredevil*. Cole also worked as an assistant to Will Eisner, particularly on the daily newspaper version of *The Spirit* that ran in the early 1940s.

Meanwhile, the magazine *Police Comics* had appeared in 1941, and in it Cole’s inventive *Plastic Man*, a light-hearted feature with a crime-fighting hero who did have a super-power, but a super-power with decidedly comic implications. Clearly, *Plastic Man*, featuring what Joe Brancatelli has called “breathless story telling and a refined, semi-slapstick,” combined elements of Cole’s “realistic” present and his “big foot” past in a single feature. The balance was not perfectly achieved, however, until the appearance of *Police Comics* No. 13 and the arrival of a maladroitness sidekick in Woozy Winks, an out-and-out traditional clown, right down to his costume.

By 1943, Plastic Man (“Plas” to his admirers) had his own comic book, and the feature thrived under Cole’s guidance through 1950. Others took over the comic book, and it lasted until 1956. (And there have been revivals since, including an animated TV version in 1979.)

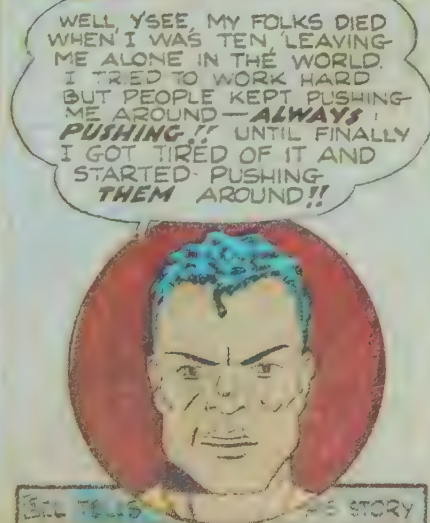
Cole meanwhile had begun a career as a panel cartoonist in such publications as *Collier’s* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. By 1955, he had begun a regular collection of *Females by Cole* in *Playboy*. In 1958, a humorous Cole “family strip” called *Betsy and Me* began daily newspaper syndication by the Chicago *Sun-Times*. But on August 15th of that year, Jack Cole took his own life. He left no note and gave no explanation.

We have chosen Plastic Man’s first appearance for inclusion here, and the adventure of the arrival of Woozy Winks.

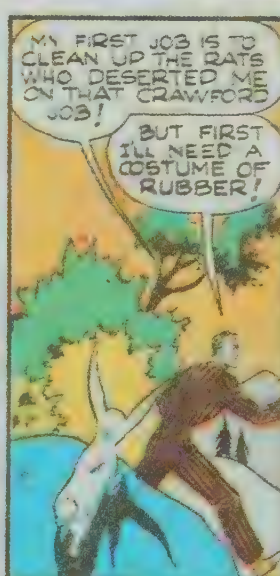
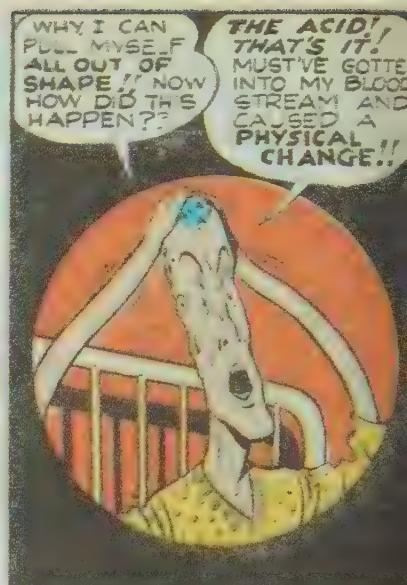
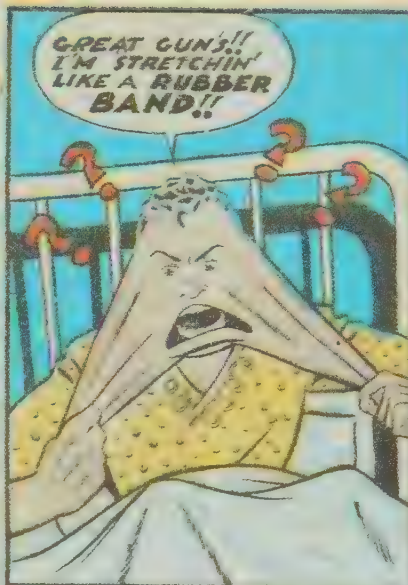
M.W.



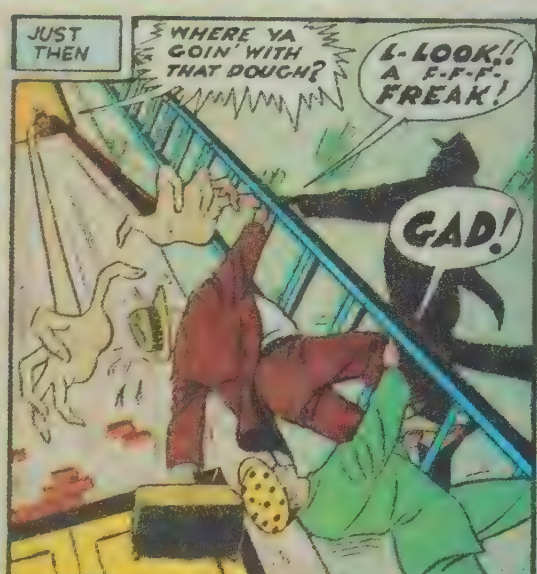
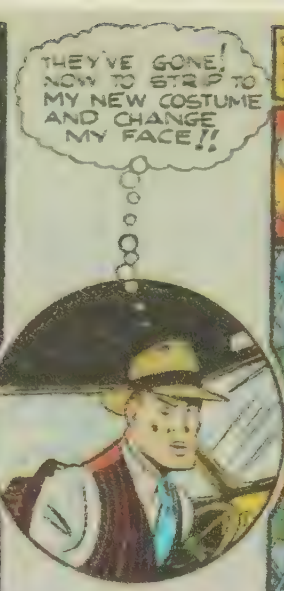




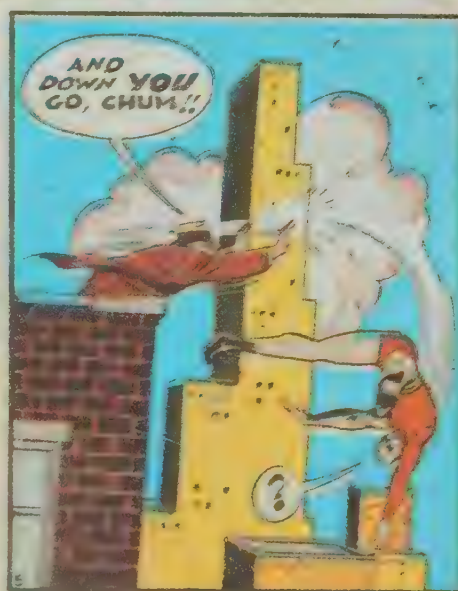
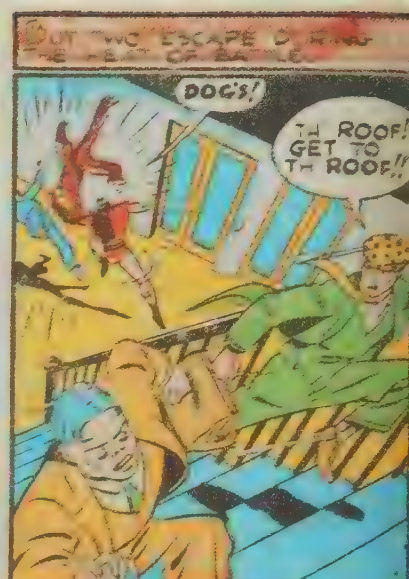
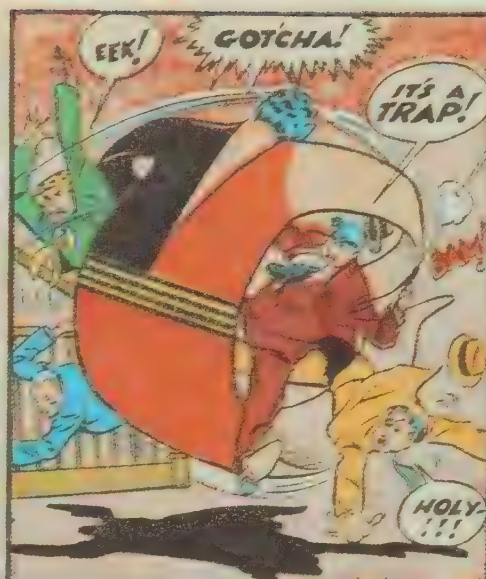




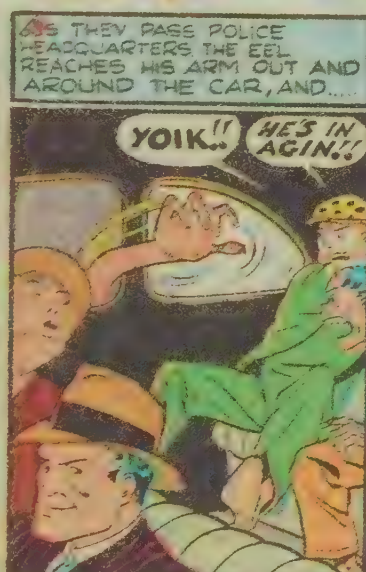














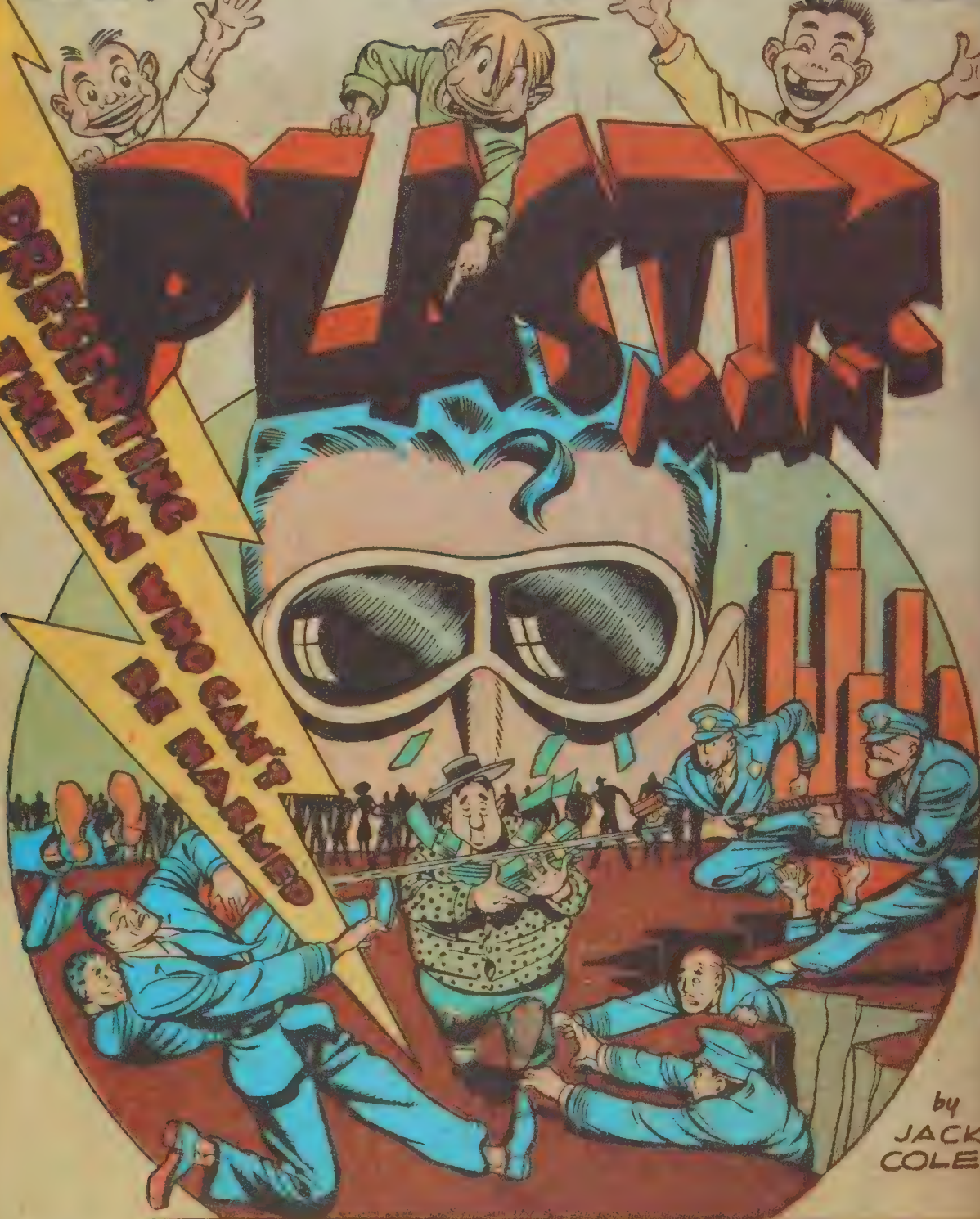
**STOP!**

**LOOK!**

**AND**

**READY!**

**PRESENTING  
THE MAN  
WHO CAN'T  
BE MARKED**



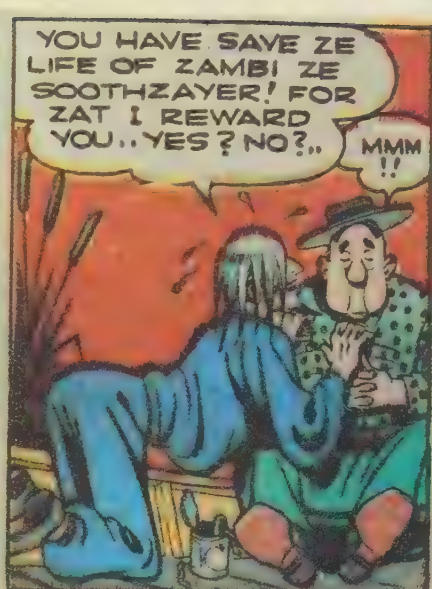
by  
**JACK  
COLE**

**FOR  
NEW  
READERS  
ONLY..**

IN ORDER TO GET INFORMATION ON CROOKS, PLASTIC MAN POSES AS GANGSTER, EEL O'BRIAN, AND MINGLES WITH THE UNDERWORLD.. THEN THE INDIA RUBBER MAN GOES INTO ACTION, BRINGING HIS PREY TO JUSTICE, HIS ONLY WEAPON BEING HIS ABILITY TO BEND, TWIST, OR MOLD INTO ANY 'SHAPE'!!



OUR STORY  
BEGINS AS  
SIMPLY AS  
THIS...



I HEREBY BE-  
STOW UPON YOU THE  
PROTECTION OF  
NATURE!! FROM  
THIS DAY FORTH,  
NO HARM YOU!!  
SHADDROE!!



MMM.. HE'S  
GONE!.. A  
CRACK-POT,  
NO DOUBT!..  
CAN'T BE HURT,  
EH? WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT!



BY GEORGE, IT'S TRUE  
..I DON'T FEEL A THING!  
BUT THEN I NEVER  
COULD FEEL ANY PAIN  
IN MY HEAD!.. BETTER  
PICK A MORE VULNER-  
ABLE SPOT FOR THE  
ACID TEST..



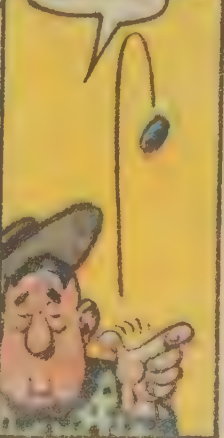
WITH LABOROUS EFFORT,  
MOOZY WINKS CLIMBS  
NEARBY CLIFF AND  
JUMPS..



WHY, WITH THIS  
ABILITY I CAN  
MAKE A FORTUNE!  
BY EITHER GOOD  
OR BAD METHODS!  
HMMM.. WHICH  
SHALL IT BE?  
GOOD OR BAD?  
I'VE GOT IT...



HEADS I USE  
MY POWERS  
FOR GOOD..  
TAILS FOR  
EVIL !!



WOULDN'T  
YOU LIKE  
TO KNOW  
??

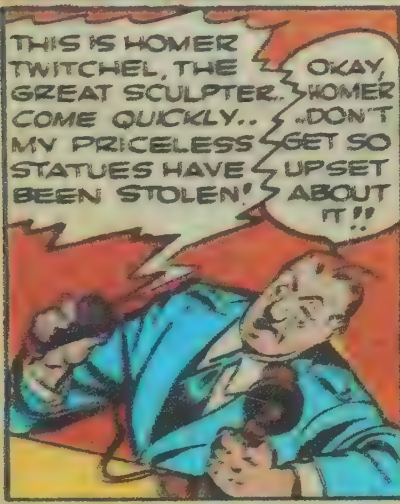




SOME TIME LATER, THE POLICE RECEIVE A CALL...

THIS IS HOMER TWITCHEL, THE GREAT SCULPTER. COME QUICKLY... MY PRICELESS STATUES HAVE BEEN STOLEN!

OKAY, HOMER. DON'T GET SO UPSET ABOUT IT!!



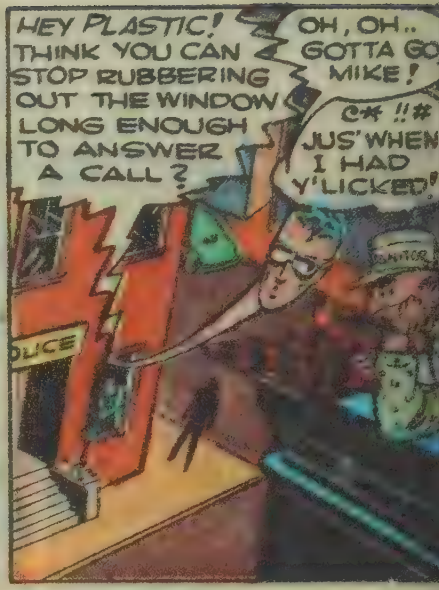
DON'T GET UPSET, HE SAYS!



HEY PLASTIC! THINK YOU CAN STOP RUBBERING OUT THE WINDOW LONG ENOUGH TO ANSWER A CALL?

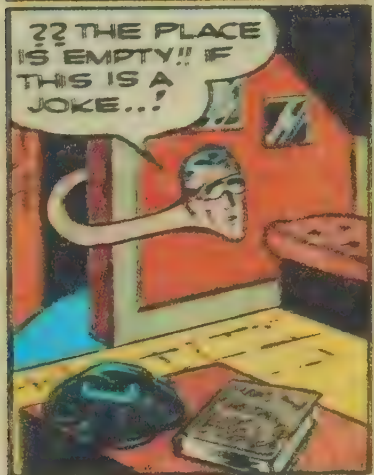
OH, OH.. GOTTA GO MIKE!

C\* !!# JUS' WHEN I HAD Y' LICKED!



BUT WHEN PLASTIC MAN REACHES HOMER'S STUDIO, HE FINDS...

?? THE PLACE IS EMPTY!! IF THIS IS A JOKE...



THAT'S QUEER.. THE WORD "HELP" SPOelled OUT IN CLAY ON THIS BOOK..



BUT WHY ON A BOOK?? AND WHY, "HANS AND GRETHEL"?? ..UNLESS..



HANS AND GRETHEL DROPPED BREAD CRUMBS TO MARK A TRAIL.. PERHAPS HOMER TWITCHEL DROPPED CLAY?

AH, HERE'S A PIECE!



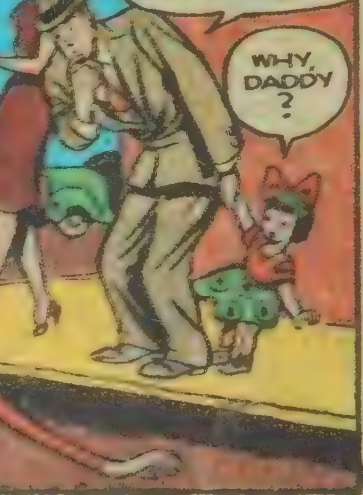
OUT INTO THE STREET HE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL.

HERE'S ANOTHER!



PLASTIC MAN, GUTTER SNIPING! Tch! Tch! Tch!!

WHY, DADDY?



MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY...

OH-HO-HO... MY LIFE'S WORK.. RUINED! WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY KIDNAP ME?

BOSS' ORDERS!.. NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT SAW?







W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY RIGHT ARM!!

MAKING SURE YOU'LL NEVER DO ANY SCULPTERING AGAIN!



WHOA THERE!!

MY WORD!!



C'MERE YOU!!...I WANT TO TALK WITH... ???

GEE, I FAILED! WHAT'LL THE BOSS THINK?



OH, WELL, WE CAN TRY AGAIN TOMORROW! DUM DE DUM!

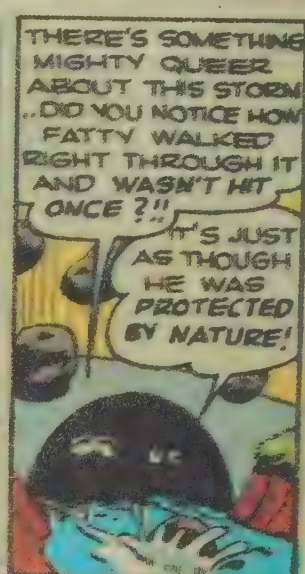
NOW IT'S GIANT HAIL STONES!!

HELP!!



UNDER HERE, HOMER!

MY HEAD!!



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS STORM... DID YOU NOTICE HOW FATTY WALKED RIGHT THROUGH IT AND WASN'T HIT ONCE??

IT'S JUST AS THOUGH HE WAS PROTECTED BY NATURE!

AFTER THE STORM SUBSIDES...



WELL, HOMER'S GONE INTO HIDING. NOW MAYBE EEL O'BRIAN CAN FIND WHAT PLASTIC MAN COULDN'T ABOUT FATSO!

LATER, AT A CAFE, EEL FINDS HIS QUARRY



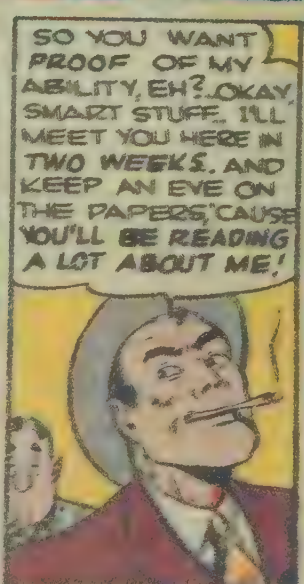
PARDON, CHUM, NAME'S O'BRIAN... I'VE HEARD OF YOU, AN'...

SORRY, BUT I'VE NEVER HEARD OF YOU!



WHAT! NEVER HEARD OF EEL O'BRIAN, TOUGHEST THUG IN TOWN? SAY, YOU AND I COULD MAKE A MINT T'GETHER!!

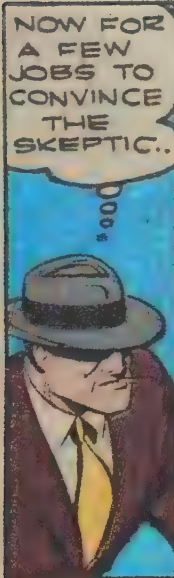
GO WAY SMALL FRY!



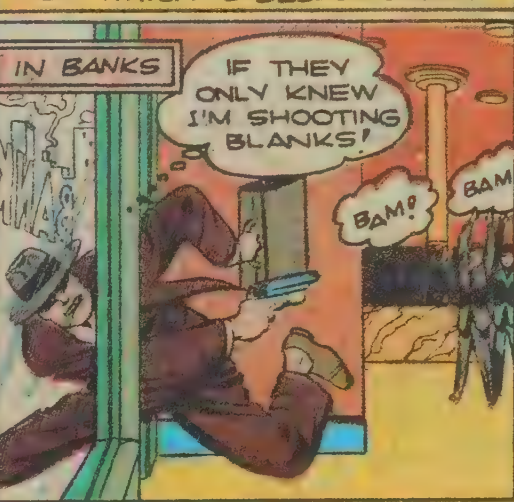
SO YOU WANT PROOF OF MY ABILITY, EH?...OKAY, SMART STUFF. I'LL MEET YOU HERE IN TWO WEEKS. AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE PAPERS 'CAUSE YOU'LL BE READING A LOT ABOUT ME!



NOW FOR A FEW JOBS TO CONVINCE THE SKEPTIC..



THIS BEGINS A SERIES OF DARING ROBBERIES, THE LIKE OF WHICH IS SELDOM SEEN..



IN BANKS

IF THEY ONLY KNEW I'M SHOOTING BLANKS!

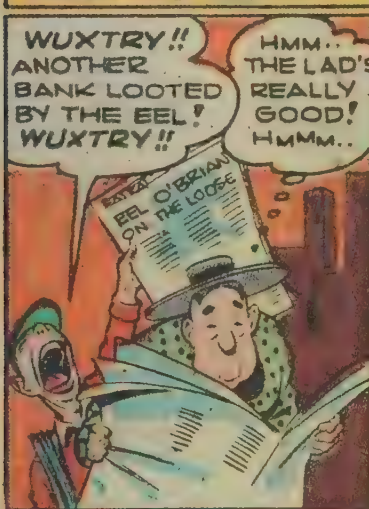
IN JEWELRY STORES..



THE THINGS I HAVE TO GO THROUGH JUST TO GET IN THE GOOD GRACES OF A CROOK!



NO ONE IS SAFE FROM HIS GRASP



HOT-TEMPERED POLICE CAPTAIN MURPHEY IS IN A DITHER..



WHEN TWO WEEKS ARE UP EEL MEETS WOZZY.



TONIGHT! HOW ARE YOU ON SWIPING MARBLE STATUETTES??

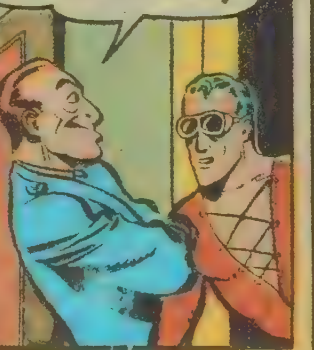


WE'RE GOING TO STEAL EVERY ONE OF HOMER TWITCHEL'S BUSTS FROM THE CITY MUSEUM!



AS PLASTIC MAN, HE GOES TO THE POLICE..

AND WHERE WERE YOU WHEN EEL O'BRIAN WAS TEARING THE CITY APART, MISTER PLASTIC MAN?



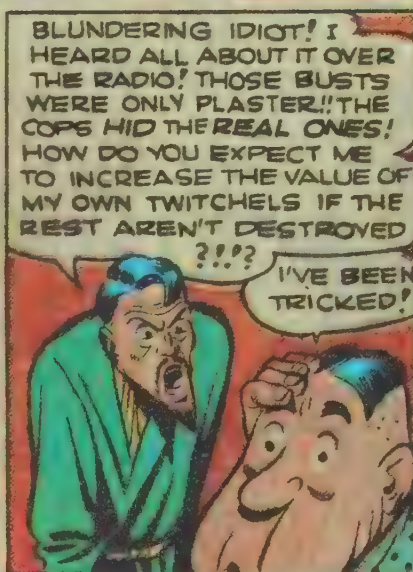
BANK YOUR FIRES, MURPHEY.. I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT EEL AND THE THUG WHO STOLE HOMER TWITCHEL'S SCULPTURE PIECES ARE PULLING A REPEAT TONIGHT!

















IT'S NO USE..I'LL HAVE TO TRY REASONING WITH HIM!



LOOK, WOOLZY, YOU'RE NOT A BAD GUY AT HEART.. WHY DON'T YOU PAY YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY AND START OFF FRESH?



THINK OF YOUR MOTHER..WHAT WOULD SHE SAY IF SHE KNEW ABOUT YOUR CRIME CAREER?



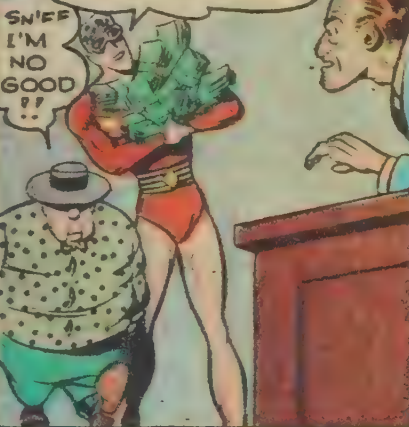
WHY, IT'D BREAK HER HEART! YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL PLAGUE YOU THE REST OF YOUR LIFE !!



**STOP IT! STOP IT!** I CAN'T BEAR IT.. TAKE ME AWAY!



LATER... HERE YOU ARE, MURPHEY.. THE SCULPTURE THIEF AND ALL OF EEL O'BRIAN'S LOOT!



THAT'S GOOD AS FAR AS YOU WENT BUT WHERE'S EEL HIMSELF?



GOT AWAY!

LOOK HERE, PLASTIC..WE'VE LET THE EEL RUN LOOSE LONG ENOUGH! I WANT HIM CAPTURED IF IT'S THE LAST JOB YOU EVER DO FOR THE FORCE !!



PSST..CAN I HELP YOU NAB HIM? I'VE GOT A PRIVATE SCORE TO SETTLE WITH O'BRIAN!



SORRY, WOOLZY.. BUT YOU'VE A SENTENCE TO SERVE!



VERY WELL, I QUIT!



WAIT! ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN HELP ME..BUT COME BACK HERE!



SO I'VE GOT TO CAPTURE MYSELF, EH?.. AND WITH WOOLZY WINKS AS A HELPER!! THIS SHOULD BE A VERY INTERESTING EXPERIENCE!



DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S EPISODE WHEN PLASTIC MAN BATTLES EEL O'BRIAN (HIMSELF) AIDED BY THE NEW COMIC FIND, WOOLZY WINKS, THE MAN WHOM NATURE PROTECTS





## About "Captain Marvel" and C. C. Beck

*Captain Marvel* was the result, first, of an executive decision, and, following on that, of the fortuitous coming together of exceptional talents.

The decision came when Fawcett Publications declared itself a relatively late entrant into the highly profitable comic-book field. C. C. Beck, a cartoonist who had contributed gag panels to Fawcett's humor magazines, was brought together with writer Bill Parker. They came up with an orphaned big-city newsboy who could transform himself into a super-being. Billy Batson was lured into an abandoned subway station by a mysterious figure, led past grotesque depictions of the Seven Deadly Enemies of Man (actually the Seven Deadly Sins of medieval Catholic theology), and taken to an ancient, enthroned magician who was somehow Egyptian. This sage gave Billy a magic word, "Shazam," based on the initials of a polyglot of Biblical characters, Greek and Roman deities, and mythic heroes. Uttering this word, Billy would invoke a lightning bolt and convert himself into Captain Marvel. (And, incidentally, as if to domesticate the whole picture, the Captain was physically modeled on the actor Fred MacMurray, and the Captain's archenemy, Dr. Sivana, on C. C. Beck's neighborhood pharmacist.)

Beck's graphic renderings were simple, uncluttered, cartoon-oriented, and appropriately humorous. And Captain Marvel was a huge success. He was soon appearing in a whole group of magazines and had spun off a Captain Marvel, Jr., a Mary Marvel—even a Marvel Bunny.

Beck needed a whole roomful of assistants to help out. The foremost of these was Pete Costanza, who worked directly with Beck and also supervised the other helpers. Meanwhile, in 1941, the feature had found its perfect author in the fanciful Otto Binder. Binder understood that the *Captain Marvel* stories were best treated as light-hearted children's fare, and knew that strong rationalizations and pseudo-scientific explanations of its magic events and magic powers were not only unnecessary, they might simply get in the way of the psychological truths the magic imparted. Binder's introduction of Tawky Tawny, a "civilized," talking jungle tiger, was indicative: Billy befriends him and he becomes a sports-jacketed American suburbanite, confirming for the feature's readers that the savage impulse can be domesticated—with a sense of humor.

Both Charles Clarence Beck and Otto Binder came from the American Midwest. Beck was born in Zumbrota, Minnesota, in 1910. He studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts and the University of Minnesota, and was a humor illustrator for Fawcett by 1933. Binder was born a year after Beck in



Bessemer, Michigan, and had been writing for pulp and short-story magazines and, beginning in 1939, for comic books.

The various Marvel-family comic books continued with high success until 1953. National Comics had brought legal action against Fawcett, claiming that the Captain infringed upon its Superman copyrights, and Fawcett finally decided that fighting the suit wasn't worth the money and the effort. (Insiders insist, incidentally, that there were other, less successful super-heroes that were closer to Superman in conception than was Captain Marvel.)

Our selection, *Captain Marvel Battles the Plot Against the Universe*, comes from 1949 and the one-hundredth issue of *Captain Marvel Adventures*. Its title is perhaps the only awkward moment in this little masterpiece of breakneck whimsy, as Binder's plotting is rendered and embellished in Beck's and Costanza's drawings. The elements are, as usual, wonderfully preposterous: pseudo-science, traditional myth, space travel, time travel—all are invoked with no inhibition, and the feature's pseudo-heaven (the Rock of Eternity) is prominently featured. If a new magic metal is needed to get the story started, let's have one: shazamium. If another is needed to keep it going, let's have another: sivanium. If a third is required to resolve things, so be it: marvelium. Most indicative of the tone of it all, the artists give us Captain Marvel's torture at the hands of Sivana in the "splash panel" to Part 3—he gets some ink on his red suit from a squirt gun, some itching powder, and (torture of tortures!) a swift kick in the behind.

The story is sustained by an innocent, unapologetic fascination with its own willful fancy, and by our delight in following that fancy—those things, plus an absolute refusal to take itself seriously. And to bring it all off involves a balance of attitudes, of story elements, of pictures—and balances within balances—that are not nearly so easy to achieve and to sustain as they seem.

Otto Binder died in 1974, but C. C. Beck has remained active, and he illustrated the first few issues of a revived *Captain Marvel* comic book (titled *Shazam!*) in the 1970s. Ironically, the comic book was published by National, the company that had put the Captain out of business twenty years earlier.

M.W.





# CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

Executive Editor  
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor  
WENDELL CROWLEY

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHIZ COMICS • CAPT MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • WESTERN HERO  
OZIE AND BABS • THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

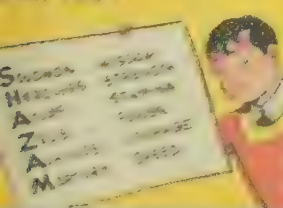
*W. H. Fawcett, Jr.* President

# Captain MARVEL

## BATTLES THE PLOT AGAINST THE UNIVERSE



WENDELL RILEY BATSON  
W. H. FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS  
GIVES THE WORD SHAZAM! HE  
IS INSTANTLY CHANGED  
INTO POWERFUL CAPTAIN  
MARVEL, THE WORLD'S  
RIGHTMOST MORTAL AND  
WARRIOR. IN HIS MAGNIFICENT  
POSSESSOR OF THE POWERS OF  
SEVEN OF THE MIGHTIEST HEROES  
OF ALL TIME!



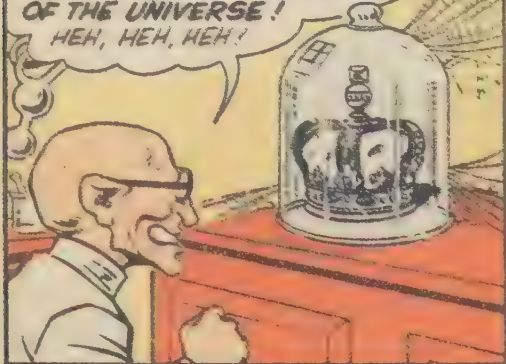
### PART 1 DR. SIVANA STRIKES AT SHAZAM

NO GREATER EVIL GENIUS THAN DR. SIVANA, THE WORLD'S WICKEDEST SCIENTIST, HAS EVER EXISTED ON THIS EARTH OF OURS! HIS GREATEST AMBITION IS TO RULE NOT ONLY EARTH, BUT THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! THE VERY EXISTENCE OF CAPTAIN MARVEL HIMSELF IS THREATENED AS THE WILY SCIENTIST SETS IN MOTION HIS LATEST VILLAGIOUS PLOT TO GIVE HIM POWER OVER ALL THE UNIVERSE! READ ON FOR 100 THRILLS, CHILLS, AND DILLS! THE EPISODES COMPLETE IN THIS 100th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!



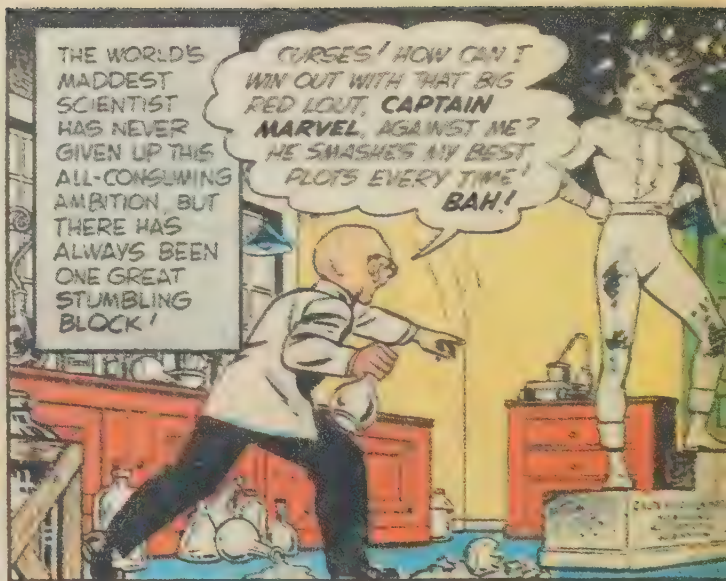
LET US PEER INTO THE SECRET LABORATORY OF DR. SIVANA, THE GREATEST ENEMY OF CIVILIZATION EVER KNOWN, AS HE REPEATS A DREAD VOW!

I VOW TO WEAR THAT CROWN YET! SOMEHOW---SOMEDAY---I'LL BECOME **RIGHTFUL RULER OF THE UNIVERSE!** HEH, HEH, HEH!

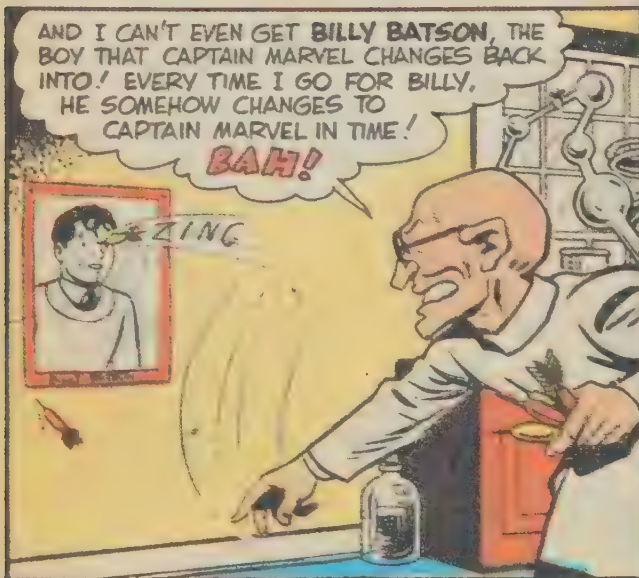


THE WORLD'S MADDEST SCIENTIST HAS NEVER GIVEN UP THIS ALL-CONSUMING AMBITION, BUT THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE GREAT STUMBLING BLOCK!

CURSES! HOW CAN I WIN OUT WITH THAT BIG RED LOUT, **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, AGAINST ME? HE SMASHES MY BEST PLOTS EVERY TIME! **BAH!**

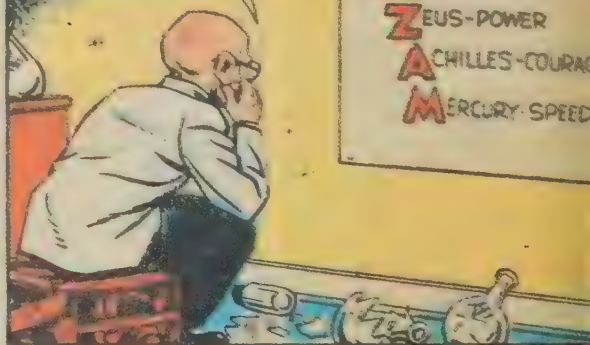


AND I CAN'T EVEN GET **BILLY BATSON**, THE BOY THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL CHANGES BACK INTO! EVERY TIME I GO FOR BILLY, HE SOMEHOW CHANGES TO CAPTAIN MARVEL IN TIME! **BAH!**



AND CAPTAIN MARVEL CAN'T BE DEFEATED---NOT WITH THOSE POWERS FROM SIX ELDER HEROES, GRANTED TO HIM BY SHAZAM, THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WIZARD! **BAH, BAH!**

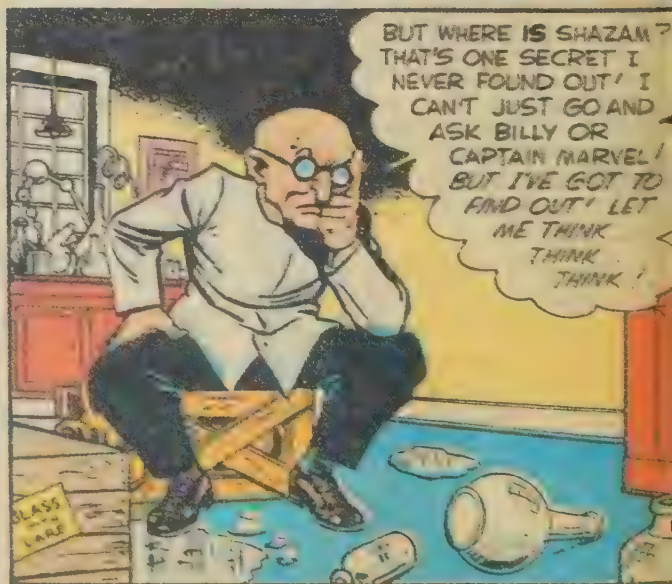
**S**OLOMON-WISDOM  
**H**ERCULES-STRENGTH  
**A**TLAS-STAMINA  
**Z**EUS-POWER  
**A**CHILLES-COURAGE  
**M**ERCURY-SPEED



**WAIT!** THAT GIVES ME A GREAT IDEA! THE ONE WAY TO CRUSH CAPTAIN MARVEL IS THROUGH **SHAZAM!** I'VE GOT TO FIND SHAZAM HIMSELF AND WORK ON HIM! **HEH, HEH, HEH!**



BUT WHERE IS SHAZAM? THAT'S ONE SECRET I NEVER FOUND OUT! I CAN'T JUST GO AND ASK BILLY OR CAPTAIN MARVEL! BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT! LET ME THINK THINK THINK!





MEANWHILE, LET US LOOK INTO THE MODEST HOME OF MR. TAWNY TAWNY, THE WELL-KNOWN TALKING TIGER!

I'M WRITING MY MEMOIRS! LET'S SEE... CAPTAIN MARVEL, MY GREAT FRIEND, IS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL! HE GAINED HIS POWERS FROM SHAZAM, THE WIZARD! THIS ALL HAPPENED WHEN...?



DEAR ME! I CAN'T FINISH! IT JUST OCCURS TO ME NOW THAT I REALLY KNOW NOTHING OF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S ORIGIN AT ALL!



BILLY BATSON OFTEN DROPS IN ON HIS DEAR FRIEND, AND...

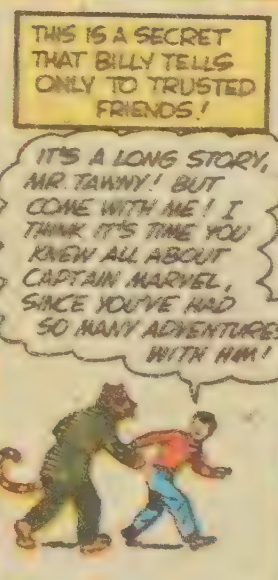
HELLO, MR. TAWNY! HOW ARE OUR MEMOIRS GOING?

I'M STUCK, BILLY! TELL ME, WHEN, WHERE AND HOW DID CAPTAIN MARVEL COME INTO EXISTENCE?



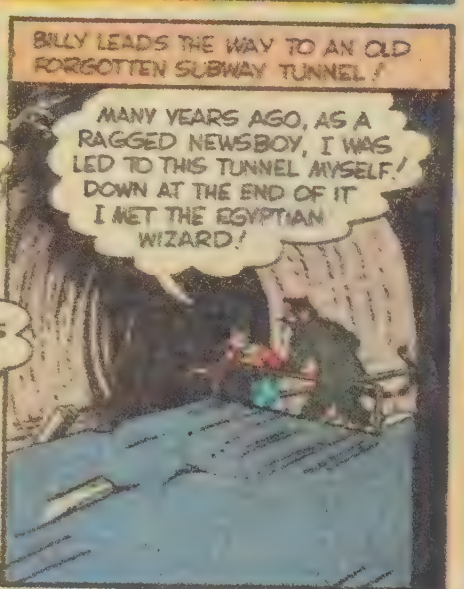
THIS IS A SECRET THAT BILLY TELLS ONLY TO TRUSTED FRIENDS!

IT'S A LONG STORY, MR. TAWNY! BUT COME WITH ME! I THINK IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL, SINCE YOU'VE HAD SO MANY ADVENTURES WITH HIM!



BILLY LEADS THE WAY TO AN OLD FORGOTTEN SUBWAY TUNNEL!

MANY YEARS AGO, AS A RAGGED NEWSBOY, I WAS LED TO THIS TUNNEL MYSELF! DOWN AT THE END OF IT I MET THE EGYPTIAN WIZARD!



ALTHOUGH HE IS GONE FROM EARTH AND LIVES AT THE ROCK OF ETERNITY, I CAN STILL SUMMON HIS SPIRIT BY LIGHTING THIS BRAZIER!

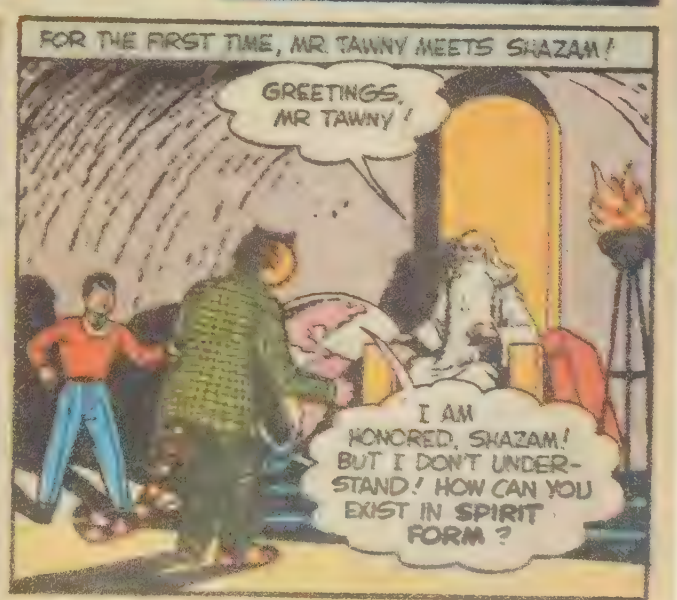
I AM HERE, MY SON!



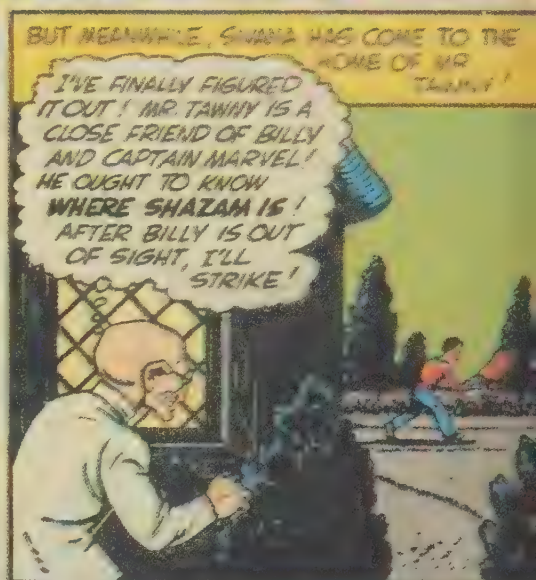
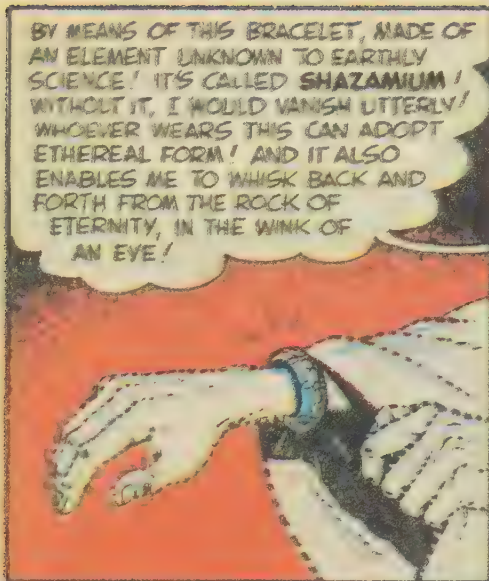
FOR THE FIRST TIME, MR. TAWNY MEETS SHAZAM!

GREETINGS, MR. TAWNY!

I AM HONORED, SHAZAM! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HOW CAN YOU EXIST IN SPIRIT FORM?





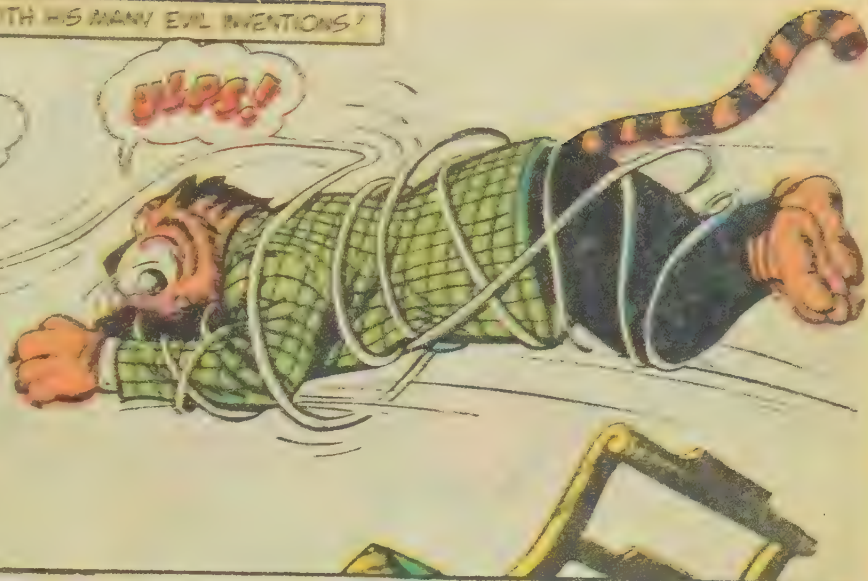




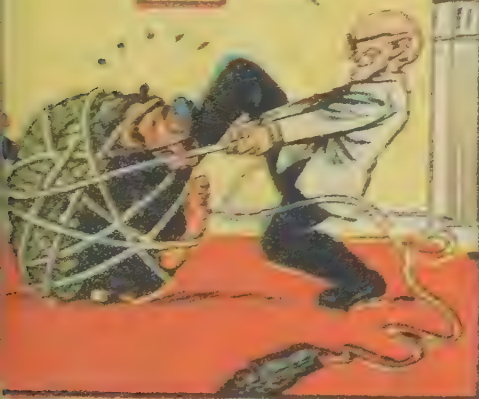
BILLY BATSON IS ALWAYS READY WITH HIS MANY EVIL INVENTIONS!

THIS IS MY SPIDER GUN! IT SHOOTS OUT A ROPE OF LIQUID PLASTIC! HEH-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

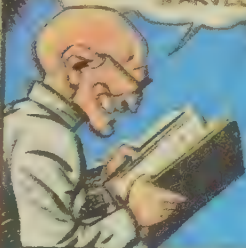
UUPS!



THERE, ALL WRAPPED UP LIKE A PACKAGE! NOW LET'S SEE IF THE INFORMATION I WANT IS IN YOUR MEMOIRS! HEH, HEH!



YAYYY! JUST WHAT I WANT! SO SHAZAM CAN BE SUMMONED TO A FORGOTTEN TUNNEL? HE LIVES AT THE ROCK OF ETERNITY! AND HE WEARS A BRACELET MADE OF SHAZAM-IUM! AT LAST I KNOW HOW TO DESTROY CAPTAIN MARVEL!



BUT WAIT! WHERE IS THAT TUNNEL? YOU DON'T WRITE IT DOWN! I MUST KNOW! TALK!

I'LL NEVER TELL! NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS!



OH YES, YOU WILL! I'LL TAKE YOU ALONG TO MY SHOP! I CAN ROLL YOU LIKE A BALL! HEH, HEH-HA!



BUT MEANWHILE, BILLY BATSON SUDDENLY REMEMBERS SOMETHING!

OF ALL THE SILLY THINGS! I LEFT MY PACKAGE OF LAUNDRY AT MR. TAWNY'S HOUSE! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK FOR IT!



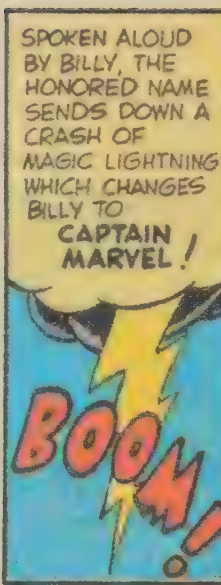




HEH,  
HEH,  
HEH!

HOLY  
MOLEY!  
SIVANA HAS  
KIDNAPPED  
MR. TAWNY!

SHAZAN!



SPOKEN ALOUD  
BY BILLY, THE  
HONORED NAME  
SENDS DOWN A  
CRASH OF  
MAGIC LIGHTNING  
WHICH CHANGES  
BILLY TO  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

BOON!



WHAT ARE YOU UP  
TO, YOU LITTLE WEASEL?  
WHAT DO YOU WANT  
WITH MR TAWNY?

NONE  
OF YOUR  
BUSINESS  
YOU BIG  
RED  
CHEESE!



OH COME, SIVANA! PULLING A  
GUN ON ME WON'T HELP YOU!  
YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW  
THAT BULLETS CAN'T  
HARM ME!

OH,  
YEAH?



THIS GUN WILL COVER YOU ALL OVER  
WITH STICKY ROPE AND GIVE ME  
TIME TO ESCAPE! HEH!

HOLY  
MOLEY!



CAPTAIN  
MARVEL WILL BE  
FREE IN A MOMENT---  
BUT THAT'S ALL I  
NEED TO GET  
INTO MY  
SHIP!



I'M FREE! AND YOU  
OUGHT TO KNOW I CAN  
OUTFLY ANY SHIP,  
SIVANA!

SHAZAN!





BUT THIS IS A TIME SHIP, DUMMY! I'M FADING OUT OF THE PRESENT, INTO THE PAST! HOW CAN YOU CHASE ME THERE? HEH, HEH, HEH!!!



BEFORE CAPTAIN MARVEL'S EYES, THE TIME SHIP FADES AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS!  
HOLY MCLEY! HE GOT AWAY... WITH MR. TAWNY AS HIS PRISONER!



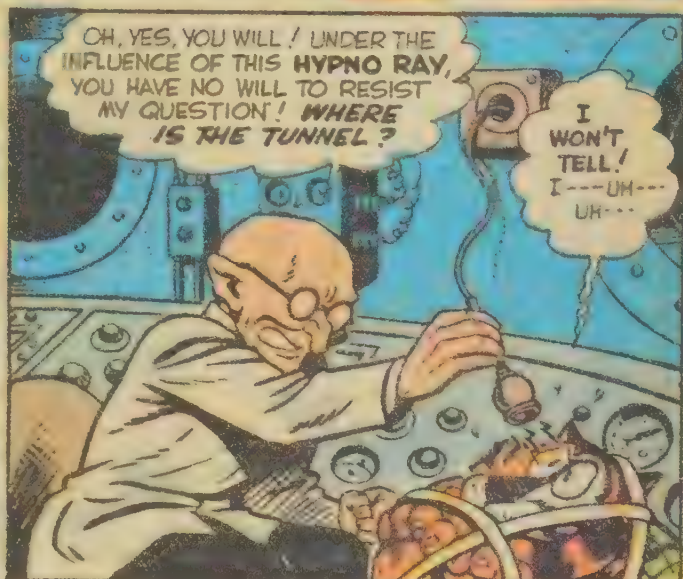
WHERE DID HE GO? HOW FAR INTO THE PAST? AND WHAT DOES HE WANT FROM MR. TAWNY? I DON'T LIKE THIS ONE LITTLE BIT! AND YET, WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I CHASE HIM THROUGH TIME?



CRUISING INTO THE PAST, SHAWNO REVEALS HIS GHASTLY PLOT TO HELPLESS MR. TAWNY!

I'M GOING BACK TO THE TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL WAS FIRST CALLED FORTH BY SHAZAM! BUT I'M GOING TO ARRIVE A LITTLE BEFORE THAT AND AMBUSH BILLY IN THE TUNNEL!

BUT I'LL NEVER TELL YOU HOW TO FIND THE TUNNEL, YOU FIEND!



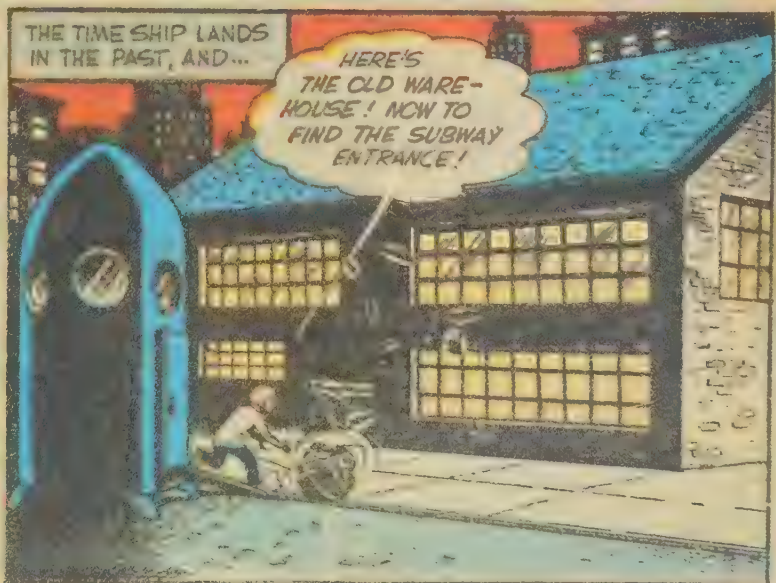
OH, YES, YOU WILL! UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS HYPNO RAY, YOU HAVE NO WILL TO RESIST MY QUESTION! WHERE IS THE TUNNEL?

I WON'T TELL! I---UH--- UH---



UNDER THE POWERFUL HYPNO RAY, MR. TAWNY IS FORCED TO ANSWER!

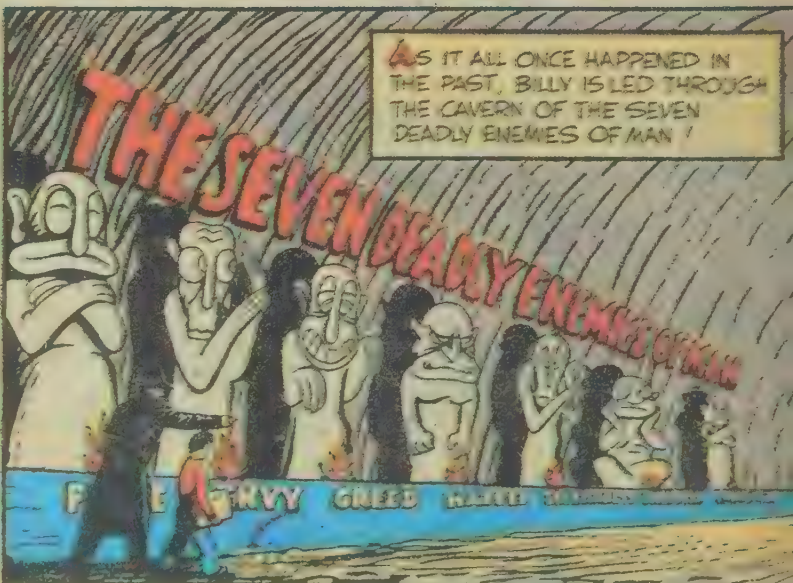
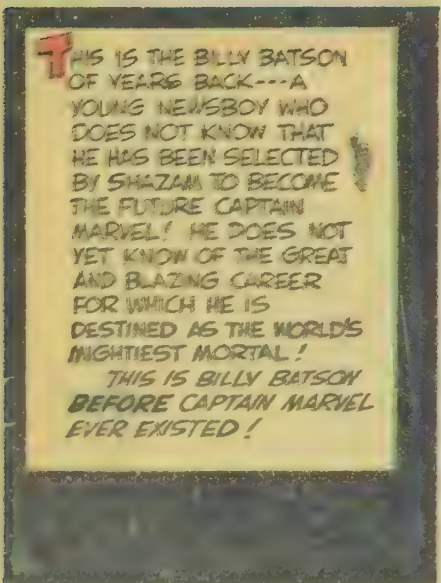
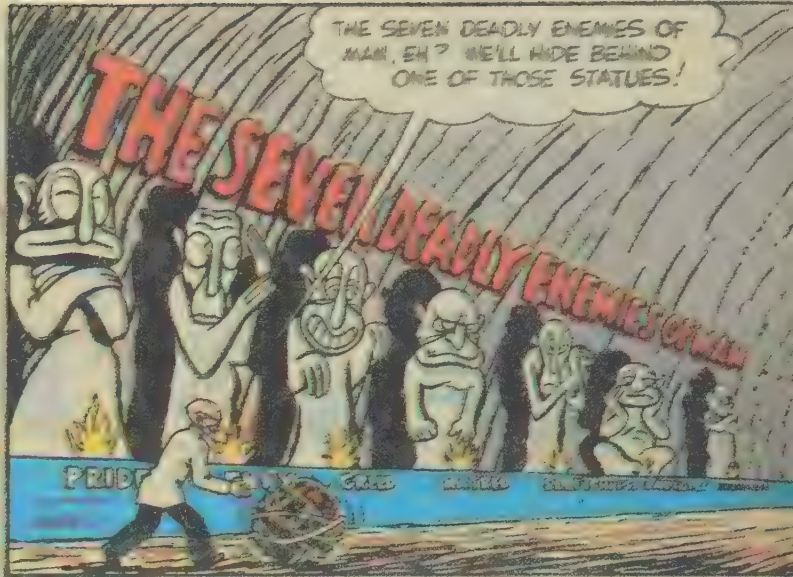
I OBEY! THE TUNNEL IS AT THE CORNER OF SLUMM STREET AND NINTH, BEHIND THE OLD WAREHOUSE!



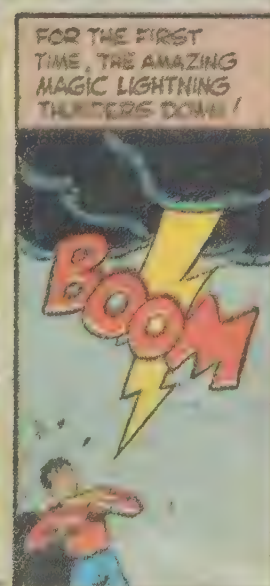
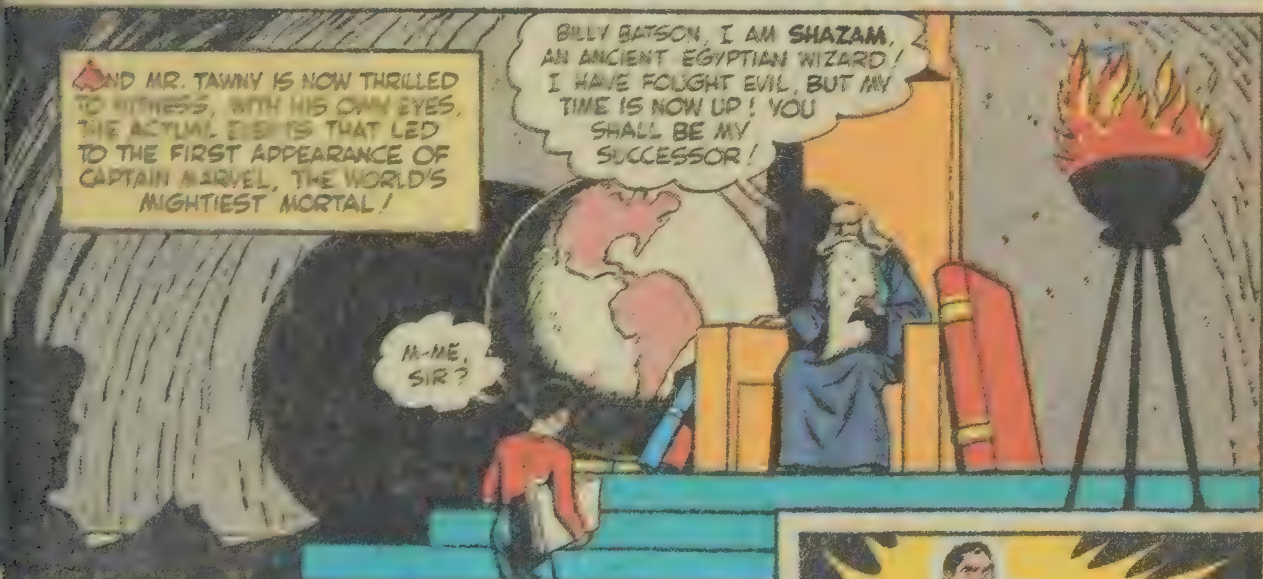
THE TIME SHIP LANDS IN THE PAST, AND...

HERE'S THE OLD WAREHOUSE! NOW TO FIND THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE!

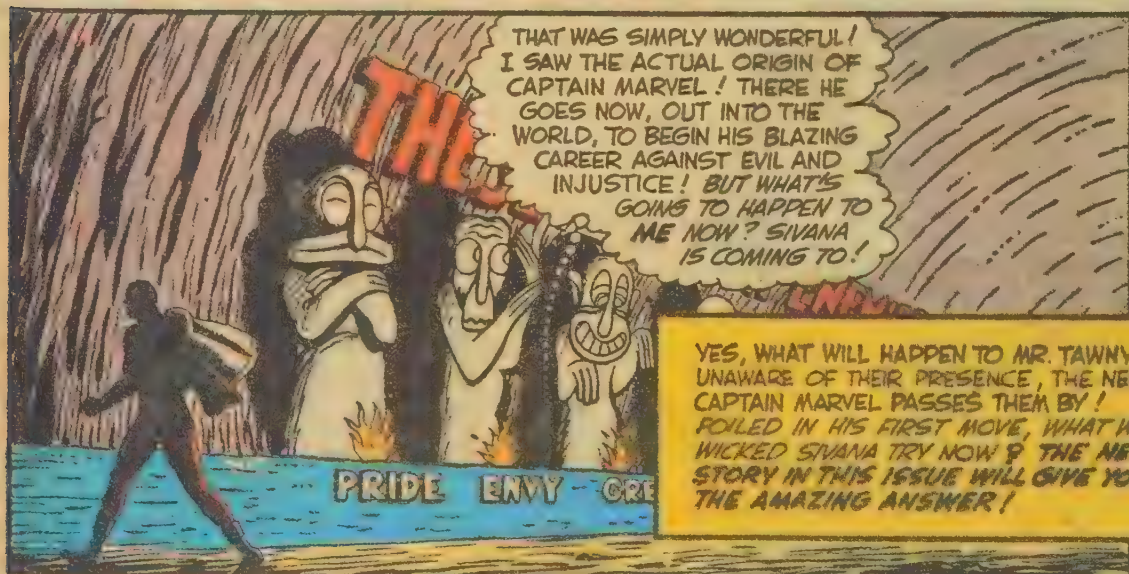
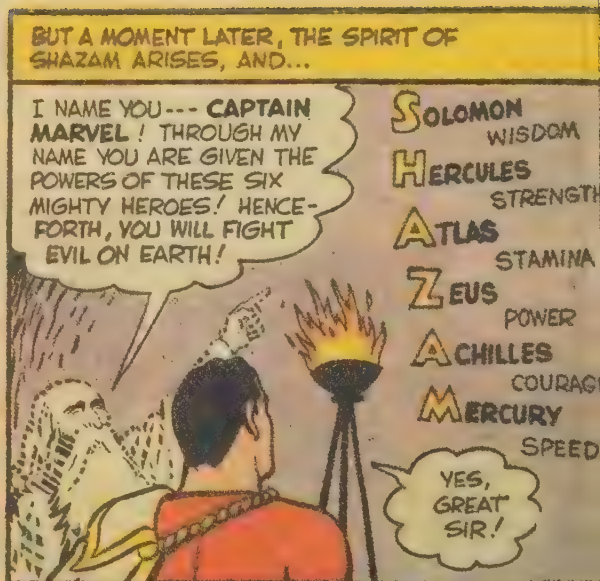
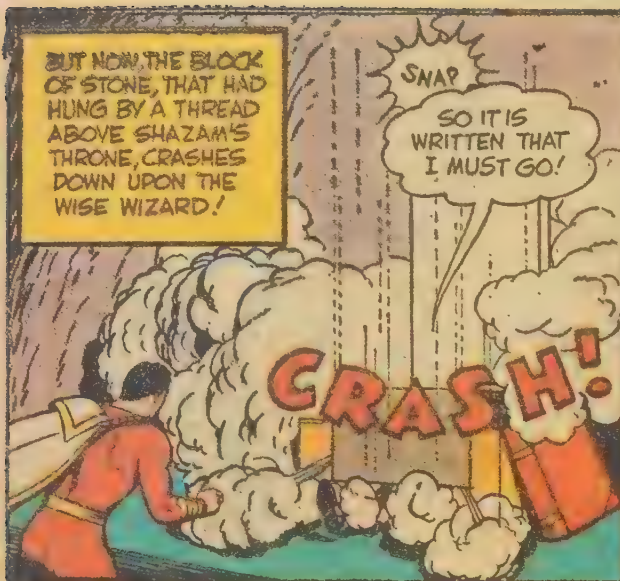












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# Captain MARVEL

## BATTLES THE PLOT AGAINST THE UNIVERSE

FROM HERE  
I SHALL RULE THE  
UNIVERSE!  
HEHHHHHHH!

NOT IF  
I CAN STOP  
YOU,  
SIVANA!

PART 2

### THE INVASION OF THE ROCK OF ETERNITY

**I**N THE PREVIOUS STORY, SIVANA FAILED TO DESTROY BILLY BATSON AND CAPTAIN MARVEL! BUT THE EVIL GENIUS IS STILL ARMED WITH VITAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE SECRETS OF SHAZAM, THE SHAZAMIAN BRACELET, AND THE ROCK OF ETERNITY! SO NOW THE MAD SCIENTIST LAUNCHES ANOTHER CUNNING PLAN THAT THREATENS TO GIVE HIM CONTROL OF THE ROCK OF ETERNITY ITSELF, HUB OF THE UNIVERSE!

**S**IVANA HAS NOW REGAINED HIS SENSES AND IS FILLED WITH MAD RAGE AT MR. TAWNY'S INTERFERENCE WITH HIS EVIL PLAN!

CURSES!  
YOU KNOCKED ME  
OUT AND LET THE CREATION  
OF CAPTAIN MARVEL OCCUR!  
I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT,  
MR. TAWNY!

GULP! I'M  
SUNK!  
WAIT...

...BY SHIFTING MY  
WEIGHT I CAN ROLL  
AWAY! NOW IF  
I COULD JUST  
GET OUT OF  
THESE ROPES...

HATRE









GET IN THERE AND WORK THE CONTROLS!

WHEN WE GET TO 1949 I'LL HAVE TO ESCAPE---SOMEHOW! WAIT, I KNOW! THIS WILL BE CLEVER!



WHEN THEY STEP OUT IN 1949

TO THE POLICE!

HEH, HEH! NOW'S THE TIME TO TURN THE TABLES! TAWNY HAS NO CLOTHES ON, SO...



HELP!  
WILD TIGER!  
HE ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO!

WHAT?

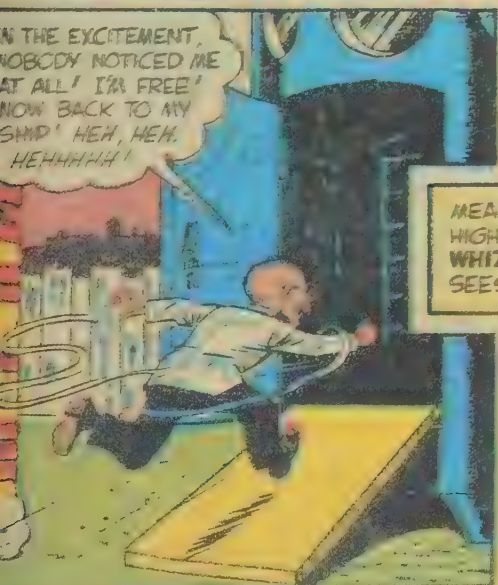
OMIGOSH! LOOK!



NOT REALIZING IT IS TAME MR. TAWNY, A MOB TURNS ON HIM!

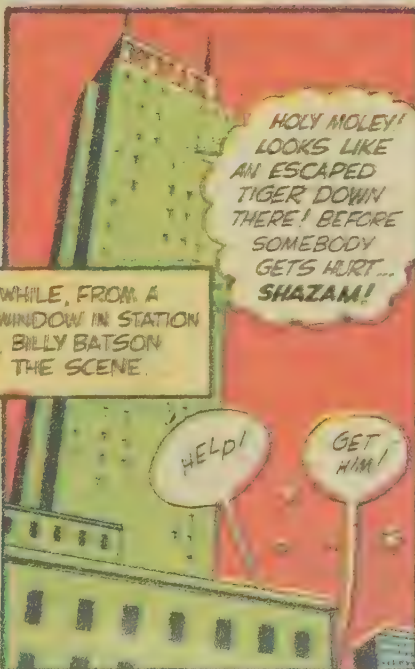
KEEP THAT WILD TIGER AT BAY! CORNER HIM!

STOP! WAIT! OH, THEY WON'T LISTEN!



IN THE EXCITEMENT, NOBODY NOTICED ME AT ALL! I'M FREE! NOW BACK TO MY SHIP! HEH, HEH. HEHHHH!

MEANWHILE, FROM A HIGH WINDOW IN STATION WHIZ, BILLY BATSON SEES THE SCENE.



HOLY MOLEY! LOOKS LIKE AN ESCAPED TIGER DOWN THERE! BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT... SHAZAM!

HELP!

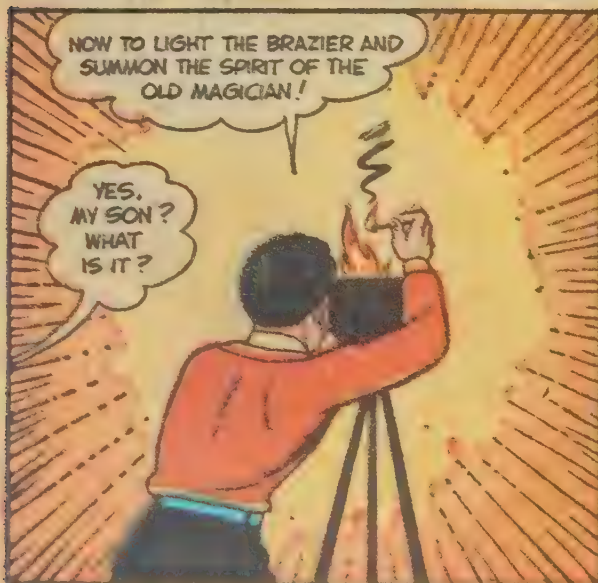
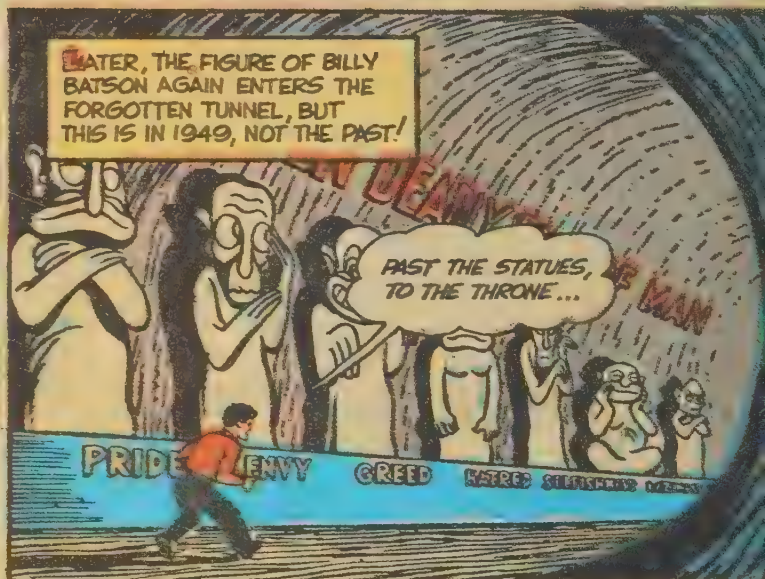
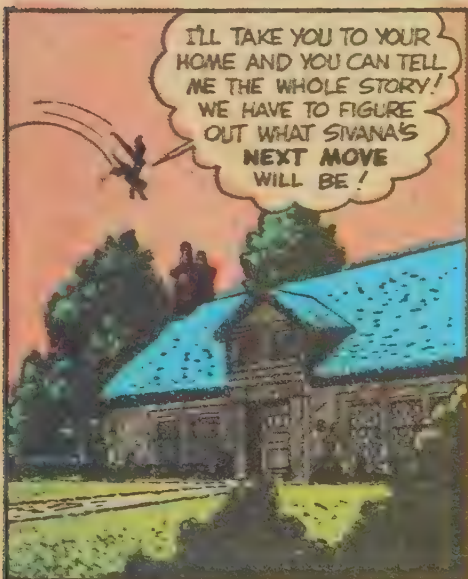
GET HIM!



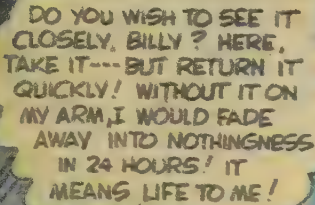
MAGIC LIGHTNING FAITHFULLY THUNDERS DOWN AT THE NAME AND CAPTAIN MARVEL REPLACES BILLY!

BOOM!







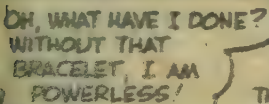


MEN.  
 MEN.  
 MEN.  
 MEN.  
 MEN.  
 MEN.  
 MEN.

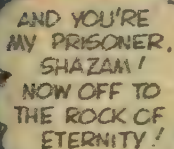
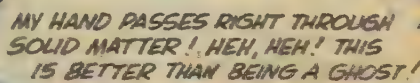
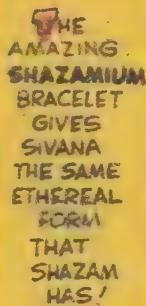
BILLY!  
THAT EVIL  
CHUCKLE!  
YOU SOUND  
LIKE  
SIVANA!



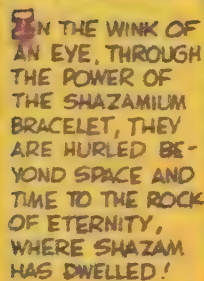
I AM SIVANA, SHAZAM! HEH, HEH!  
OF ALL MY CLEVER DISGUISES,  
THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST  
CUNNING OF ALL! IT WAS THE  
ONE WAY I COULD GET THE  
GREAT SHAZAMUM BRACELET  
IN MY HANDS!  
HEHHHHHH!



EXACTLY WHAT  
I FIGURED! HEH!  
I FAILED TO STOP  
THE CREATION OF  
CAPTAIN MARVEL, BUT  
NOW I HAVE YOU IN  
MY POWER, SHAZAM!  
I'LL PUT ON THE  
BRACELET!



I AM  
HELPLESS  
TO  
RESIST!



FROM HERE,  
I WILL SOON  
RULE THE  
UNIVERSE!  
HEH, HEH,  
HEHHHHH!



SHORTLY AFTER, THE REAL BILLY BATSON VISITS THE SECRET TUNNEL!

MR TAWNY TOLD ME THE WHOLE STORY OF SIVANA'S VISIT TO THE PAST, AND HIS ATTEMPT TO DESTROY ME! I THINK SHAZAM HIMSELF MAY BE IN DANGER NOW! I'D BETTER WARN HIM!

NOW, AS USUAL, I LIGHT THE BRAZIER TO SUMMON HIS SPIRIT!

HEH, HEH!

BILLY BATSON RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

HOLY MOLEY! THAT'S NOT THE EGYPTIAN WIZARD! IT'S SIVANA!

YES, MY SON! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU? OH HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!

CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU! SHAZAM!

GO AHEAD! CHANGE TO THAT RED OX! I'M NOT WORRIED! ♪ HUM DE DUM ♪

THE MAGIC LIGHTNING COMES AS USUAL FOR AS LONG AS SHAZAM EXISTS, THE WORD WILL NOT FAIL BILLY!

**BOON!**

I'LL GRAB YOU AND --- HOLY MOLEY! IT'S LIKE GRABBING SMOKE!

SURE! I'M IN ETHEREAL FORM NOW, JUST LIKE OLD SHAZAM! ALL YOUR MIGHTY STRENGTH CAN'T HARM ONE HAIR OF MY HEAD--- IF I HAD ANY! HEH, HEHHHHH!

AND LOOK! WITHOUT THIS SHAZAMUM BRACELET, OLD SHAZAM WILL FADE AWAY INTO LIMBO, IN 24 HOURS! AND WITH HIS PASSING, YOU, TOO, WILL VANISH! IN 24 HOURS THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE, CAPTAIN MARVEL! HEHHH!

HOLY MOLEY!

SIVANA PRONOUNCES A DREAD DOOM FOR THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!



DESPERATELY, FRANTICALLY, CAPTAIN MARVEL AGAIN TRIES TO SEIZE HIS ARCH ENEMY!

LOOK, YOU BRAINLESS BOOB!  
I CAN OOZE THROUGH SOLID  
WALLS! TOODLE-OO!

I'VE GOT  
TO GET THAT  
BRACELET!

I CAN "OOZE"  
THROUGH SOLID ROCK  
MYSELF, IN MY  
OWN WAY!

SO YOU  
WANT TO  
PLAY TAG,  
EH?

OOZE ALL  
YOU WANT, BUT  
YOU WON'T SHAKE  
ME, SIVANA!  
I CAN SMASH  
THROUGH ANY-  
THING YOU  
CAN OOZE  
THROUGH!

CAN YOU,  
FOOL?

HOW ABOUT SMASHING  
INTO THIS PLACE---AND  
LETTING A FLOOD POUR  
OUT? WELL?  
COME ON!

WATER  
PURIFYING  
PLANT  
No. 2

HOLY  
MOLEY!

I CAN'T KEEP CHASING  
SIVANA AND SMASHING DOWN  
EVERY WALL HE OOZES  
THROUGH! I'D WRECK  
THE CITY!

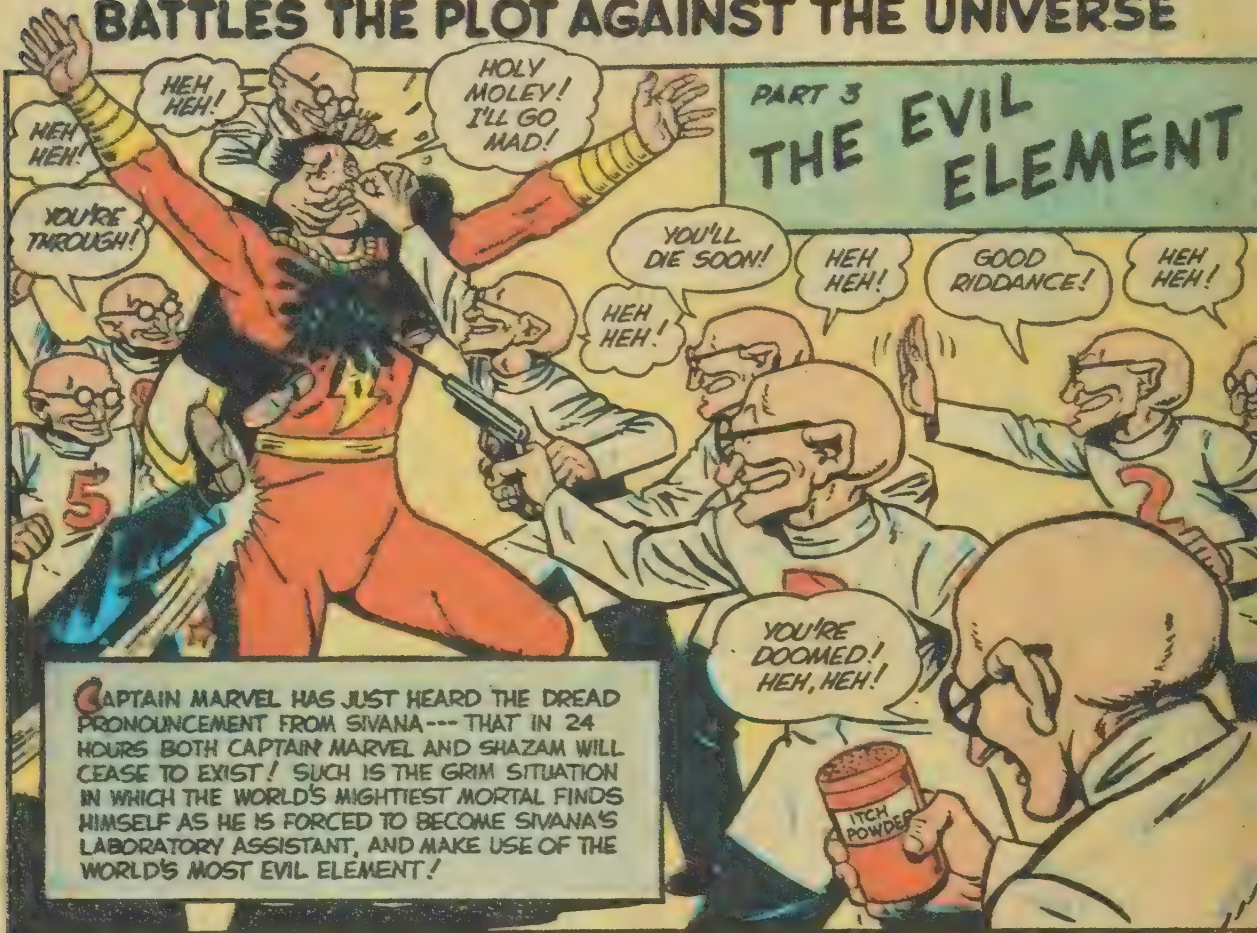
YOU'RE LICKED, CAPTAIN MARVEL!  
YOU CAN'T HARM ME IN THIS ETHEREAL  
FORM! YOU CAN'T TAKE AWAY MY  
SHAZAM!UM BRACELET AND RETURN  
IT TO SHAZAM! SO IN 24 HOURS,  
YOU WILL DIE!

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS IN THE  
MOST DEADLY TRAP OF HIS GREAT CAREER!  
FOR ONCE, HE IS FACED WITH UTTER EXTINCTION,  
LEAVING SIVANA FREE TO CARRY OUT HIS  
SINISTER PLOTS AGAINST CIVILIZATION! IS  
THERE ANY HOPE FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL?  
TURN TO THE NEXT STORY IN THIS ISSUE!



# Captain MARVEL

BATTLES THE PLOT AGAINST THE UNIVERSE



## PART 3 THE EVIL ELEMENT

CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS JUST HEARD THE DREAD PRONOUNCEMENT FROM SIVANA--- THAT IN 24 HOURS BOTH CAPTAIN MARVEL AND SHAZAM WILL CEASE TO EXIST! SUCH IS THE GRIM SITUATION IN WHICH THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL FINDS HIMSELF AS HE IS FORCED TO BECOME SIVANA'S LABORATORY ASSISTANT, AND MAKE USE OF THE WORLD'S MOST EVIL ELEMENT!

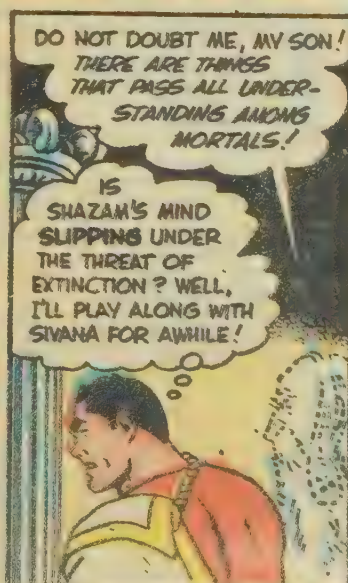
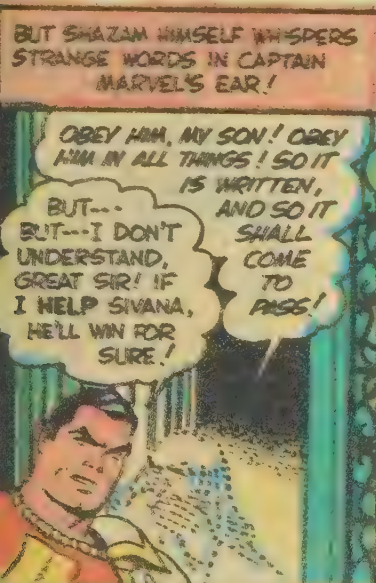
**S**IVANA  
MAKES A  
STRANGE  
BARGAIN  
WITH  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

CAPTAIN MARVEL, I CAN USE YOU AND YOUR GREAT POWERS! IF YOU AGREE TO HELP ME IN CERTAIN THINGS, MAYBE I'LL GIVE THIS BRACELET BACK TO SHAZAM AND LET HIM LIVE!

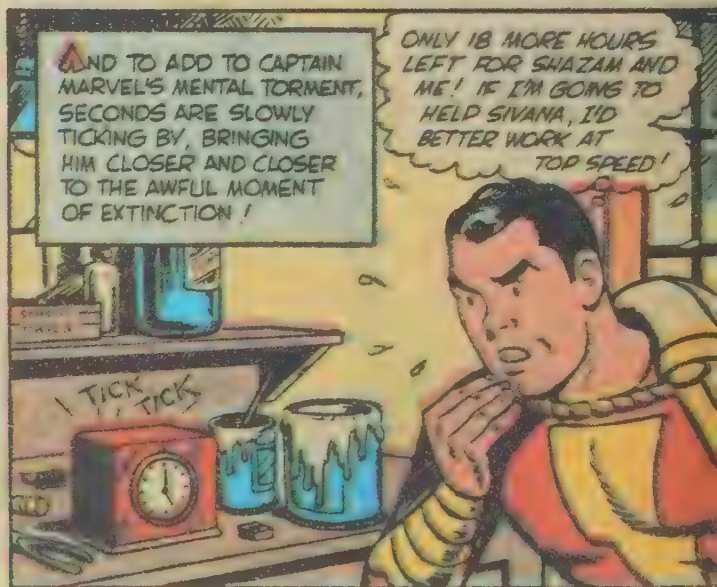
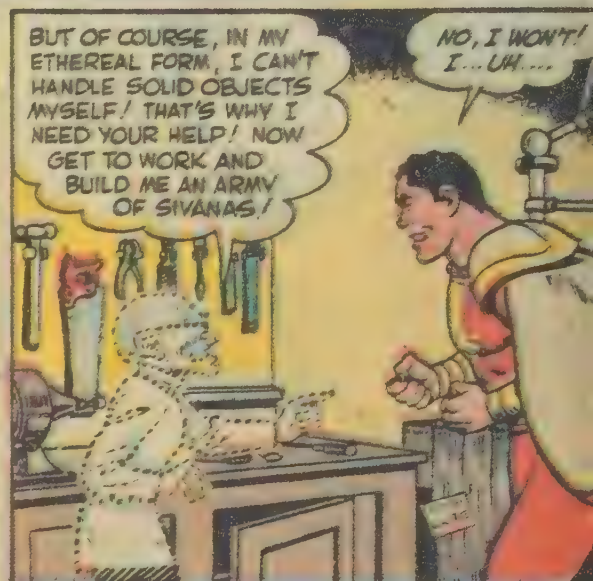
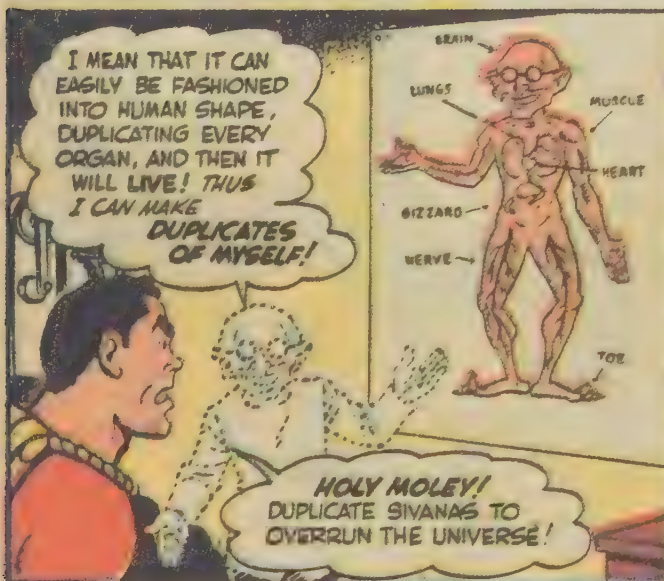
WHAT?

HE'S LYING IN HIS TEETH! I KNOW THAT! HE WOULDN'T LET SHAZAM LIVE, AND THEREFORE ME! BUT WAIT--- BY PRETENDING TO HELP SIVANA, MAYBE I CAN YET FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT HIM! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!



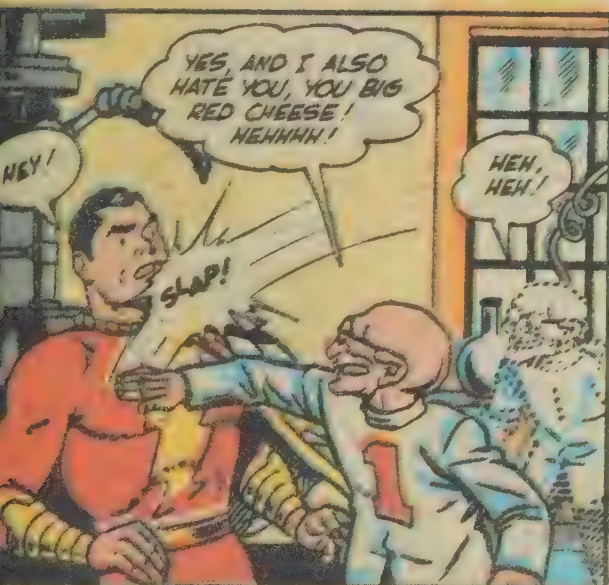
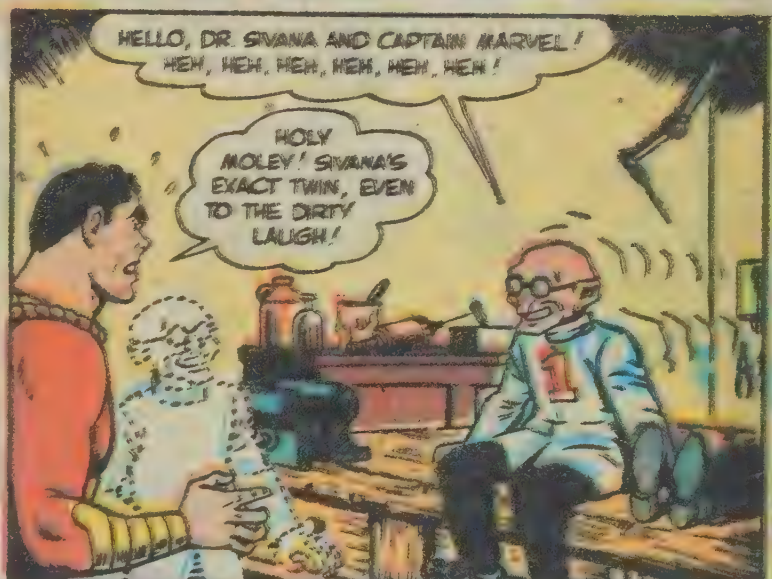




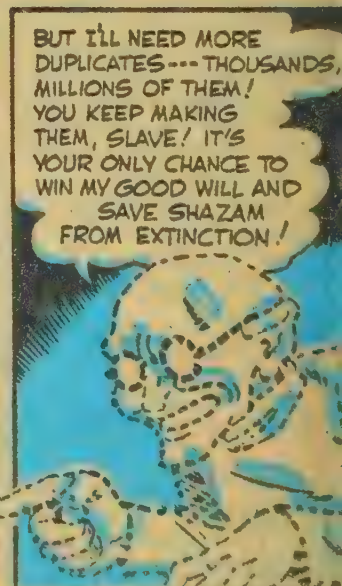
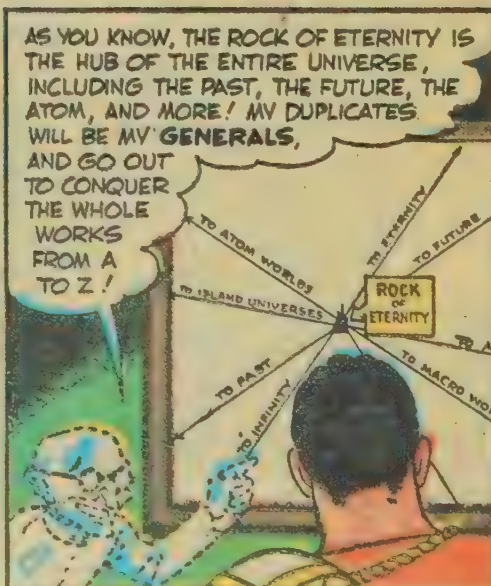
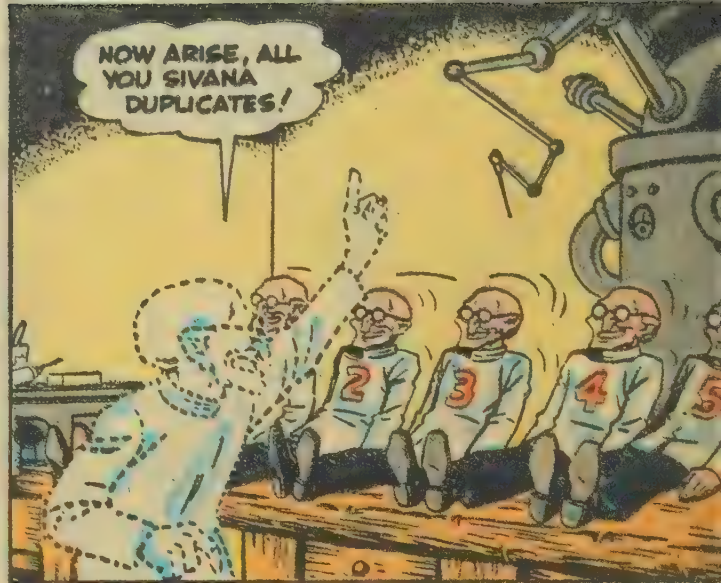




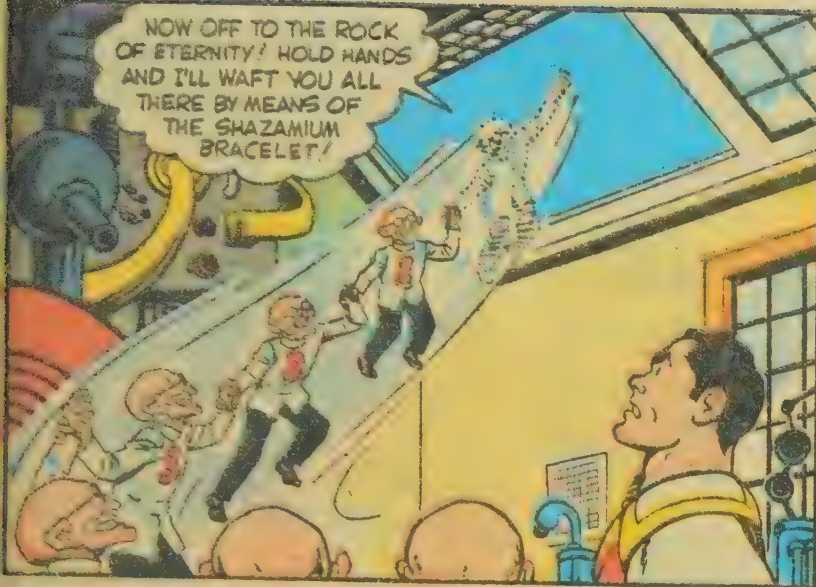
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL IS ABLE TO DO THE WORK OF HUNDREDS OF MEN, IN FASHIONING THE WEIRD SIVANIUM INTO HUMAN FORM!







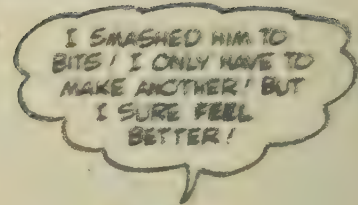








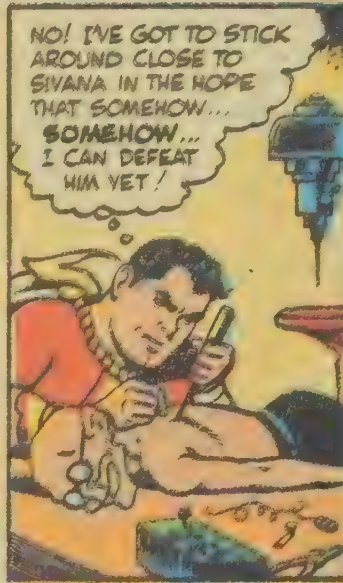
OH, IF I COULD ONLY DO THIS TO THE REAL SIVANA!



I SMASHED HIM TO BITS! I ONLY HAVE TO MAKE ANOTHER! BUT I SURE FEEL BETTER!



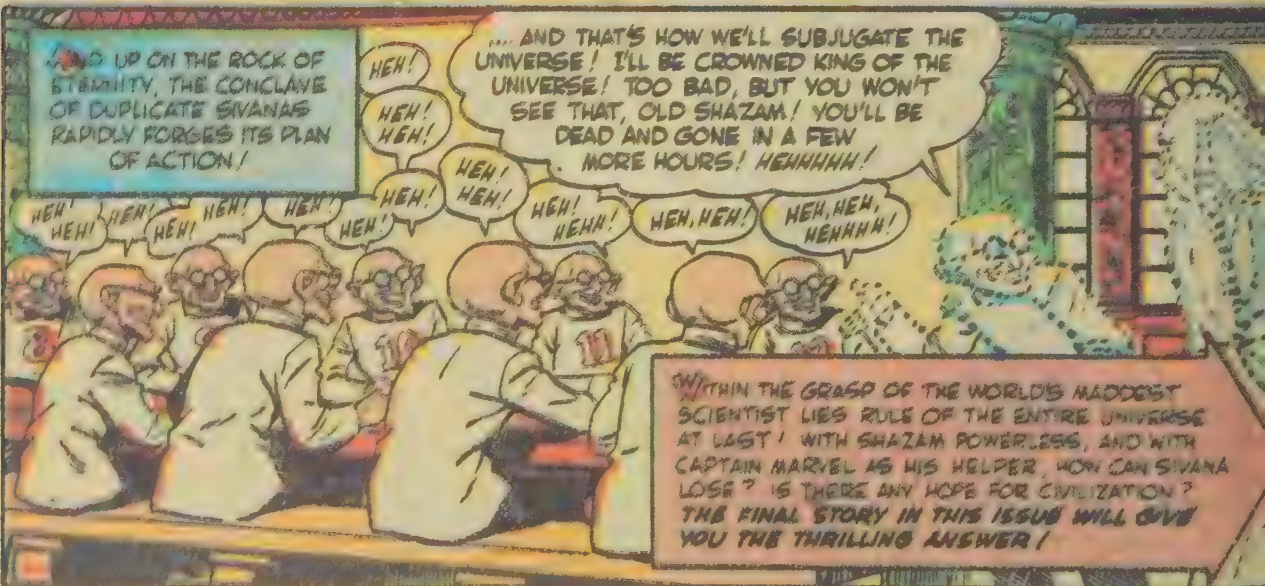
WELL, BACK TO WORK! BUT I STILL THINK SHAZAM WAS WRONG TO TELL ME TO HELP SIVANA! WHY DON'T I JUST WALK AWAY AND WASH MY HANDS OF IT?



NO! I'VE GOT TO STICK AROUND CLOSE TO SIVANA IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW... SOMEHOW... I CAN DEFEAT HIM YET!



BUT THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE HOURS LEFT BEFORE OLD SHAZAM VANISHES INTO LIMBO WITHOUT THE SHAZAMILUM BRACELET! TWELVE SHORT HOURS! AND UP ON THE ROCK OF ETERNITY, SIVANA IS PLOTTING THE CONQUEST OF THE UNIVERSE!



UP ON THE ROCK OF ETERNITY, THE CONCLAVE OF DUPLICATE SIVANAS RAPIDLY FORGES ITS PLAN OF ACTION!

...AND THAT'S HOW WE'LL SUBJUGATE THE UNIVERSE! I'LL BE CROWNED KING OF THE UNIVERSE! TOO BAD, BUT YOU WON'T SEE THAT, OLD SHAZAM! YOU'LL BE DEAD AND GONE IN A FEW MORE HOURS! HENHHHH!

WITHIN THE GRASP OF THE WORLD'S MADDEST SCIENTIST LIES RULE OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE AT LAST! WITH SHAZAM POWERLESS, AND WITH CAPTAIN MARVEL AS HIS HELPER, HOW CAN SIVANA LOSE? IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR CIVILIZATION? THE FINAL STORY IN THIS ISSUE WILL GIVE YOU THE THRILLING ANSWER!

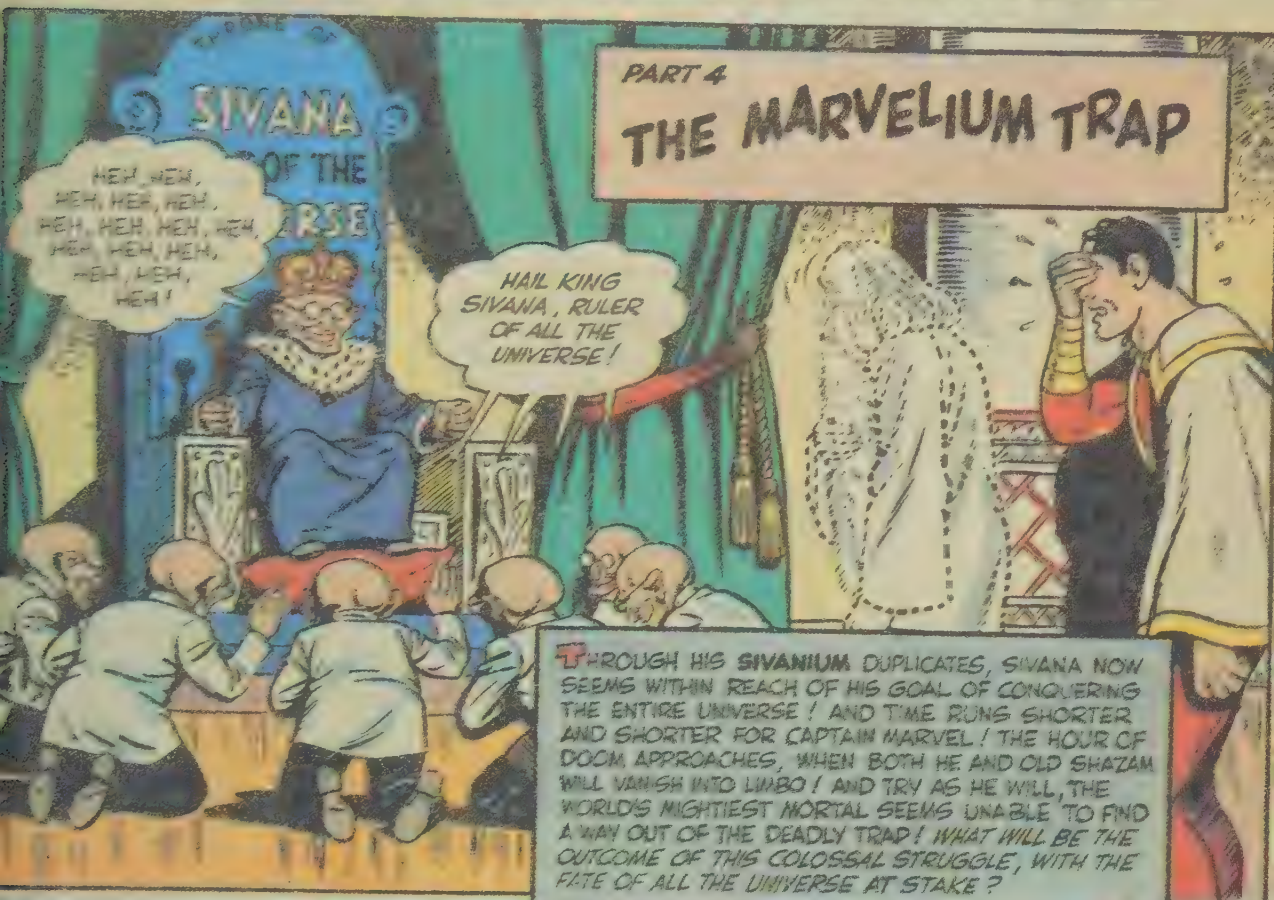


# Captain MARVEL

BATTLES THE PLOT AGAINST THE UNIVERSE

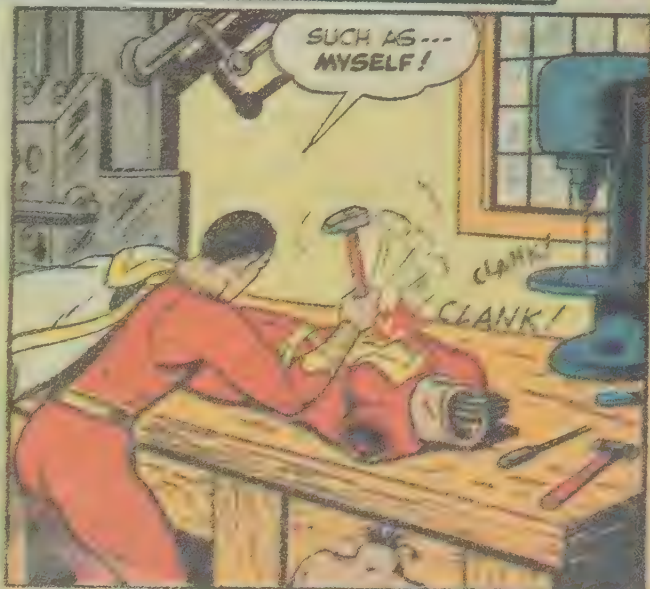
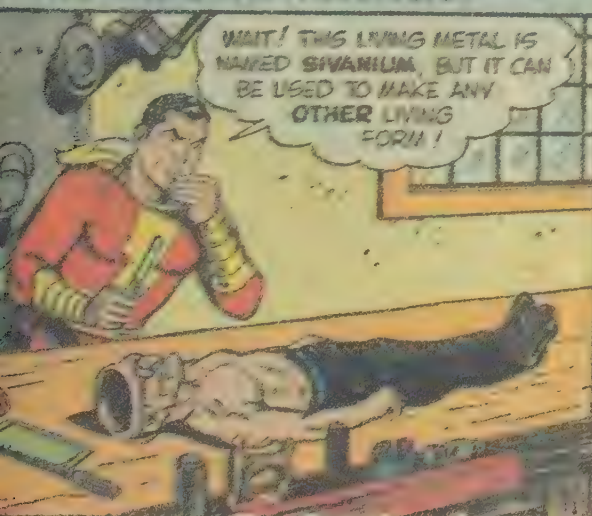
PART 4

## THE MARVELIUM TRAP



THROUGH HIS SIVANIUM DUPLICATES, SIVANA NOW SEEMS WITHIN REACH OF HIS GOAL OF CONQUERING THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! AND TIME RUNS SHORTER AND SHORTER FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL! THE HOUR OF DOOM APPROACHES, WHEN BOTH HE AND OLD SHAZAM WILL VANISH INTO LIMBO! AND TRY AS HE WILL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL SEEMS UNABLE TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THE DEADLY TRAP! WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THIS COLOSSAL STRUGGLE, WITH THE FATE OF ALL THE UNIVERSE AT STAKE?

BACK ON EARTH, IN SIVANA'S LABORATORY, CAPTAIN MARVEL SUDDENLY FINDS A RAY OF HOPE!







IF SIVANA CAN HAVE DUPLICATES, WHY CAN'T I? I TOOK AN X-RAY OF MY BRAIN AND MADE AN EXACT DUPLICATE OUT OF SIVANIUM!



HELLO, CAPTAIN MARVEL!

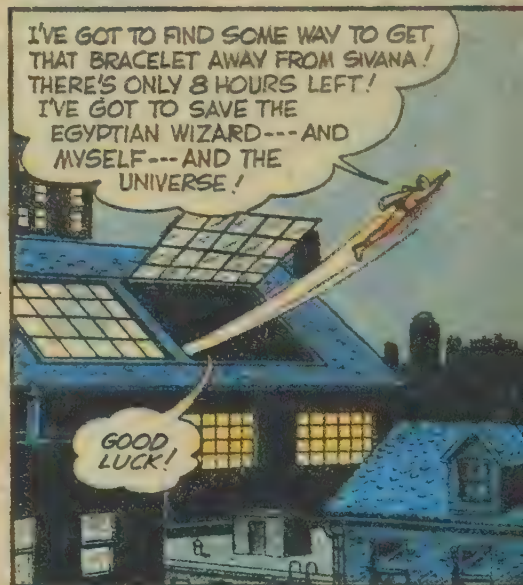
HELLO YOURSELF! HOLY MOLEY! THIS IS JUST LIKE LOOKING INTO A MIRROR!



THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL EXPLAINS HIS CLEVER PLAN!

MY IDEA IS THIS! YOU, THE DUPLICATE, WILL KEEP WORKING HERE! SIVANA WON'T KNOW THAT I--- THE REAL CAPTAIN MARVEL--- AM GONE!

RIGHT! BUT WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO NOW?



I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO GET THAT BRACELET AWAY FROM SIVANA! THERE'S ONLY 8 HOURS LEFT! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE EGYPTIAN WIZARD---AND MYSELF---AND THE UNIVERSE!

GOOD LUCK!



A LITTLE LATER, SIVANA'S ETHEREAL FORM SUDDENLY RETURNS FROM THE ROCK OF ETERNITY!

JUST WANTED TO CHECK UP ON YOU, CAPTAIN MARVEL, IN CASE YOU'D TRIED TO SKIP!

I'M HERE, SIVANA!



I GUESS YOU'VE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF DEFEATING ME, EH? HEH, HEH!

JUST ABOUT, SIVANA! I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I THINK THIS TIME YOU'LL WIN!

THE DUPLICATE CAPTAIN MARVEL PLAYS HIS PART TO THE FULL, LULLING ALL SUSPICION!



EVEN CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS GIVEN UP HOPE! HEH, HEHH! HOW CAN I LOSE? NOW BACK TO THE ROCK OF ETERNITY, TO FINISH OUR PLANS TO CONQUER THE UNIVERSE!



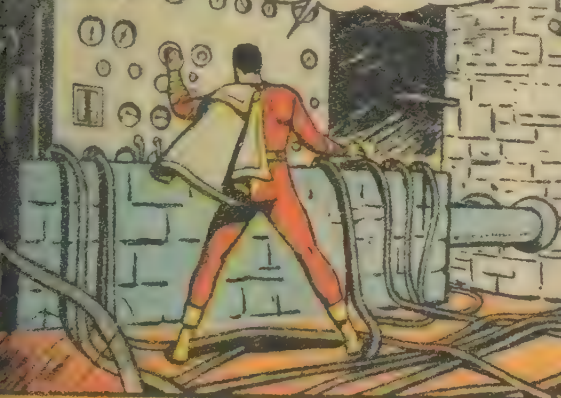
MEANWHILE, THE REAL CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS TAKEN OVER A LABORATORY WITH A PLAN OF HIS OWN!

GENTLEMEN, I NEED YOUR LABORATORY FOR A FEW HOURS! THIS IS LIFE OR DEATH FOR THE WHOLE UNIVERSE! AND I MUST WORK ALONE! IT'LL BE DANGEROUS!

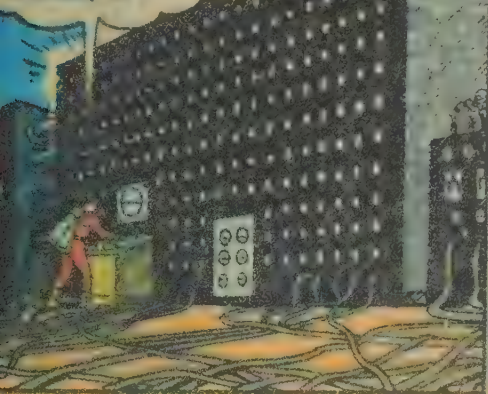
WE'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, CAPTAIN MARVEL! THE PLACE IS YOURS!



NOW I NEED THE FULL POWER AND ENERGY OF THIS ATOMIC PILE! BUT I'M NOT MAKING PLUTONIUM OR NEPTUNIUM, SUCH AS IS USED IN ATOMIC BOMBS!

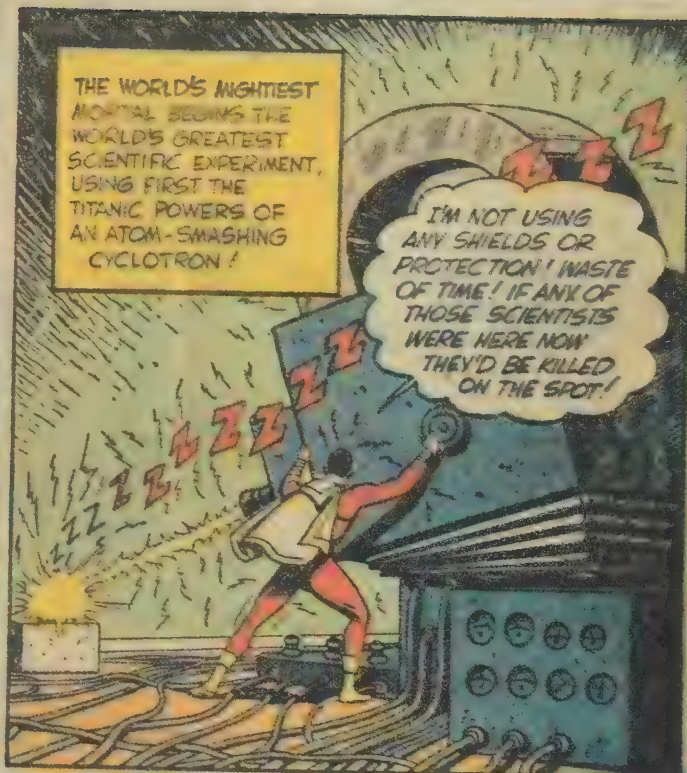


THIS MECHANICAL BRAIN MACHINE WILL HELP ME IN MY NEXT STEP... HMMM... I'LL NEED A HYPER-BOLIC CURVE IN THE FOURTH NEUTRONIC STAGE, EH?



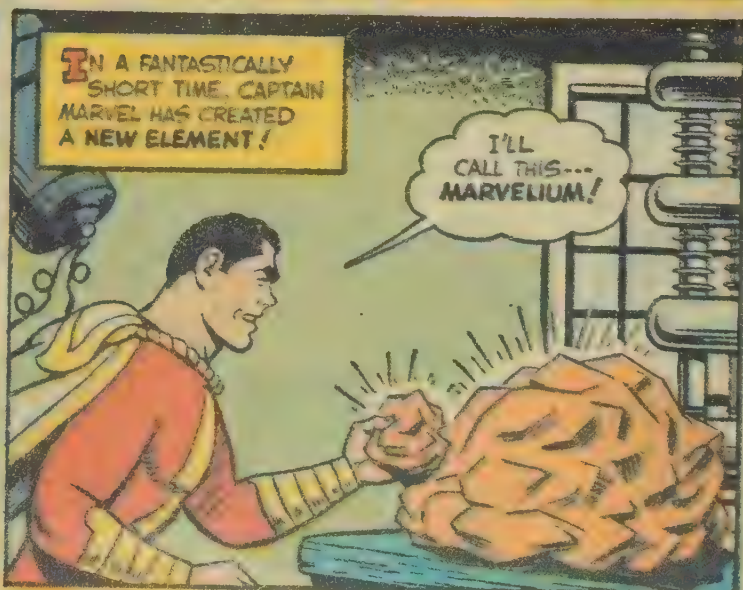
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL BEGINS THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT, USING FIRST THE TITANIC POWERS OF AN ATOM-SMASHING CYCLOTRON!

I'M NOT USING ANY SHIELDS OR PROTECTION! WASTE OF TIME! IF ANY OF THOSE SCIENTISTS WERE HERE NOW THEY'D BE KILLED ON THE SPOT!



IN A FANTASTICALLY SHORT TIME, CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS CREATED A NEW ELEMENT!

I'LL CALL THIS... MARVELIUM!





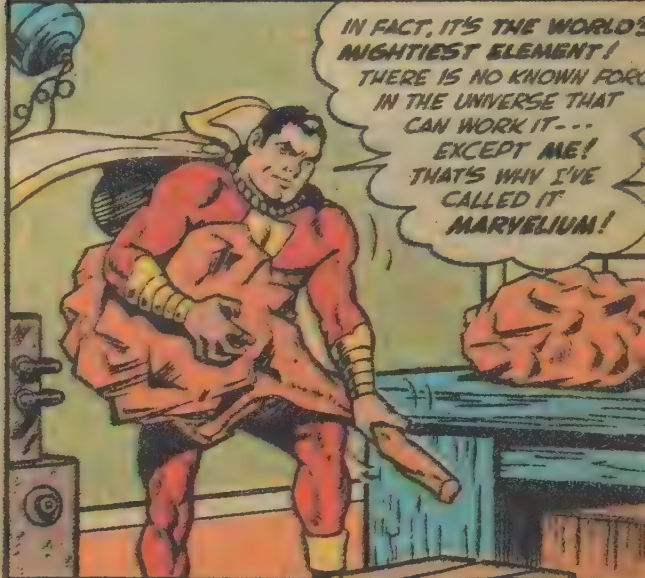
SCIENTISTS HAVE CREATED FOUR NEW ELEMENTS SO FAR... SIVANA MADE SHIVANIUM, THE BRACELET IS MADE OF SHA--THIS NEXT ELEMENT, AND NOW, LATEST OF ALL, IS MARVELIUM, THE HEAVIEST AND STRONGEST ELEMENT OF ALL!

NEW ELEMENTS

|        |           |
|--------|-----------|
| NO. 93 | NEPTUNIUM |
| NO. 94 | PLUTONIUM |
| NO. 95 | AMERICIUM |
| NO. 96 | EURANIUM  |
| NO. 97 | SHIVANIUM |
| NO. 98 | SHAGORIUM |
| NO. 99 | MARVELIUM |

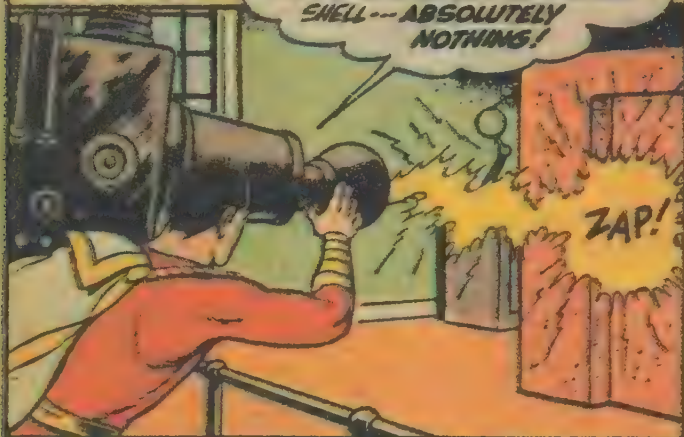


IN FACT, IT'S THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST ELEMENT! THERE IS NO KNOWN FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE THAT CAN WORK IT... EXCEPT ME! THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED IT MARVELIUM!



IN A SHORT TIME CAPTAIN MARVEL BUILDS A MYSTERIOUS BOX OUT OF THE NEW ELEMENT, AND THEN PROCEEDS TO TEST IT WITH EVERY FORCE KNOWN TO HUMAN SCIENCE!

I'M CONVINCED THAT NOTHING CAN PENETRATE THAT MARVELIUM SHELL--- ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!



WHAT DOES CAPTAIN MARVEL PLAN TO DO WITH THIS AMAZING WONDER ELEMENT?

NOW TO STATION WHIZ WITH IT! HOW MUCH TIME HAVE I LEFT?



ONLY ONE HOUR! HOLY MOLEY! ONE HOUR TO CARRY OUT MY PLAN TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE! I'LL LEAVE THIS HERE AT STATION WHIZ!



TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

ONLY ONE HOUR REMAINS...ONE HOUR IN WHICH CAPTAIN MARVEL MUST DEFEAT SIVANA AND SAVE THE UNIVERSE! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IT MEANS LIFE ITSELF TO CAPTAIN MARVEL! FOR IF THE SHAZAM BRACELET IS NOT RETURNED TO SHAZAM, THE WISE WIZARD WILL VANISH---AND WITH HIM WILL VANISH CAPTAIN MARVEL! IT IS A GRIM RACE AGAINST TIME NOW!

SIVANA IS UP ON THE ROCK OF ETERNITY! I'VE GOT TO PLAN MY HAND CAREFULLY AND LURE HIM BACK TO EARTH! BUT HOW? WAIT! I KNOW HOW! ALL I NEED ARE THE PROPER DISGUISE MATERIALS!





A FEW MINUTES LATER

I'VE GOT THE STUFF! NOW OFF TO THE ROCK OF ETERNITY!

BY EXCEEDING THE SPEED OF LIGHT, ACCORDING TO THE EINSTEIN FORMULA, CAPTAIN MARVEL IS FLUNG OUT OF SPACE-TIME TO THE DISTANT ROCK OF ETERNITY IN THE WINK OF AN EYE!

HEH HEH!

HEH HEH!

HEH HEH!

SIVANA AND HIS DUPLICATES ARE STILL PLOTTING! GOOD! I'LL FLY INTO A CORNER OF THE CASTLE!

CAPTAIN MARVEL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

O GREAT SIR, I'M SORRY, BUT I THINK IT WAS A MISTAKE FOR ME TO HELP SIVANA AS YOU DIRECTED! NOW I'M GOING TO WORK AGAINST HIM!

SHAZAM!

MAGIC LIGHTNING THUNDERS DOWN AND RETURNS CAPTAIN MARVEL TO THE FORM OF BILLY BATSON!

BOOM!

SIVANA DISGUISED HIMSELF AS ME ONCE! NOW I'M DISGUIISING MYSELF AS HIM! WE'RE ABOUT THE SAME SIZE!

UNNOTICED, DISGUISED BILLY JOINS THE MULTIPLE SIVANAS IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM!

OUR PLANS ARE MADE! WE ARE READY TO START CONQUERING THE UNIVERSE! HEH, HEH, HEHHHH!

HEH, HEH, HEHHHH!

HEH, HEHH!

I HOPE MY CHUCKLE IS AS NASTY AS IT SHOULD BE! BUT NOW...

HEH, HEH!

HEH, HEH!

WAIT, MASTER! DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO VISIT YOUR LAB ON EARTH AGAIN, RIGHT NOW? MAYBE THAT BIG RED CHEESE, CAPTAIN MARVEL, IS UP TO SOMETHING DESPERATE!

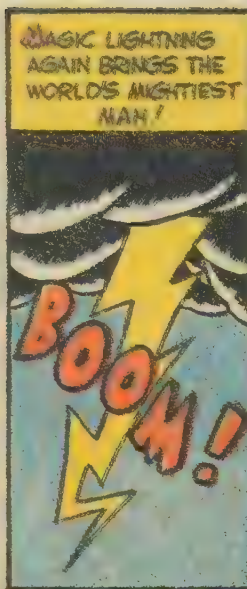
YOU'RE RIGHT! WON'T HURT TO CHECK ON HIM!



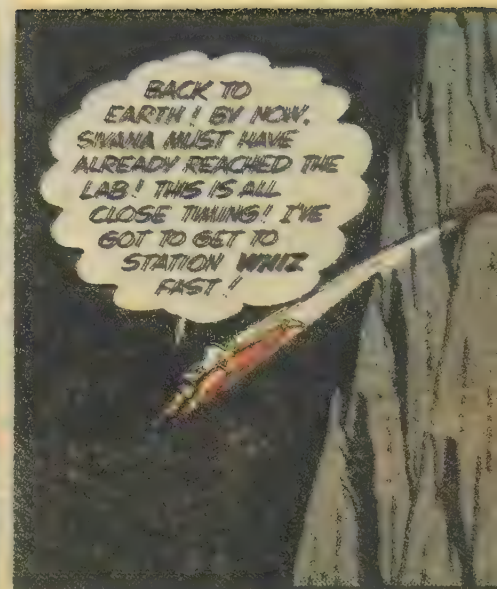


THAT FOOLED HIM! HE'LL RETURN TO EARTH, WHERE I WANT HIM!  
NOW...  
**SHAZAM!**

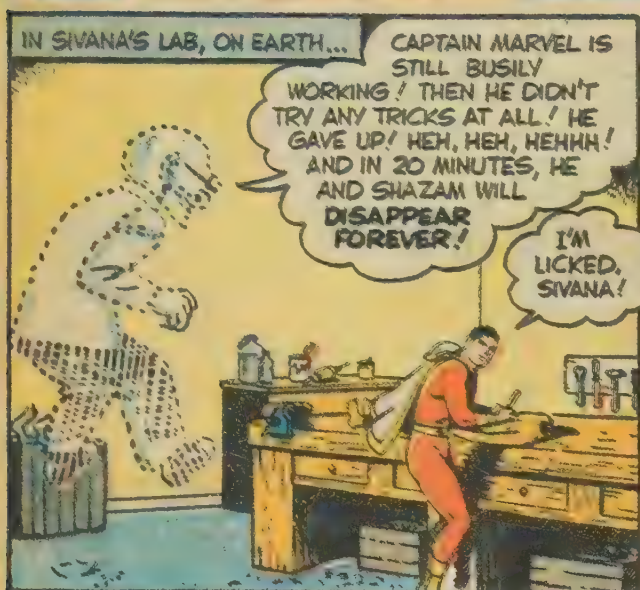
HURRY, MY SON!  
I GROW WEAK! ONLY HALF AN HOUR REMAINS TO ME!



MAGIC LIGHTNING AGAIN BRINGS THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN!



BACK TO EARTH! BY NOW, SIVANA MUST HAVE ALREADY REACHED THE LAB! THIS IS ALL CLOSE TIMING! I'VE GOT TO GET TO STATION WHIZ FAST!



IN SIVANA'S LAB, ON EARTH...

CAPTAIN MARVEL IS STILL BUSILY WORKING! THEN HE DIDN'T TRY ANY TRICKS AT ALL! HE GAVE UP! HEH, HEH, HEHHH! AND IN 20 MINUTES, HE AND SHAZAM WILL DISAPPEAR FOREVER!

I'M LICKED, SIVANA!



HELLO, FOLKS! THIS IS BILLY BATSON, YOUR BOY NEWSCASTER...

OR AM I?

WHAT???? CAPTAIN MARVEL IS IN FRONT OF MY EYES! HOW CAN BILLY BATSON BE BROADCASTING? THE TWO OF THEM NEVER EXIST TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME!

SIVANA GETS THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!



WE TRICKED YOU, SIVANA! I'M ONLY A DUPLICATE CAPTAIN MARVEL!

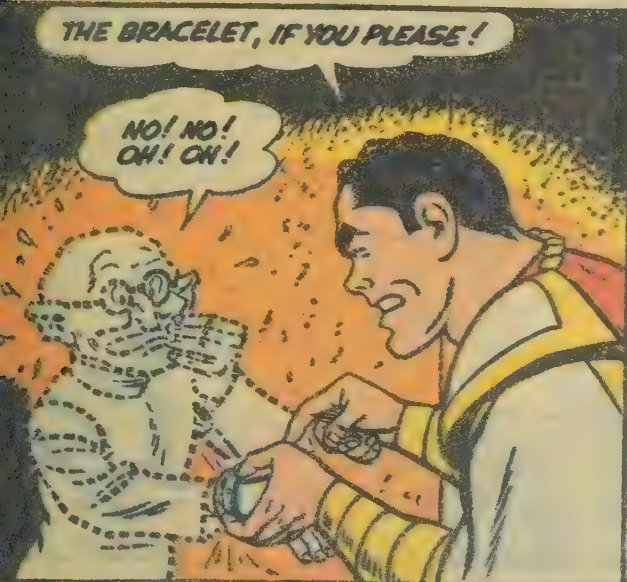
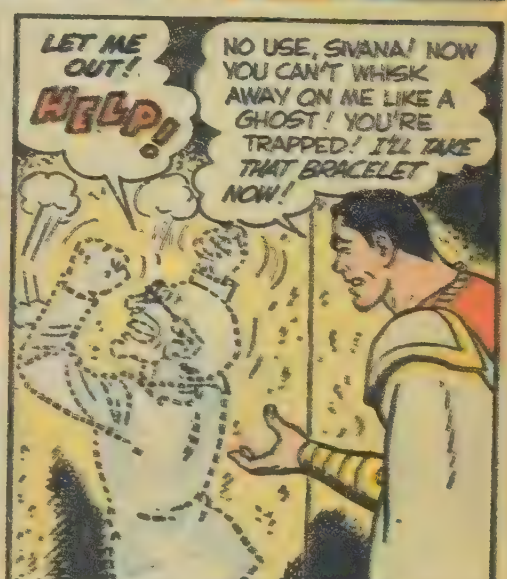
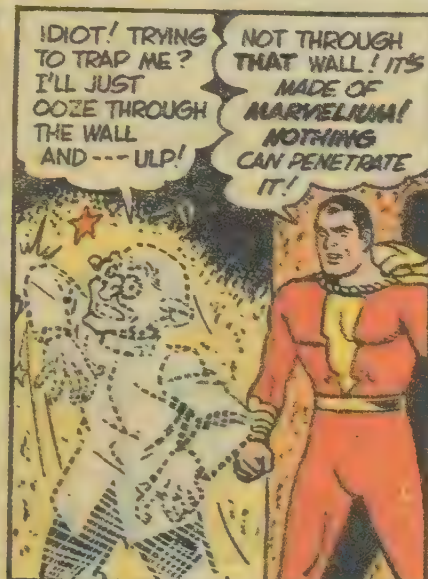
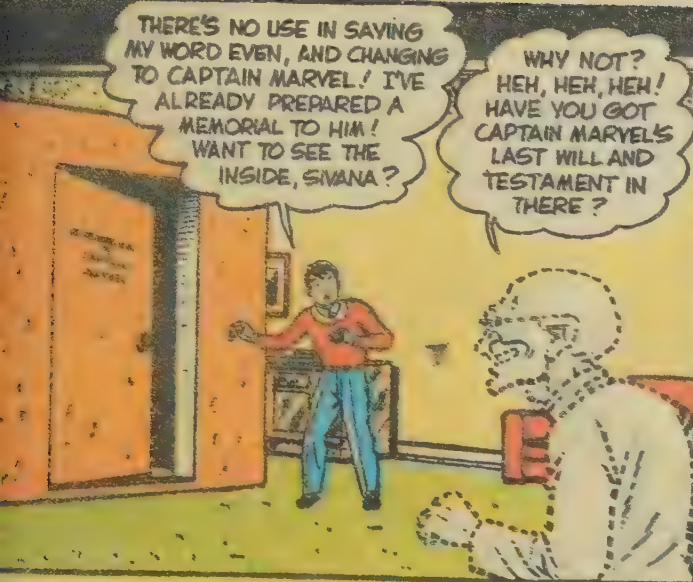
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? I'LL FIX THAT BILLY BATSON! I'LL GET HIM AT STATION WHIZ!



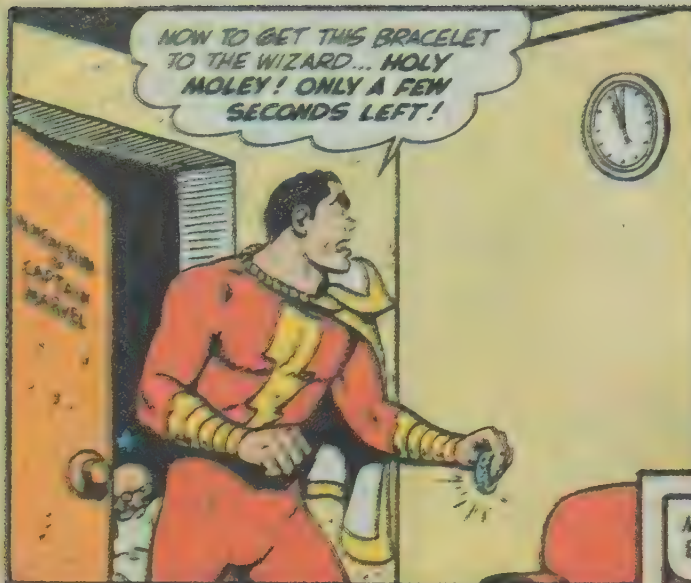
BUT WHAT AM I WORRYING ABOUT? SHAZAM AND CAPTAIN MARVEL WILL BOTH VANISH IN 15 MORE MINUTES! AND CERTAINLY YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO ME, BILLY BATSON!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SIVANA!





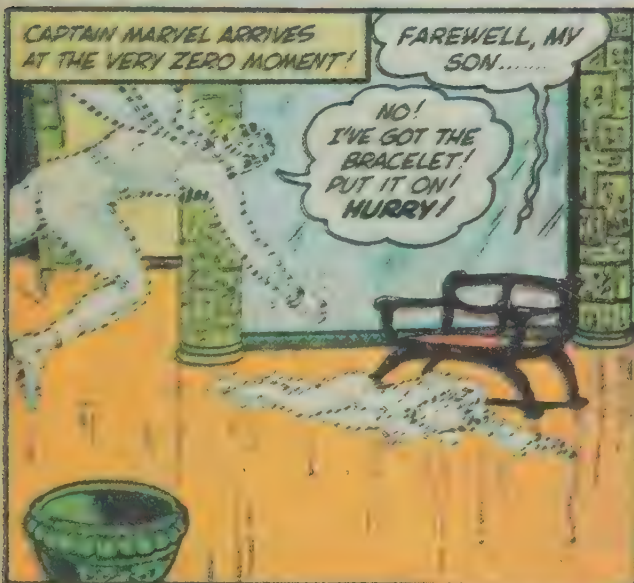




NOW TO GET THIS BRACELET TO THE WIZARD... HOLY MOLEY! ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT!



I'LL WEAR THE BRACELET MYSELF! IN ETHEREAL FORM I CAN WHISK TO THE ROCK OF ETERNITY INSTANTLY!



CAPTAIN MARVEL ARRIVES AT THE VERY ZERO MOMENT!

FAREWELL, MY SON.....

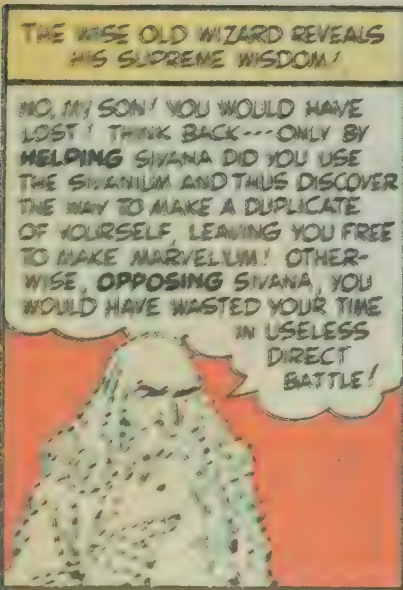
NO! I'VE GOT THE BRACELET! PUT IT ON! HURRY!



MY STRENGTH IS BACK! ALL IS WELL! WE HAVE WON!

SHAZAM IS SAVED!

YES, BUT WHEW!--- THAT WAS CLOSE! I WISH YOU HADN'T ADVISED ME TO HELP SIVANA FIRST, SIR! I WOULD HAVE DEFEATED HIM SOONER!



THE WISE OLD WIZARD REVEALS HIS SUPREME WISDOM!

NO, MY SON! YOU WOULD HAVE LOST! THINK BACK--- ONLY BY HELPING SIVANA DID YOU USE THE SHAZAMUM AND THUS DISCOVER THE WAY TO MAKE A DUPLICATE OF YOURSELF, LEAVING YOU FREE TO MAKE MARVELUM! OTHERWISE, OPPOSING SIVANA, YOU WOULD HAVE WASTED YOUR TIME IN USELESS DIRECT BATTLE!



FORGIVE ME, GREAT SIR! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DOUBTED YOU FOR A MOMENT!

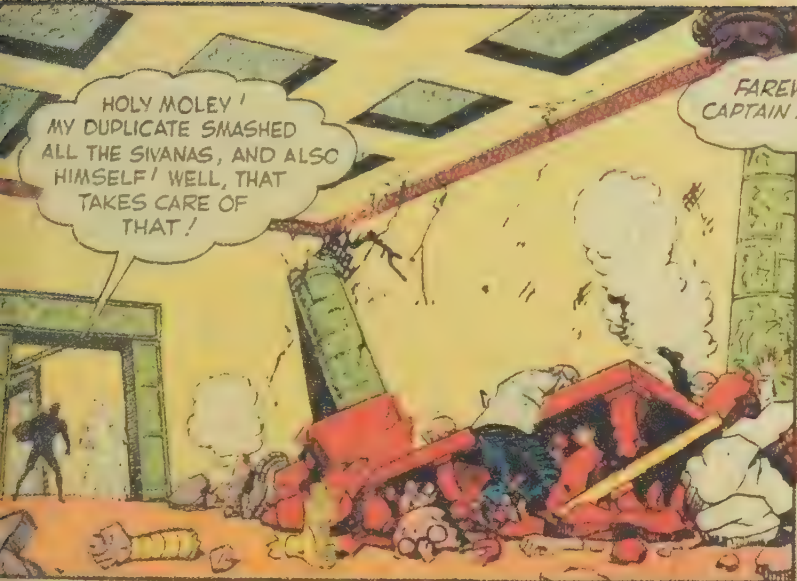
IT WAS SO WRITTEN--- AND SO IT CAME TO PASS!



BUT WAIT--- THOSE DUPLICATE SIVANAS! I MUST DESTROY THEM!

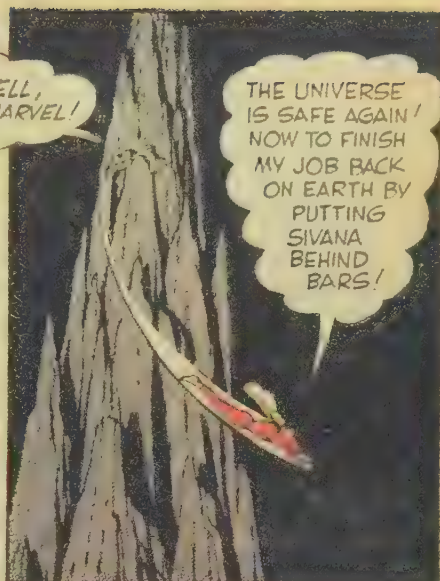
YOUR DUPLICATE ALSO CAME, AND IS TAKING CARE OF THAT, MY SON!





HOLY MOLEY!  
MY DUPLICATE SMASHED  
ALL THE SIVANAS, AND ALSO  
HIMSELF! WELL, THAT  
TAKES CARE OF  
THAT!

FAREWELL,  
CAPTAIN MARVEL!



THE UNIVERSE  
IS SAFE AGAIN!  
NOW TO FINISH  
MY JOB BACK  
ON EARTH BY  
PUTTING  
SIVANA  
BEHIND  
BARS!

FOLKS, THIS IS ISSUE NUMBER 100 OF **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES**! I WANT TO THANK ALL YOU READERS FOR BEING SUCH LOYAL FANS THROUGH 100 ISSUES! AND WE PROMISE YOU MANY MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES AND THRILLS IN THE **NEXT 100**

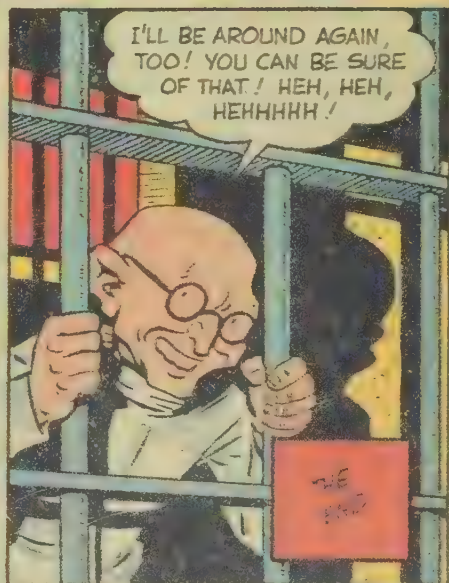
YOU SAID IT,  
CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!

ISSUES! RIGHT,  
GREAT SIR AND  
MR. TAWNY?

CORRECT,  
MY SON!



THOSE ARE  
MY SENTIMENTS  
TOO, FOLKS! BE  
SEEING YOU!



I'LL BE AROUND AGAIN,  
TOO! YOU CAN BE SURE  
OF THAT! HEH, HEH,  
HEHHHHH!







## About Basil Wolverton

*Powerhouse Pepper* was the work of Basil Wolverton, who also produced one of the best known and most widely distributed caricatures ever drawn by an American. Only a few of the millions who saw that drawing bothered to retain its artist's name, however, and fewer still learned much about his other work. Finally, although Wolverton has a high reputation among the aficionados of the comic book, he produced at least two kinds of features, and thus his admirers have trouble deciding which represented the best Wolverton, or the "real" Wolverton.

Basil Wolverton (1909-1978) was born in the Oregon town of Central Point. With no formal art training, he sold his first cartoon to *America's Humor* in 1926. He was long established as a newspaper artist in the Northwest by the time he started contributing to comic books in 1938. His first regular feature was *Spacehawk*, an interplanetary adventure with a far-larger-than-life hero, begun in *Target* comics in mid-1940. *Spacehawk's* adventures were often brutal and violent, and (not uniquely) they tended to equate retribution with justice.

Wolverton's depictions of realistic figures in *Spacehawk* and his other space fantasies were often stiff and posturing, and his panels occasionally cramped. But his grasp of depth and perspective was almost uncanny, and resulted in one of the most compelling visual fantasies ever seen in the comics idiom. Indeed, Wolverton's 1940s drawings of space-suited figures, adrift, attached umbilically to their motherships, craftily predict the realities of the space shots of the 1960s and 1970s.

Wolverton's most famous cartoon, mentioned earlier, appeared on a cover of *Life* in 1946. It came about as the result of a contest held by United Features Syndicate for the best depiction of a character alluded to but never seen in Al Capp's *Li'l Abner*, Lena the Hyena, "Lower Slobbovia's ugliest woman." Wolverton won with a drawing that managed to be ingeniously hideous and compellingly gleeful all at once. The drawing more or less established Wolverton as a master of comic grotesques and he contributed more of them to *Mad* in the 1950s and to the short-lived *Plop!* in the 1970s.

Beginning in 1942, meanwhile, Wolverton had contributed *Powerhouse Pepper*, an example of which we have chosen for inclusion here. *Powerhouse Pepper* was conceived, somewhat along the lines of Popeye or Alley Oop, as a relatively innocent comic hero who could outpunch anyone who pushed him too far. His adventures frequently involved him in the kind of broad burlesque of standard plots and situations depicted here.



In these explosive, low-comic stories, Wolverton's talent for grotesques was always there but always latent. His comparative ease with cartoon figures of keenly exaggerated anatomy, Wolverton's engaging silliness, his sight-gag ornamentation of his silliness in his drawings, his elementary energy in depicting comic attitudes—all of these resources thrived in *Powerhouse Pepper*. In addition, he sprinkled his *Powerhouse* dialogue with engaging doggerel rhymes and alliterations.

The feature lasted nearly a decade after *Powerhouse*'s initial appearance in *Joker Comics*, and there were five intermittent issues of a *Powerhouse Pepper* comic book as well.

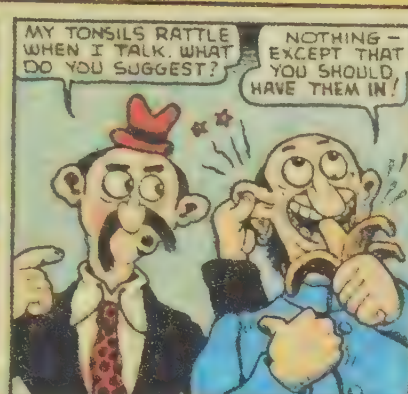
M.W.





# DR. DIMWIT

by  
BASIL  
WOLVERTON





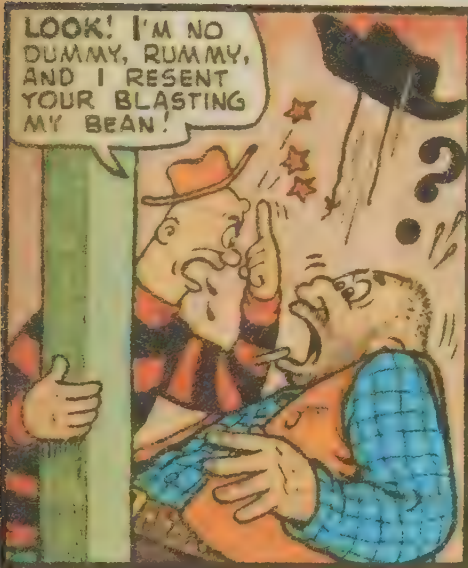
# POWERHOUSE

## PEPPER

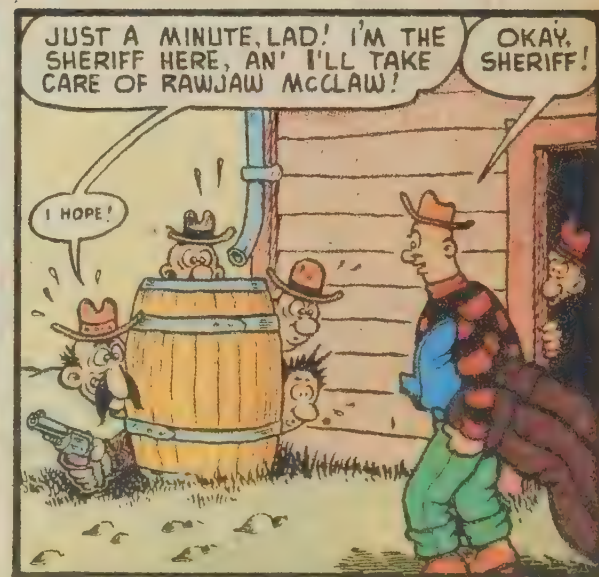
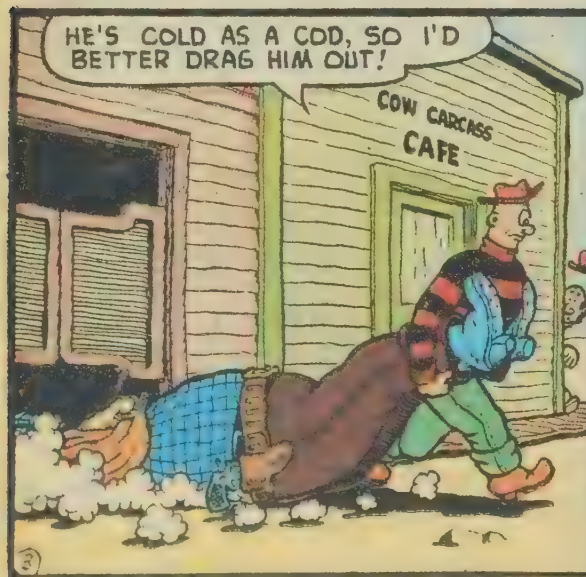
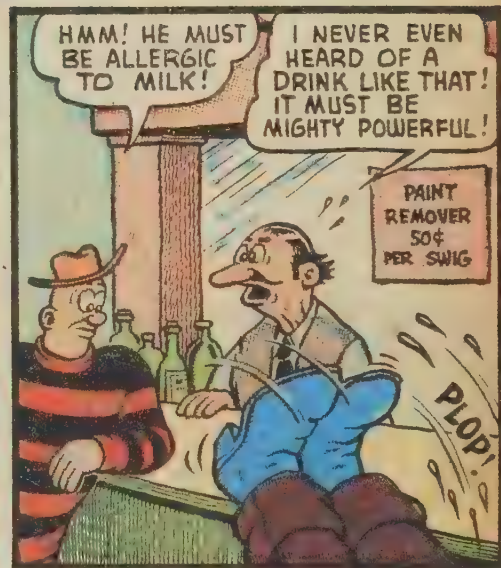
by  
BASIL  
BLAST BEAN  
WOLVERTON



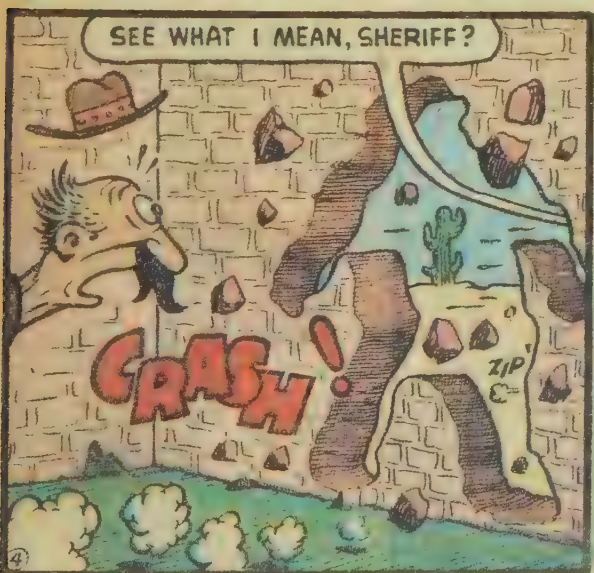
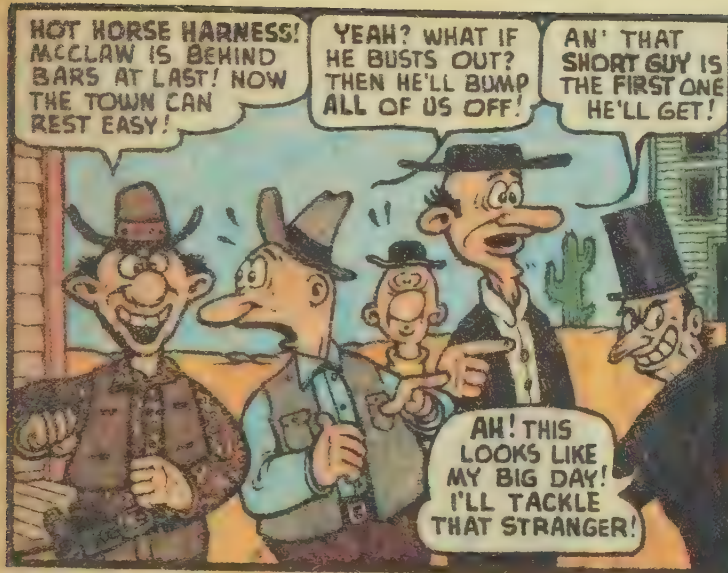




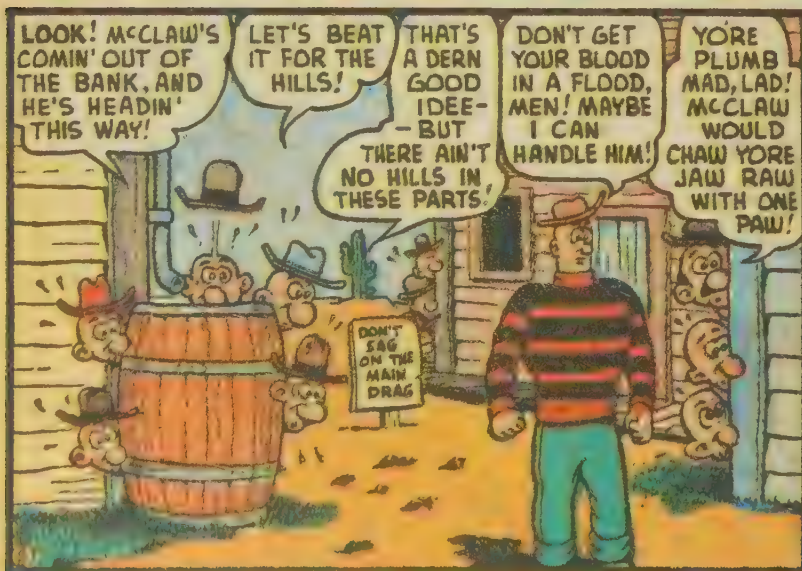
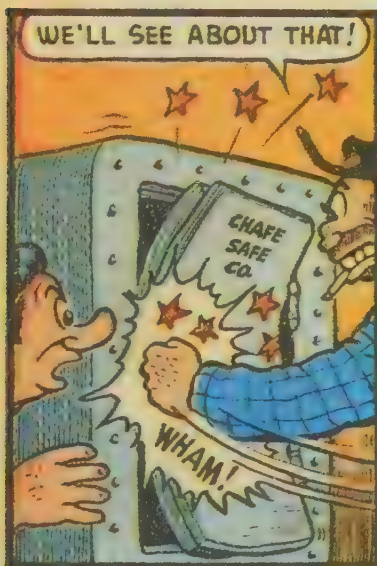




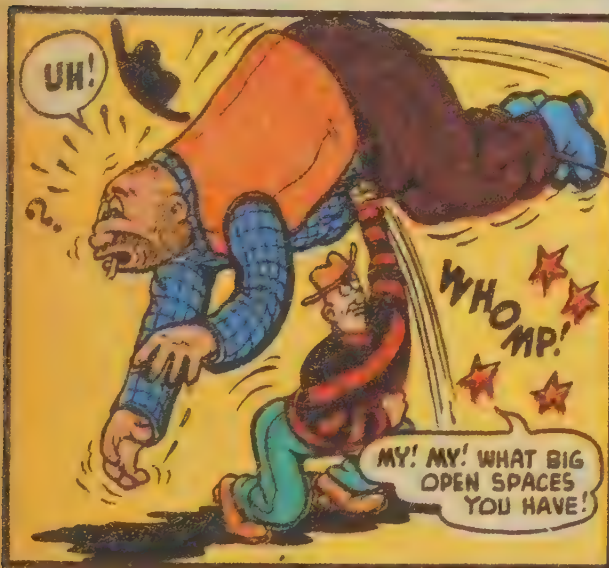




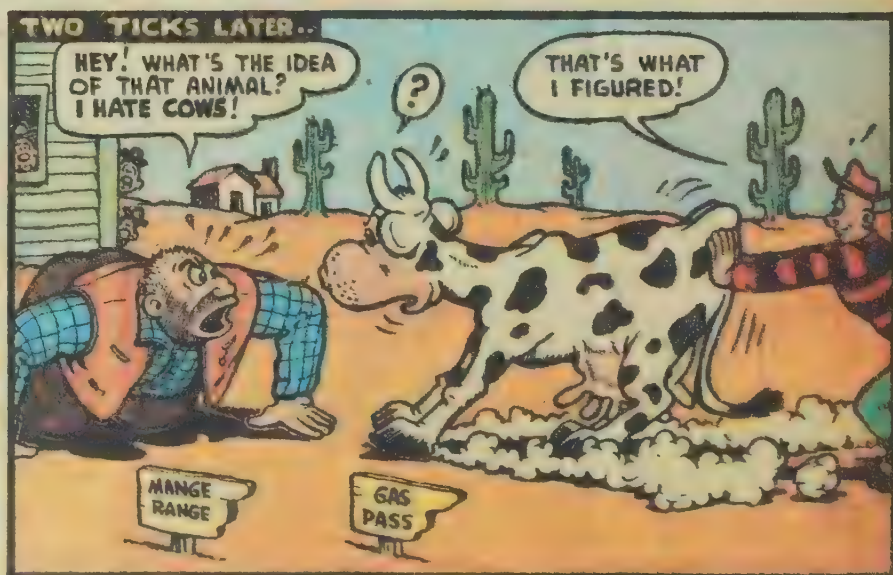
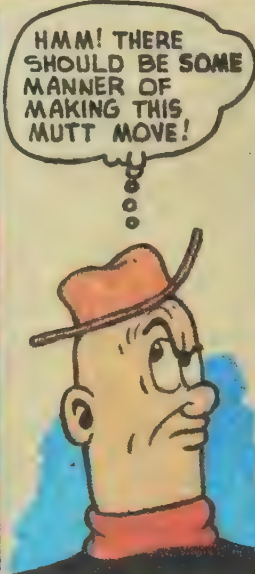
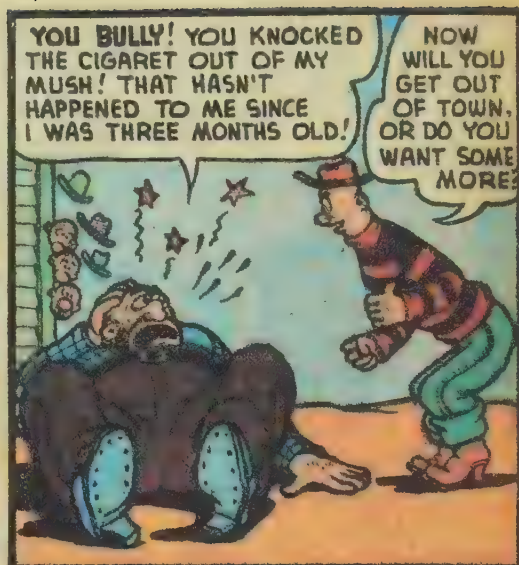
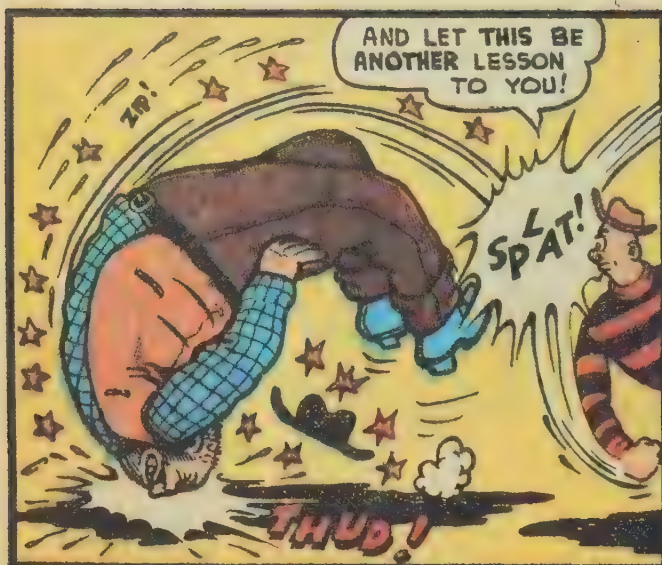




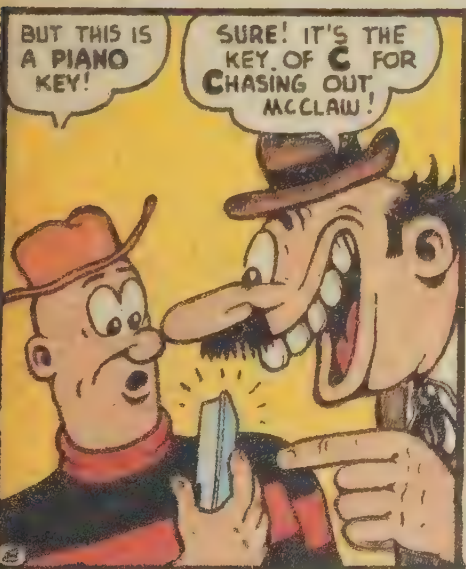
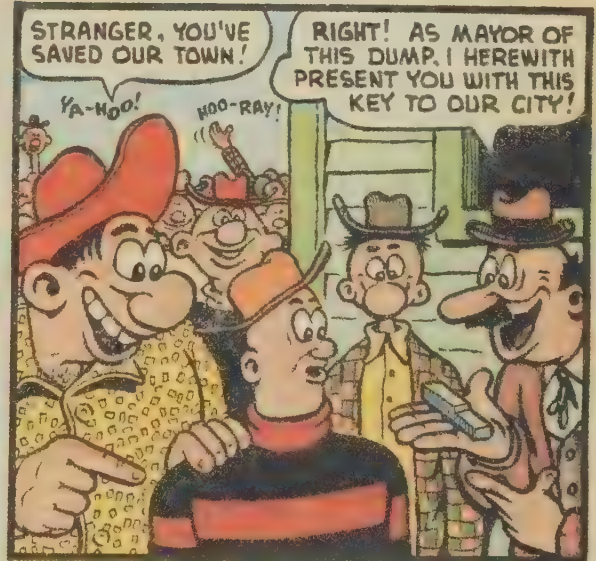
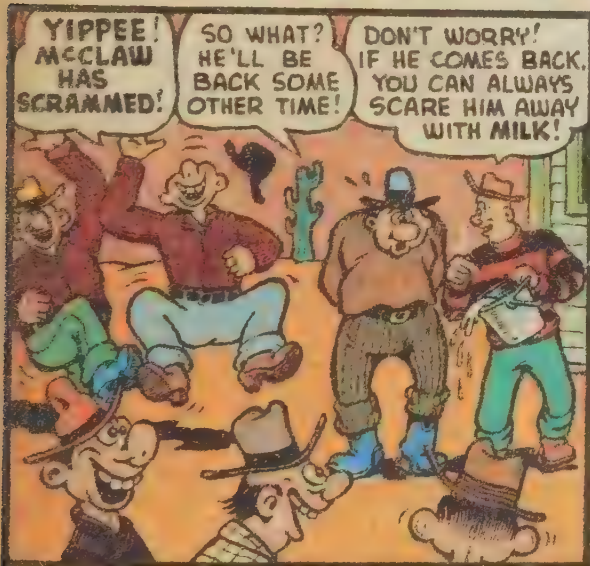
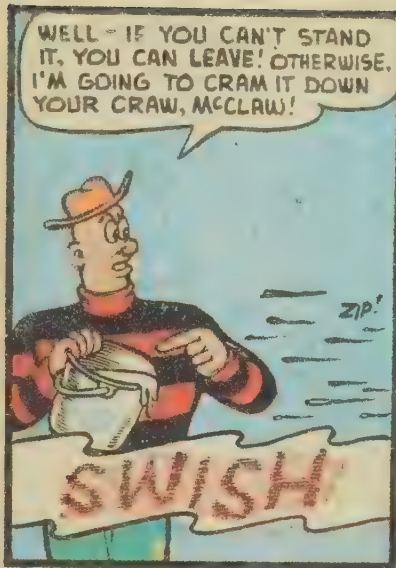


















## About George Carlson

The first thing that strikes one about George Carlson is the uniqueness of his drawing style, all curves and circles and flow, all boldness in its comic figures. The second is his swirling ingenuity in designing and filling the individual comic-book page. And the third, which comes as one begins to read him, is the apparently absolute sureness Carlson has in what he is doing—whatever that may turn out to be.

In 1970, Harlan Ellison (science-fiction author, screen-writer) offered an appreciation of Carlson's work as a "comic of the absurd," and in the course of his essay he invoked most of those modern writers whose work is apt to involve and move us before we are quite sure what they are up to—Pirandello, Kafka, Genêt, Beckett, Pinter, Ionesco.

Ellison was writing in the anthology *All in Color for a Dime*, and both his subject and his approach must have come as a surprise to the book's readers and some of its other contributors, preoccupied as most of them evidently were with the *sock-baram-powie-shoosh* of the super-heroes. Ellison's awe, his enthusiasm, and his careful recounting of one of Carlson's best strip episodes could, of course, have been no substitute for the real thing, and most of the book's readers probably had not seen the real thing.

George Carlson (1887-1962) came to comics rather late in a long and varied career. In the 1930s and 1940s he was a prolific illustrator of popular children's books, chiefly for the Platt and Munk company (he illustrated eight collections of Uncle Wiggily stories). He also did the illustration for the original dust jacket for *Gone With the Wind*, and he was puzzle editor for the *National Girl Scouts Magazine* (that later aspect of his career was revived for the short-lived *Puzzle Fun Comics*).

Between the February 1942 and December 1949 issues, the full life of *Jingle Jangle Comics*, George Carlson worked on that magazine. He contributed the plotting and drawing to one *Jingle Jangle Tale* and one adventure of *The Pie-Face Prince of Pretzelburg*, Dimwitri by name, in almost every issue.

*Jingle Jangle Comics*, like its contemporary *Animal Comics* (and like our contemporary *Casper the Friendly Ghost*), was a comic book intended for small children, and I expect that the virtues of Carlson's work will not occur to us unless we remember that fact. Carlson's wonderful silliness and follow-your-nose whimsy functioned best when it was uninhibited by any demands of a well-rounded plot (which he did occasionally set for himself). Like another American tale-spinner/illustrator for small children, Johnny Gruelle, the creator of Raggedy Ann, Carlson functioned best when he improvised—that is, free-associated—incident upon



incident to an ending, rather in the manner of small children playing an adventure game among themselves, and making it up as they go along.

All of which leads me here to invoke another name. Enough of litterateurs and playwrights of the absurd. George Carlson was a kind of George Herriman for little children, and the achievement of his work in *Jingle Jangle Comics* is like Herriman's *Krazy Kat*, but on the level of a small child.

I realize that this is praise indeed. And if it is valid praise, then surely what is called for next is a book collection of Carlson's best comics work—a book all to himself.

M.W.



# JINGLE JANGLE TALES

by George Carlson

The FASHIONABLE FIREMAN  
and the SOFT-BOILED COLLAR-BUTTON

ONCE UPON  
A TIME  
THERE WAS  
A FASHIONABLE  
FIREMAN, WHO,  
HAVING LOST HIS  
APPETITE IN THE  
WARS, RETURNED  
HOME WITH A YARD  
OF FINE BUNS —

I HOPE THOSE  
BUNS OF YOURS  
ARE FLAVORED  
WITH STEAM!

YEAH—!  
I MARKED 'EM  
ALL ABSENT EXCEPT  
THE LAST VERSE!

TO THE  
WARS

NOW ~ IF I COULD  
ONLY FIND THAT  
CARNIVAL BADGE!

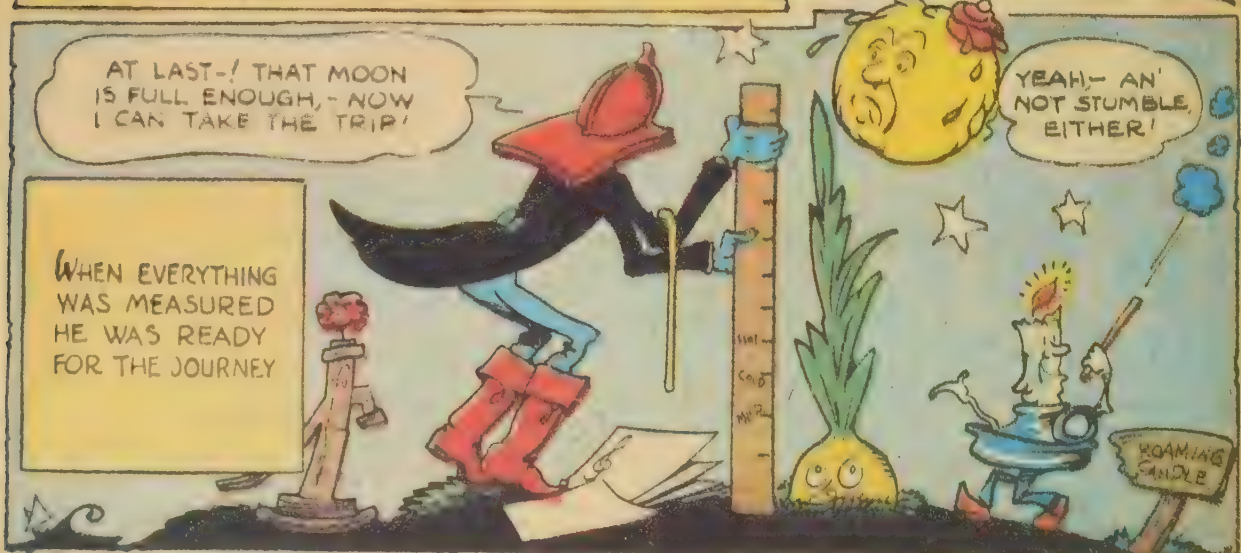
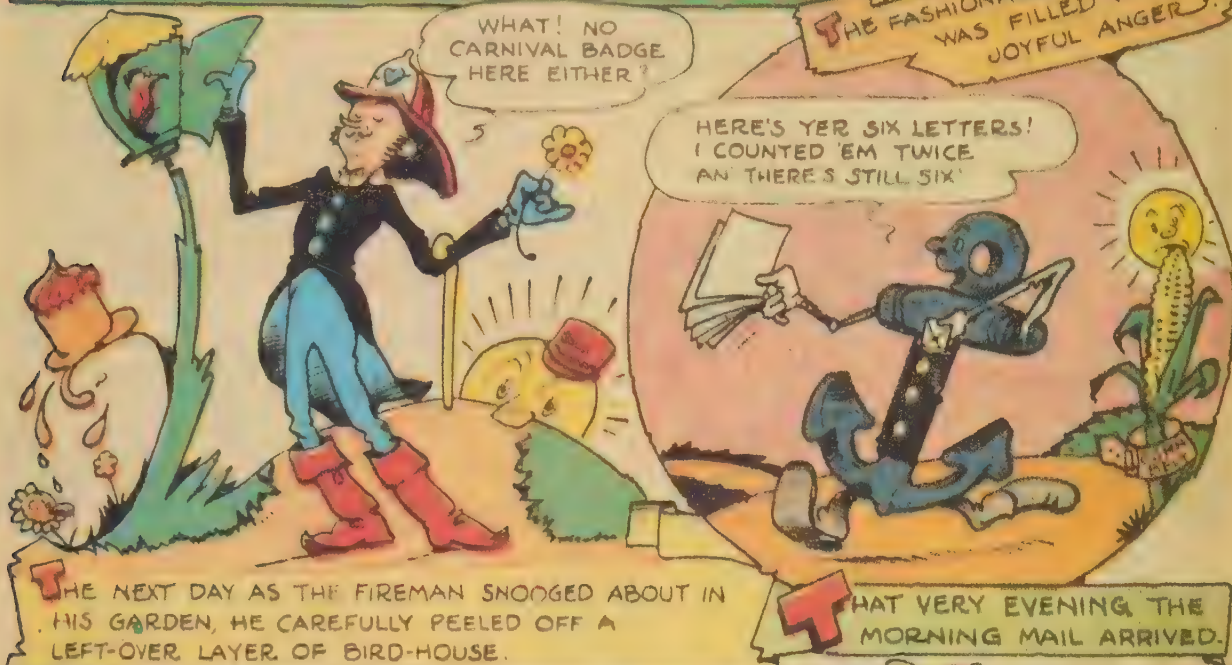
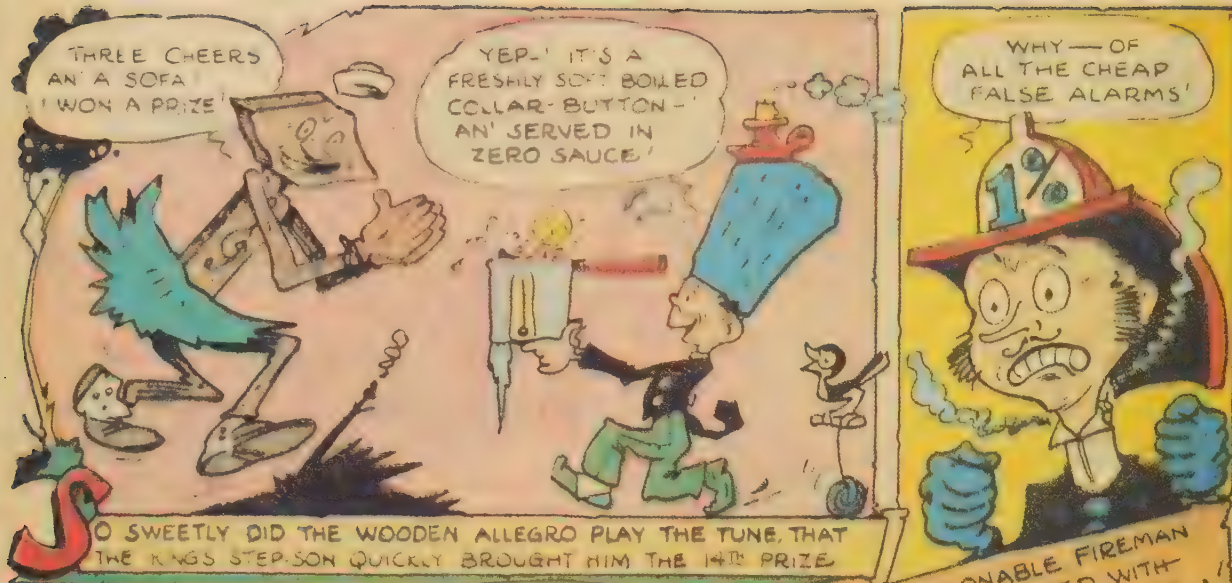
I CAN PLAY  
MUCH WORSE THAN THIS  
BUT I FORGOT HOW!

ONE DAY, JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO FORGET TO  
SING, HE MET A LARGE GRAB-BAG LINED WITH  
TAFFY AND PARTLY PUSHED BY THE KING'S STEP-SON

ALL OF WHICH WAS VERY FINE, BUT HE WANTED HIS  
MISSING CARNIVAL BADGE, SO A VERY WOODEN ALLEGRO  
OBLIGED HIM WITH THE RIGHT KEY BUT IT WAS OF NO HELP—

~ CONTINUED NEXT PAGE





CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



REAL  
GRADE K  
STUFF!

DETOUR

DETOUR

DETOUR

TO THE STIRRING TUNE  
OF "WE'LL MEETCHA AT  
THE COFFEE GROUNDS!"  
HE STARTED OFF —

WITH HIM WERE SOME  
SEVEN-INCH DETOURS  
WHO BORE A QUART OF  
MOIST MOONLIGHT —

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR

DETOUR

AND  
WHEN THEY  
REACHED THE NEXT  
VERSE THE MOONLIGHT  
EXPLODED WITH GREETINGS  
AND BEST WISHES. ONE OF  
THESE HIT THE FASHIONABLE  
FIREMAN IN THE EARLY PART  
OF THE FORENOON AND SO  
THE PARADE WAS  
CLOSED FOR  
REPAIRS

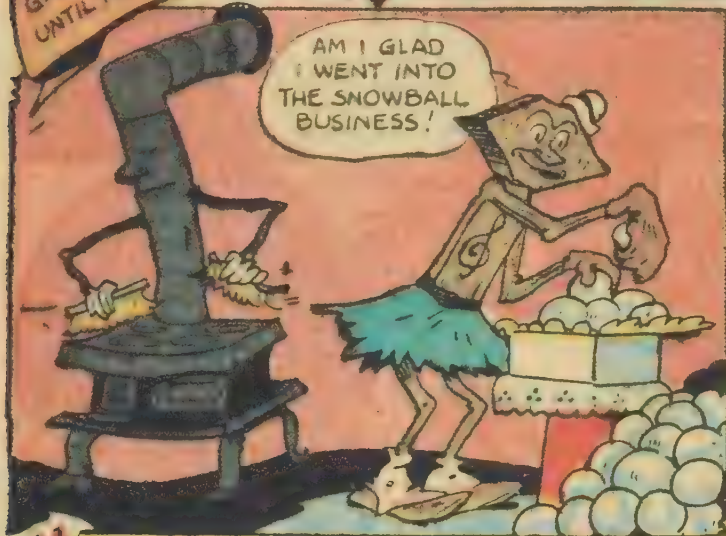
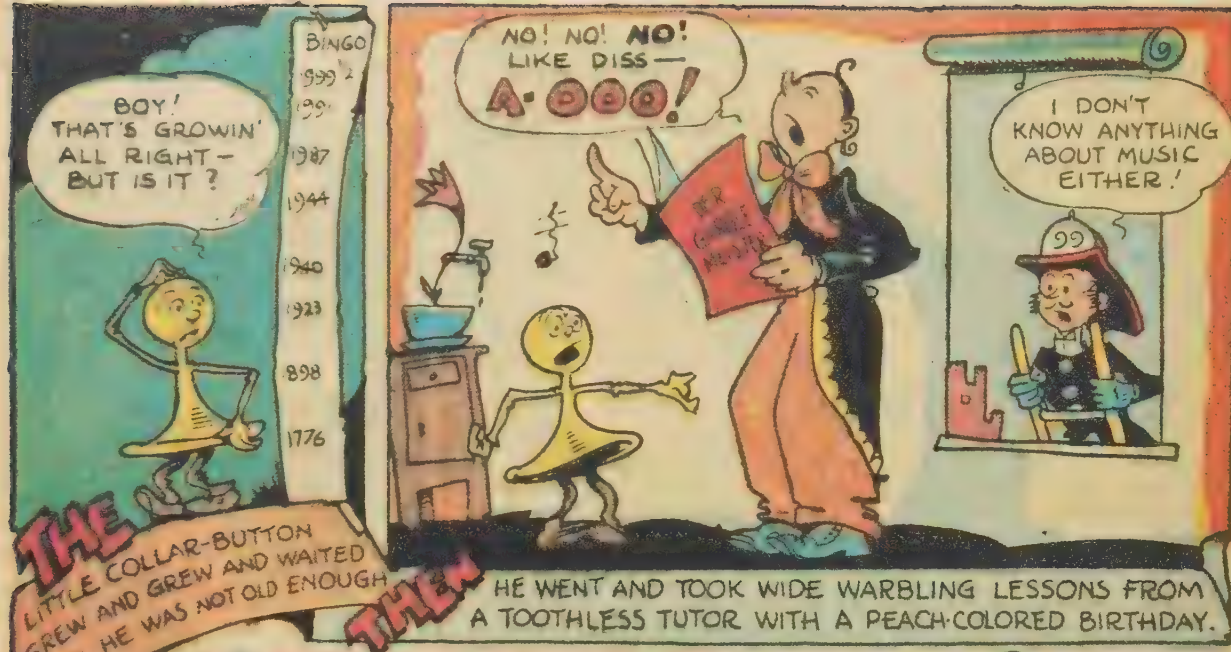
NOW LET'S SEE....  
I WAS LOOKING FOR A  
BADGE, I BELIEVE!

YOO  
HOO!

NOT UNTIL ON A VERY  
TUESDAY DAWN DID THE  
FIREMAN KNOW WHERE  
HE WAS. FAINTLY HE SAW  
THE SOFT-BOILED  
COLLAR-BUTTON  
ALSO ROCKING ITSELF  
AWAKE IN A TINY  
SOUP-FOOTED CRADLE

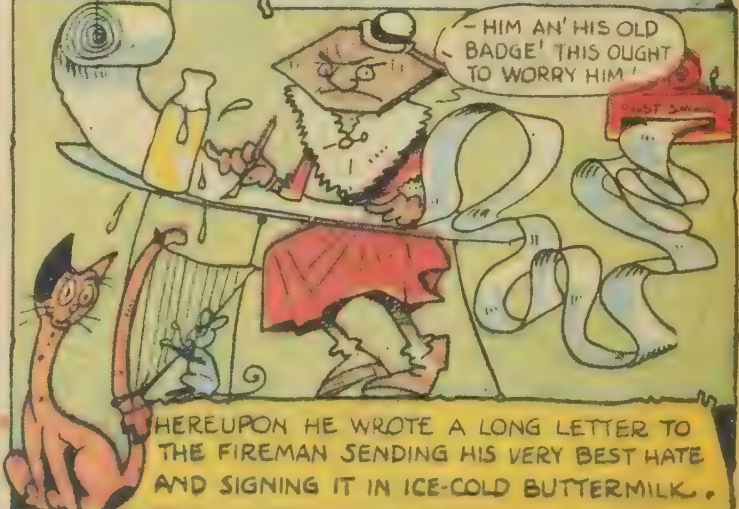
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MEANTIME THE WOODEN ALLEGRO DECIDED TO LET  
HIS STOVE POLISH WHENEVER IT WANTED TO AND

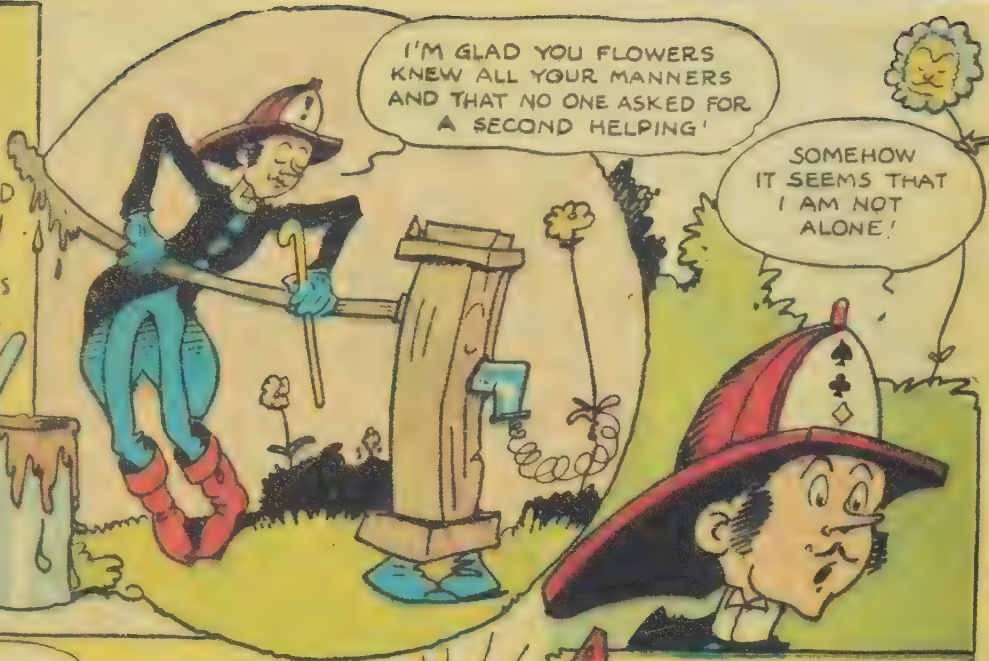
THEN ONE SHAKY THURSDAY HE  
RECEIVED A LARGE PACKAGE  
OF FRESH SPRING AIR...





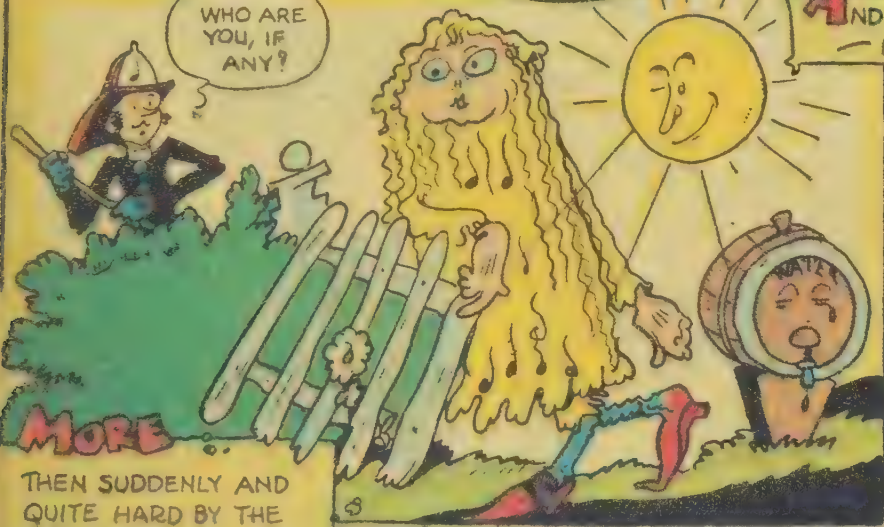
**THE**

FASHIONABLE  
FIREMAN HAD  
JUST UNWATERED  
HIS GARDEN  
USING NEW-  
MOWN MOLASSES  
FOR THE AWFUL  
DEED.



WHO ARE  
YOU, IF  
ANY?

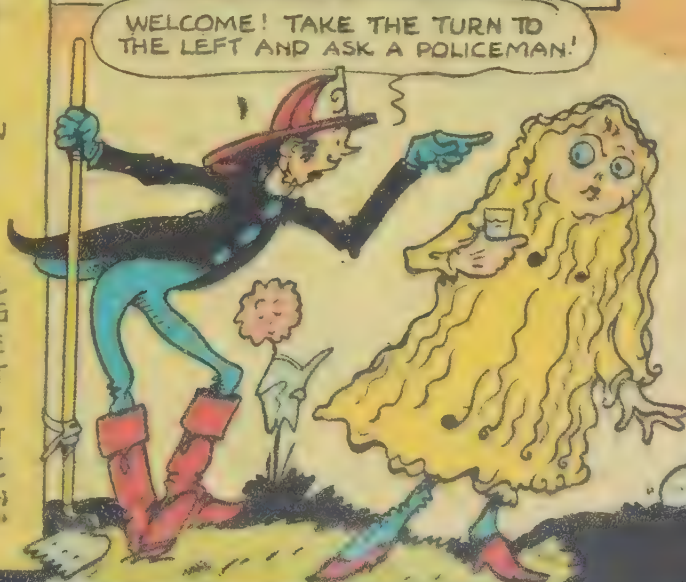
**A**ND FOR ONCE HE WAS RIGHT!  
— HE WAS NOT ALONE!



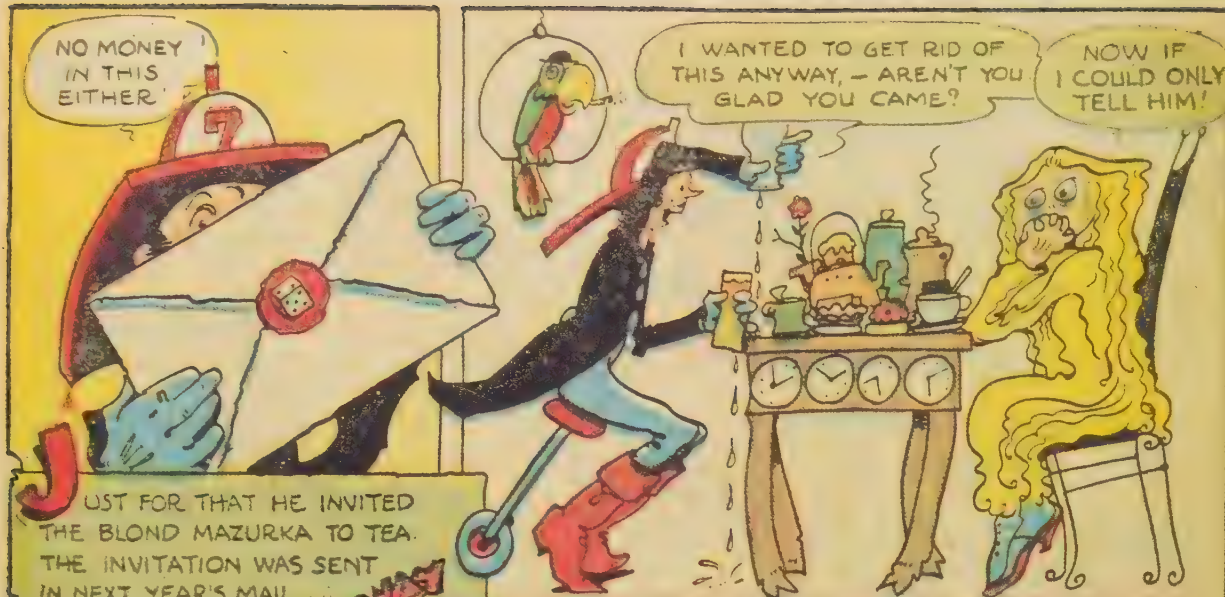
**MORE**

THEN SUDDENLY AND  
QUITE HARD BY THE  
SOFT GATE, HE  
SPIED A LOVELY  
BLOND MAZURKA!  
SHE WAS ODDLY  
DRENCHED WITH NEW  
SUNLIGHT AND SAID  
NOTHING IN A LOUD  
VOICE.

OF COURSE HE GAVE  
HER THE BEST WRONG  
DIRECTION, ~ LITTLE  
DID HE KNOW THAT  
HERE AT LAST WAS  
THE SECRET ABOUT  
THE MISSING BADGE

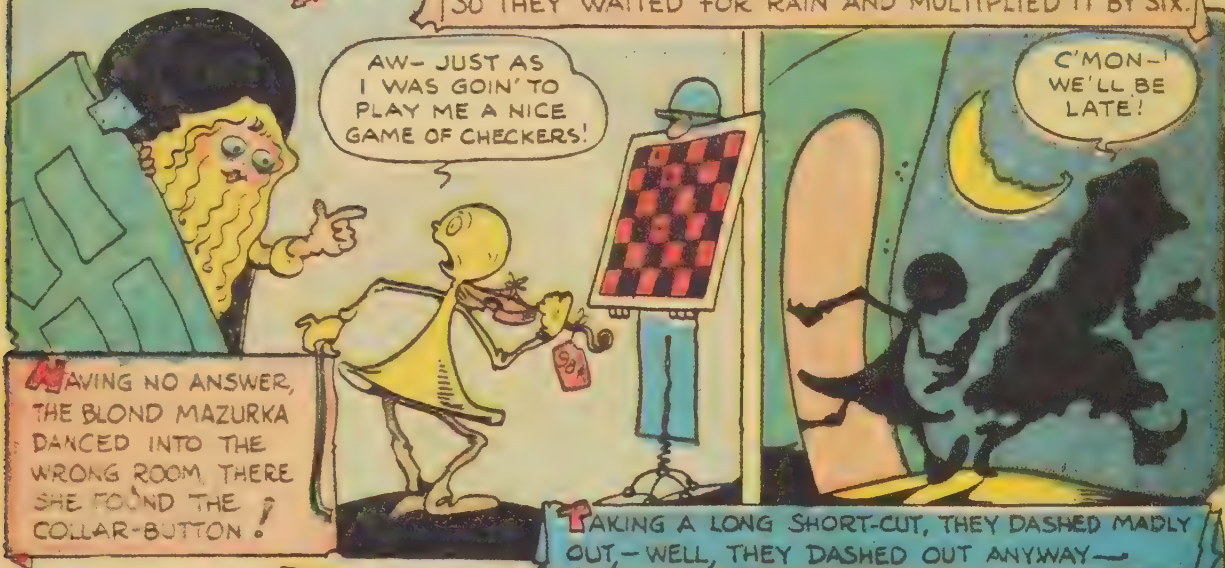






JUST FOR THAT HE INVITED THE BLOND MAZURKA TO TEA. THE INVITATION WAS SENT IN NEXT YEAR'S MAIL.

A LOVELY FEAST WAS SPREAD ON A NEW TIME-TABLE SO THEY WAITED FOR RAIN AND MULTIPLIED IT BY SIX.



HAVING NO ANSWER, THE BLOND MAZURKA DANCED INTO THE WRONG ROOM. THERE SHE FOUND THE COLLAR-BUTTON!

TAKING A LONG SHORT-CUT, THEY DASHED MADLY OUT, - WELL, THEY DASHED OUT ANYWAY -



AT THIS ALMOST MOMENT, THE FASHIONABLE FIREMAN WAS MAKING MUCH MORE TEA - JUST AS HE HAD EXACTLY  $47\frac{1}{2}$  GALLONS, HE MADE A GREAT DISCOVERY!

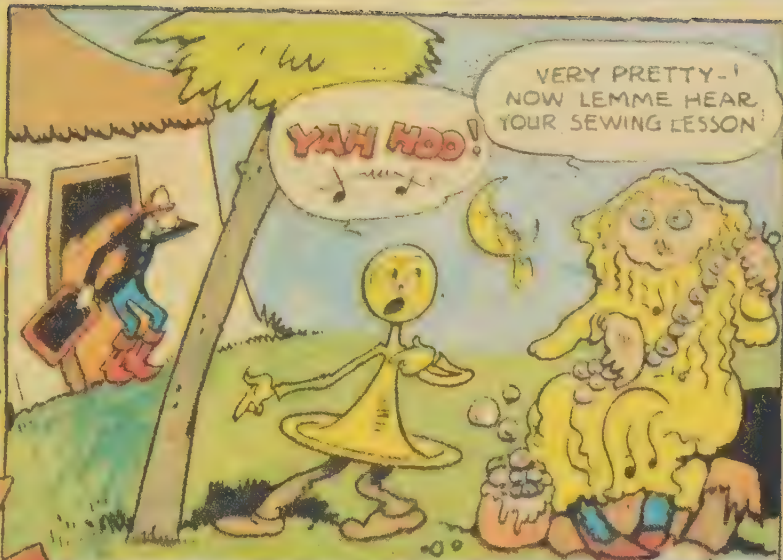
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I'LL SEE  
NOW IF I CAN GET  
THAT MAZURKA  
TO TALK!



**J**PEEDING MERCILY OUT  
HE ADDED IT ALL GENTLY  
UP IN TOPS AND MARBLES



**T**HERE IN HIS FRONT BACK YARD HE FOUND THE  
BLOND MAZURKA THREADING SOAP BUBBLES WHILE  
THE SOFT-BOILED COLLAR-BUTTON SANG ALMOST SWEETLY.

**THE**

BLOND MAZURKA  
SAW HIM! IN A  
SLOW HURRY SHE  
TORE OFF THE  
SUN-DRENCHED  
WIG AND THERE  
BEFORE THE  
FIREMAN COULD SAY  
"ROCK JABINSON",  
—STOOD THE  
WOODEN ALLEGRO!



YOU THOUGHT  
I WANTED TO  
KIDNAP HIM —  
WELL, I DIDN'T!  
HE JUST NOW  
SLIPPED ME  
YOUR CARNIVAL  
BADGE!



**A**ND SO THE FASHIONABLE FIREMAN LEARNED THE GLAD BUT AWFUL TRUTH —

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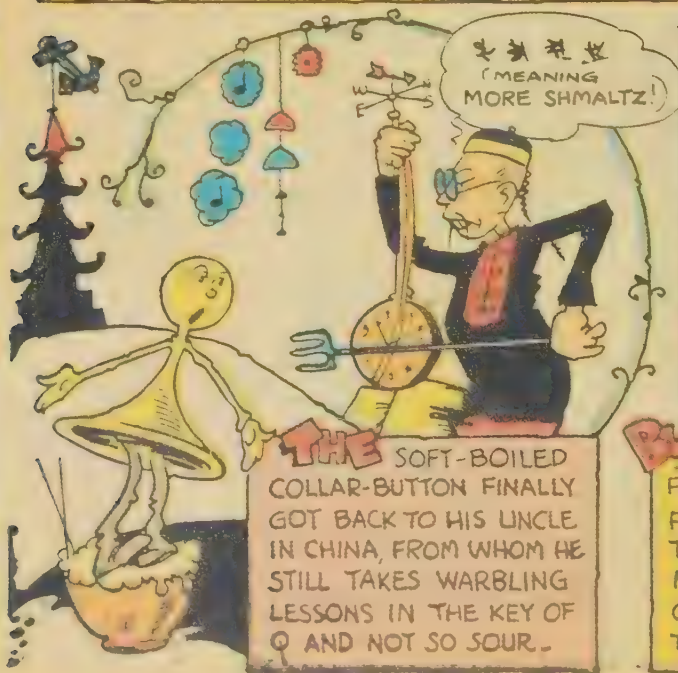
**SIX**

MORE OR LESS WEEKS PASSED. THIS CAME ON A MONDAY SO THE FASHIONABLE FIREMAN BEGAN TO WEAR HIS BADGE UNTIL THE CREAM COLOR TURNED TO GRADE. THEN HE INVITED THE WOODEN ALLEGRO TO TEA, THIS TIME WITHOUT STARCH.

I STILL WANT TO GET RID OF THIS AND I AM STILL GLAD YOU CAME!



多美多美  
(MEANING MORE SHMALTZ!)



**THE** SOFT-BOILED COLLAR-BUTTON FINALLY GOT BACK TO HIS UNCLE IN CHINA, FROM WHOM HE STILL TAKES WARBLING LESSONS IN THE KEY OF ♭ AND NOT SO SOUR.



**BUT** THE FASHIONABLE FIREMAN NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN - SO, TO THIS DAY HE WEARS HIS CREAM-COLORED CARNIVAL BADGE TO ALL THE FASHIONABLE FIRES.

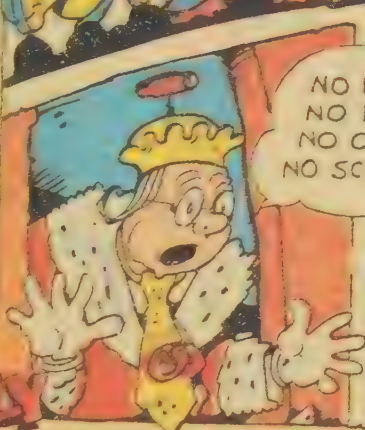
**THE END**



# THE PIEFACE PRINCE OF PRETZLEBURG

by George Carlson

IT WAS A BIG DAY IN OLD PRETZLEBURG. KING HOKUM WAS REVIEWING THE GRAND ANNUAL WEEKLY PARADE OF THE ROYAL HAT-BAND WHEN TO HIS HORROR HE DISCOVERED THAT THEIR BIG BASS DRUM WAS MISSING!



NO DRUM!  
NO BOOM!  
NO OOMPH!  
NO SCHMALTZ!



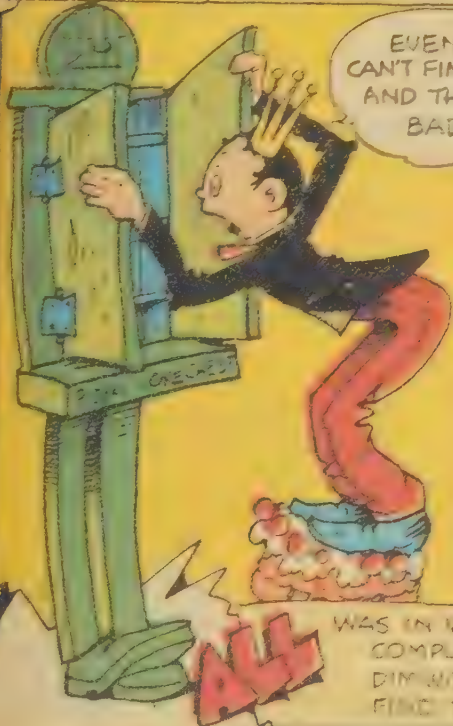
AIN'T HERE.

INSTANTLY

ALL PRETZLEBURG SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW. EVEN LIBERAL REWARDS (LIBERAL FOR PRETZLEBURG) WERE OFFERED.

EVEN I CAN'T FIND IT - AND THAT'S BAD!

WELL, HERE'S WHERE I GO UP IN MY 10-CENT 18-KARAT BALLOON - I'LL GET A BROAD VIEW OF THE WHOLE THING!



WAS IN VAIN - FOR THE BIG DRUM WAS COMPLETELY GONE! SO IT WAS UP TO DIMPITY THE PIEFACE PRINCE TO FIND THAT DRUM - AND FIND IT SOON

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



**JUST**

AS THE PRINCE WAS ABOUT TO  
STEP INTO HIS 10-CENT BALLOON  
A STRANGER RUSHED IN

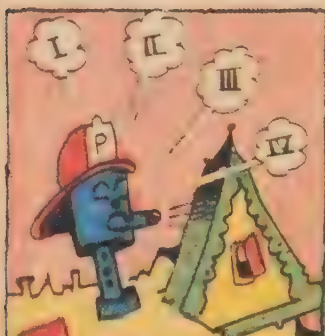
CAN IT BE  
NEWS ABOUT  
THE DRUM?



BOSS- HERE'S YOUR CHANCE  
TO BUY A CHEAP FREE TICKET  
TO A GOOD FIRE!

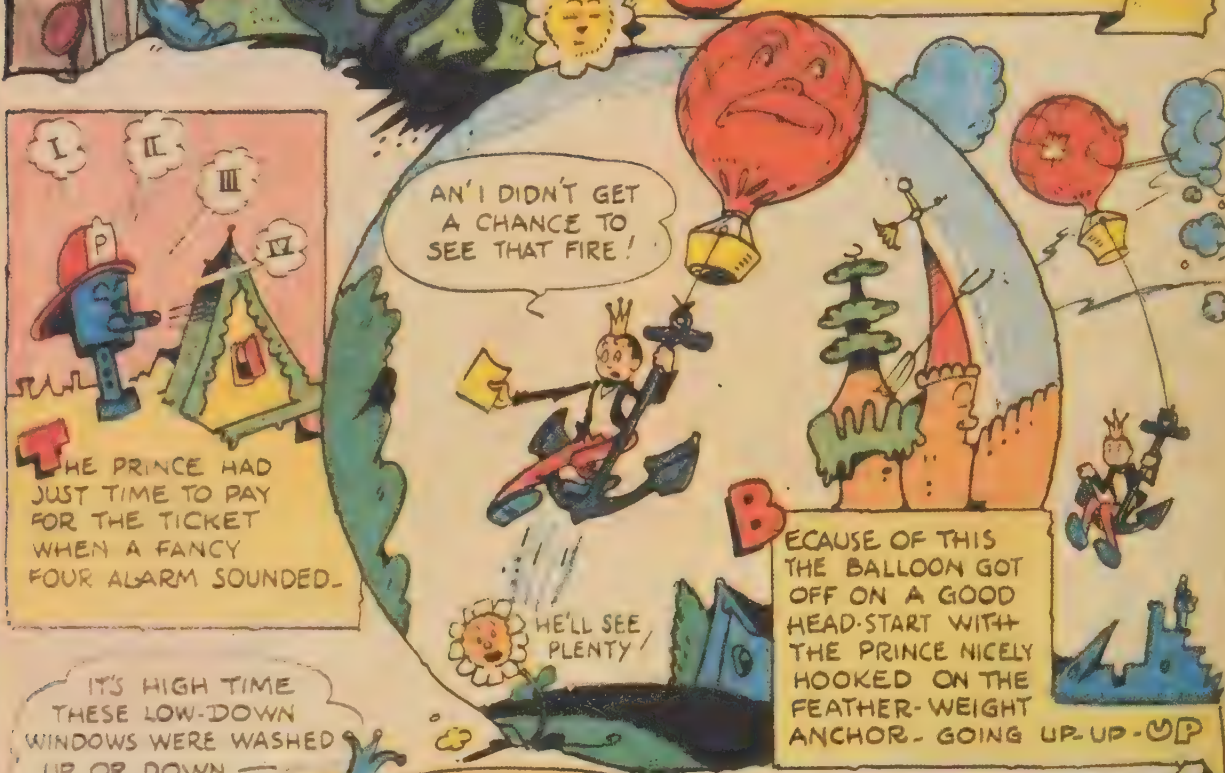


**G**OOD NEWS INDEED, BUT  
OH SO DIFFERENT-



**T**HE PRINCE HAD  
JUST TIME TO PAY  
FOR THE TICKET  
WHEN A FANCY  
FOUR ALARM SOUNDED-

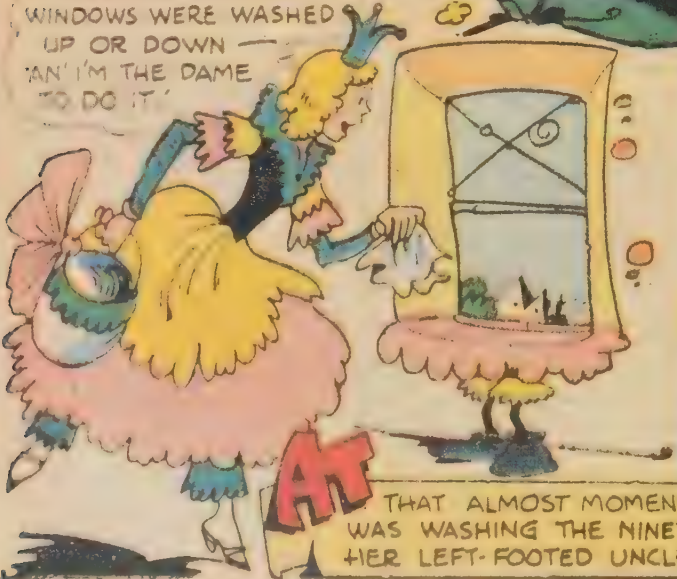
AN' I DIDN'T GET  
A CHANCE TO  
SEE THAT FIRE!



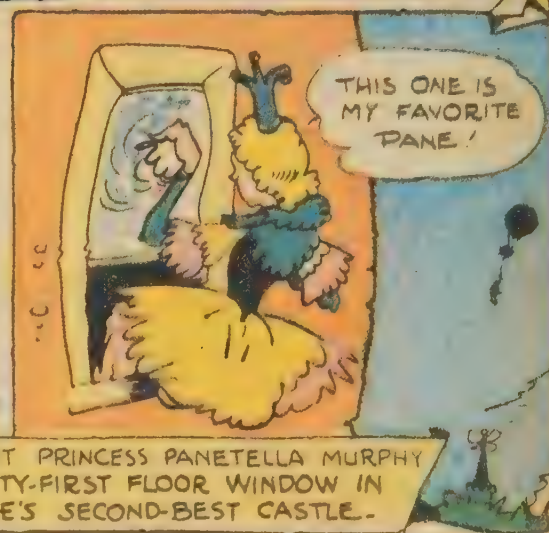
HE'LL SEE  
PLENTY

**B**ECAUSE OF THIS  
THE BALLOON GOT  
OFF ON A GOOD  
HEAD-START WITH  
THE PRINCE NICELY  
HOOKED ON THE  
FEATHER-WEIGHT  
ANCHOR- GOING UP-UP-UP

IT'S HIGH TIME  
THESE LOW-DOWN  
WINDOWS WERE WASHED  
UP OR DOWN -  
AN' I'M THE DAME  
TO DO IT!



THIS ONE IS  
MY FAVORITE  
PANE!



**A**T THAT ALMOST MOMENT PRINCESS PANETELLA MURPHY  
WAS WASHING THE NINETY-FIRST FLOOR WINDOW IN  
HER LEFT-FOOTED UNCLE'S SECOND-BEST CASTLE-

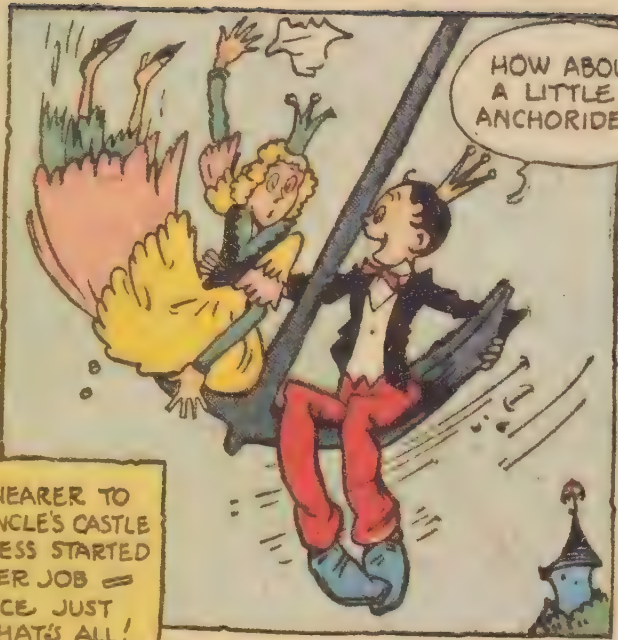
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# A SPECK

IN THE SKY COMES NEARER TO THE LEFT-FOOTED UNCLE'S CASTLE JUST AS THE PRINCESS STARTED TO DROP OUT ON HER JOB = WELL - THE PRINCE JUST CAME IN TIME = THAT'S ALL!

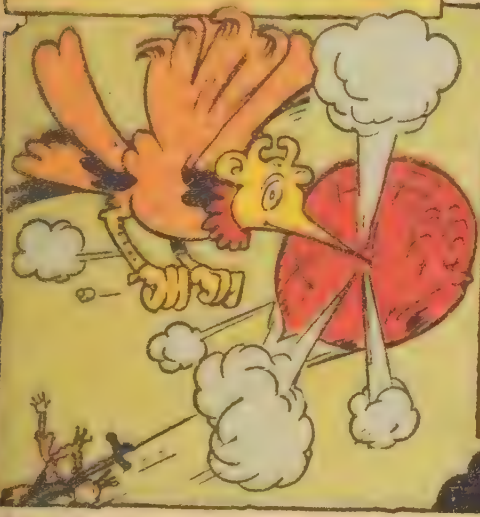


HOW ABOUT A LITTLE ANCHORIDE?



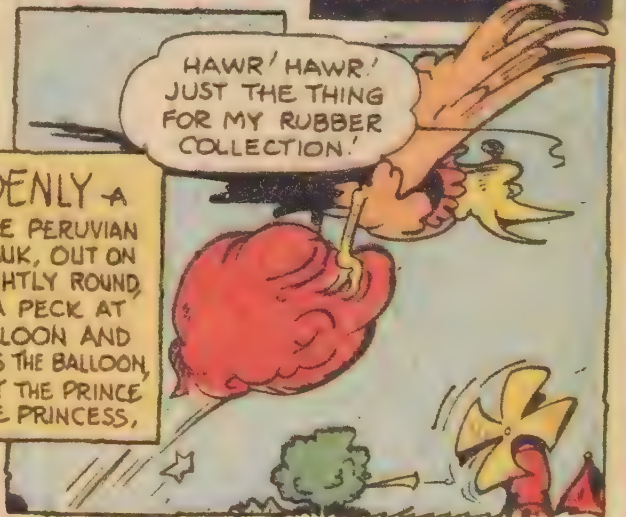
WHERE HAVE I SEEN YOU BEFORE?

POOH!



**S**UDDENLY A GENUINE PERUVIAN NIGHT-AUK, OUT ON HIS NIGHTLY ROUND, TAKES A PECK AT THE BALLOON AND SO ENDS THE BALLOON, BUT NOT THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS,

HAWR! HAWR! JUST THE THING FOR MY RUBBER COLLECTION!



A BIT OVER THE SPEED LIMIT, I'M AFRAID!

**W**ITHOUT BALLOON, ROPE OR ANCHOR TO BOTHER WITH, THE PRINCE AND HIS FAIR FRIEND FIND THEMSELVES HEADING FOR THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE OWNED BY THE RAGING RAJAH!

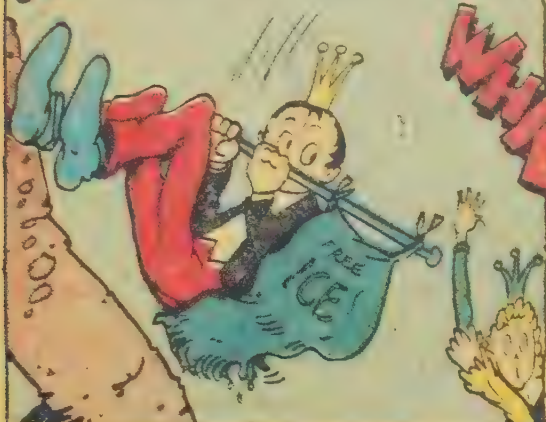


WE DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO ADMIRE THE VIEW

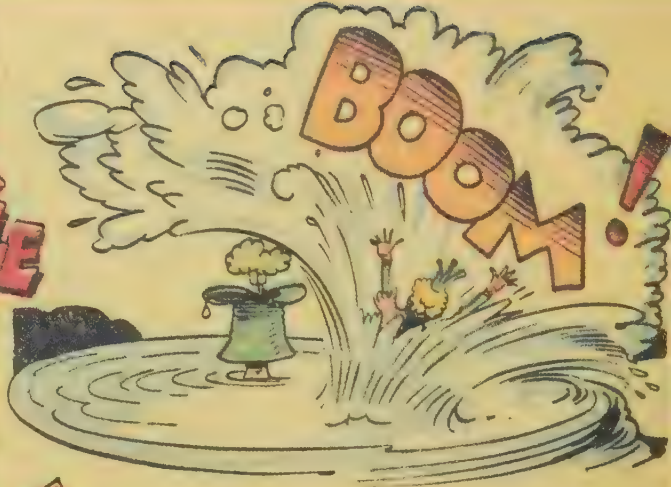
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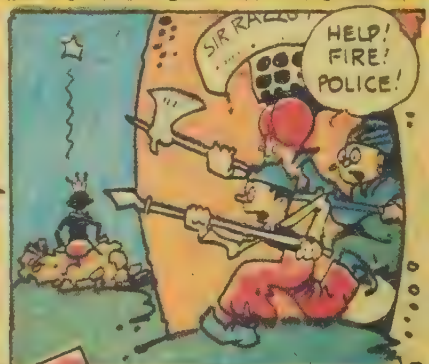
**A** CONVENIENT SMALLISH TOWER STOPPED THE PRINCE - (ALMOST)



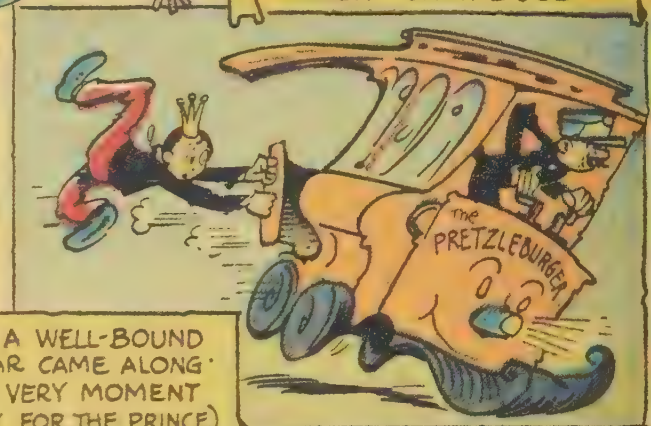
**WHILE**



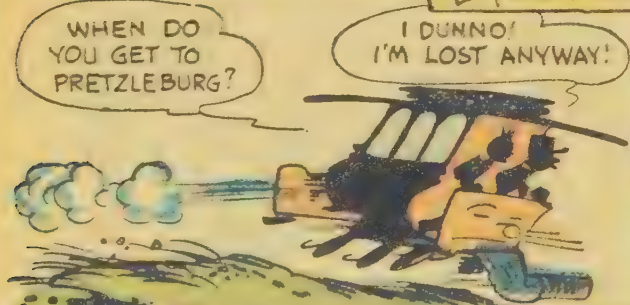
**T** HE PRINCESS LANDED IN THE FOUNTAIN POOL WITH NOT ONLY A SPLASH BUT ALSO A BOOM



**T** HE CASTLE GUARDS GOT RIGHT ON THE JOB



**L** UCKILY A WELL-BOUND JOLLY-CAR CAME ALONG AT THAT VERY MOMENT  
□ (LUCKY FOR THE PRINCE)



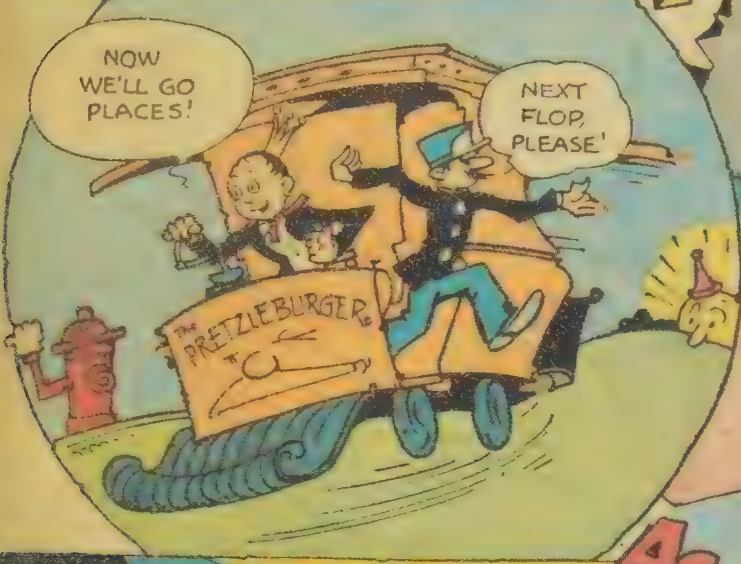
OKAY THEN -!  
I'LL BUY TH' CAR FROM YAH! HERE'S 69¢ CASH - I WANNA GET HOME!

**AND THE PRINCE NOT ONLY BECAME PASSENGER, BUT IT'S OWNER!**

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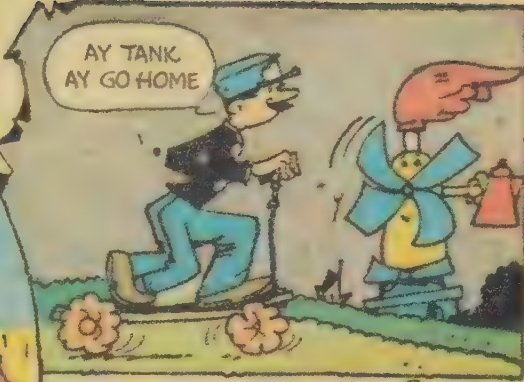


**T**HE NEW OWNER-DRIVER OF THE PRETZLEBURG JOLLY-CAR, THE PIE-FACE PRINCE, THEN QUICKLY HEADED IT IN ANOTHER DIRECTION...

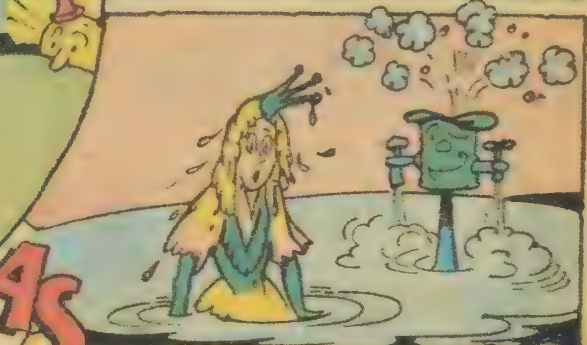


NOW WE'LL GO PLACES!

NEXT FLOP, PLEASE!

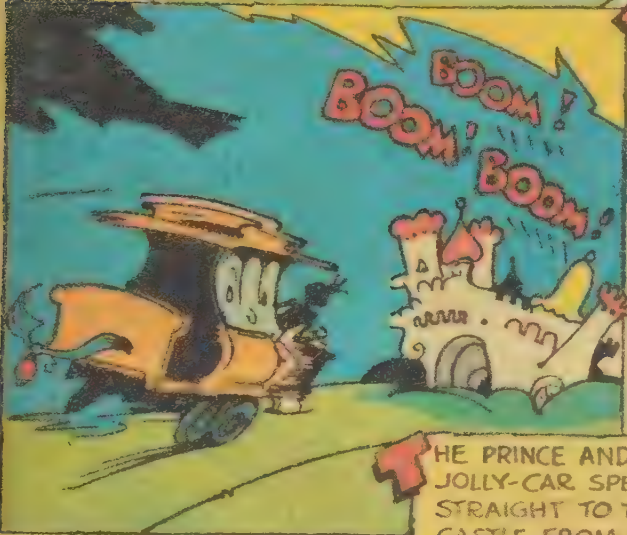


AY TANK  
AY GO HOME

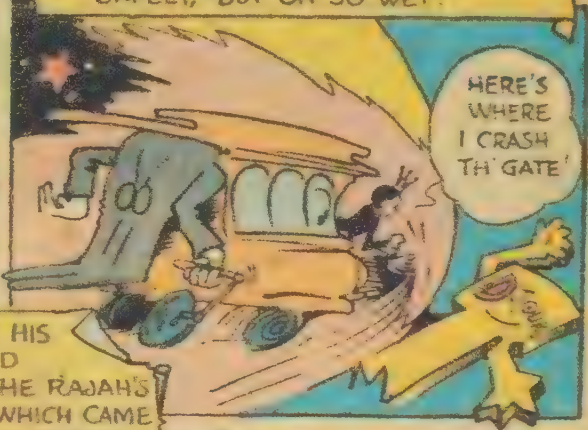


**AS**

FOR THE PRINCESS,— SHE LANDED SAFELY, BUT OH SO WET!

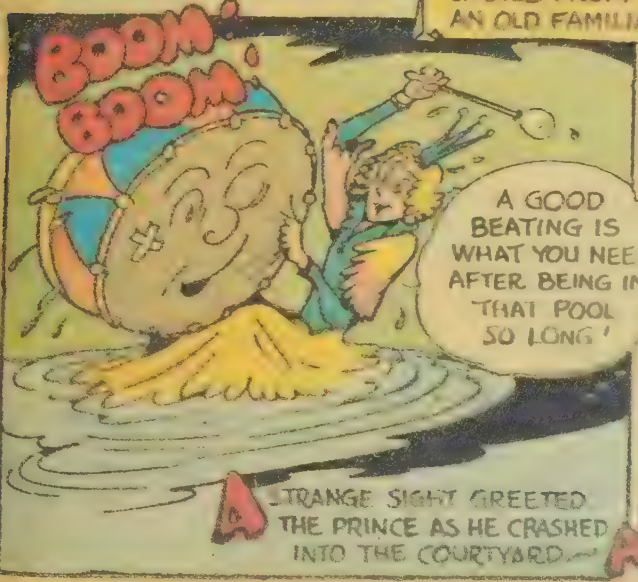


BOOM!  
BOOM!  
BOOM!



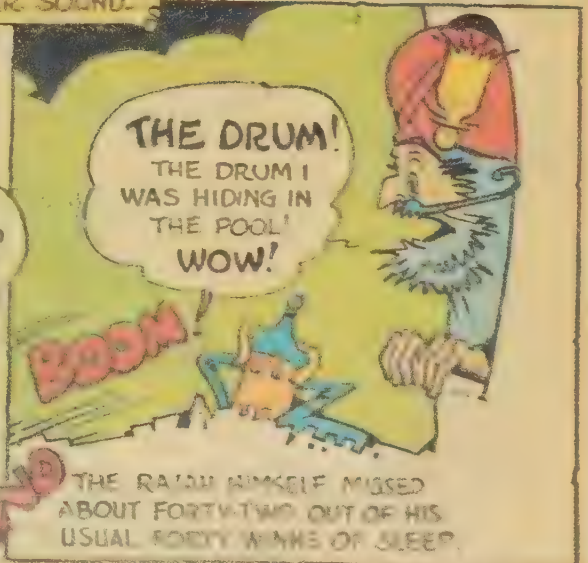
HERE'S  
WHERE  
I CRASH  
TH' GATE!

**T**HE PRINCE AND HIS JOLLY-CAR SPED STRAIGHT TO THE RAJAH'S CASTLE FROM WHICH CAME AN OLD FAMILIAR SOUND...



BOOM!  
BOOM!

A GOOD BEATING IS WHAT YOU NEED AFTER BEING IN THAT POOL SO LONG!

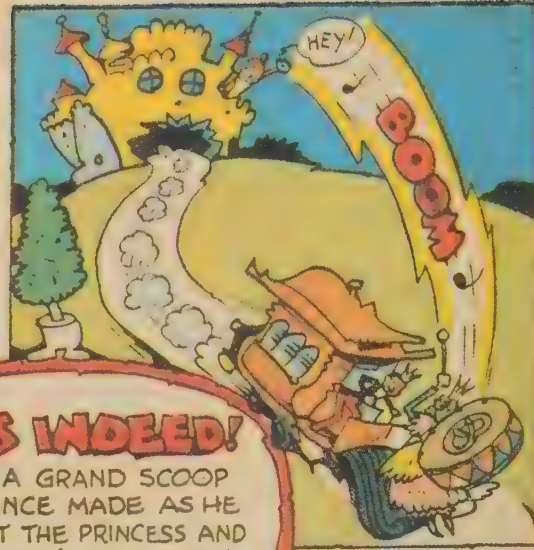
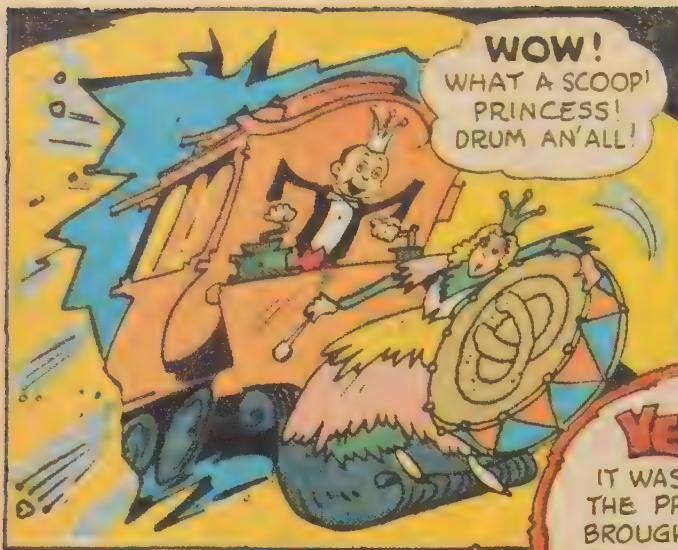


THE DRUM!  
THE DRUM I  
WAS HIDING IN  
THE POOL!  
WOW!

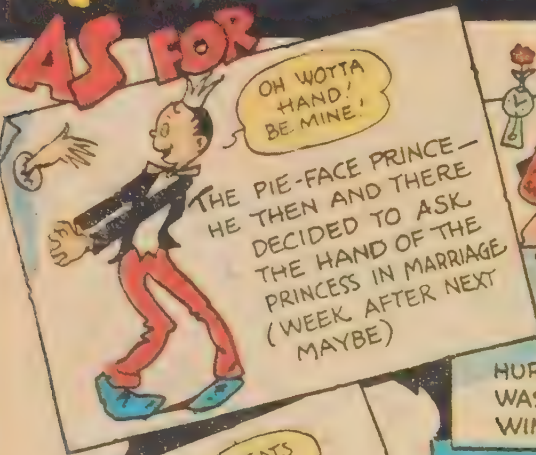
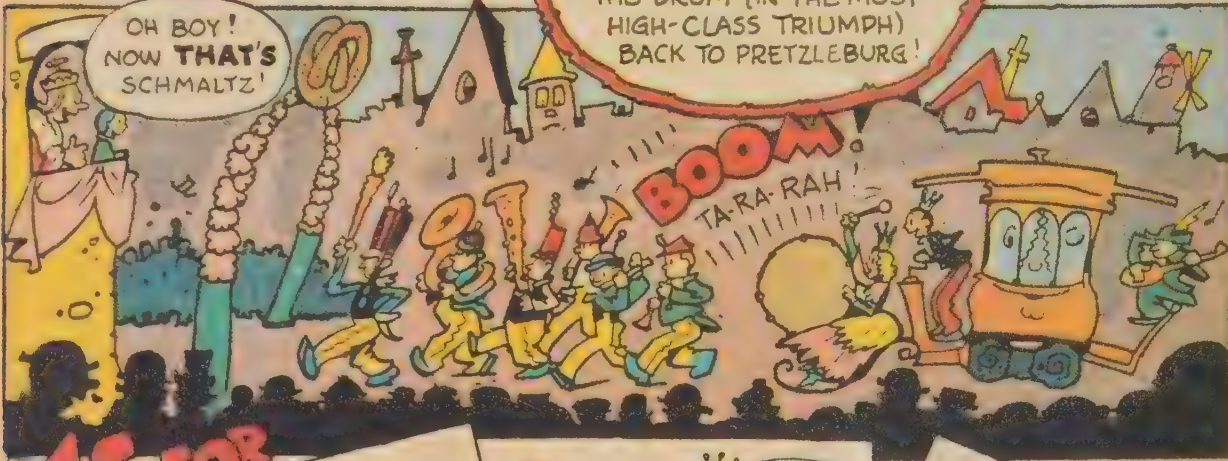
**A** STRANGE SIGHT GREETED THE PRINCE AS HE CRASHED INTO THE COURTYARD...

**AND** THE RAJAH HIMSELF MISSED ABOUT FORTY-TWO OUT OF HIS USUAL FORTY WINKS OF SLEEP.





**YES INDEED!**  
IT WAS A GRAND SCOOP  
THE PRINCE MADE AS HE  
BROUGHT THE PRINCESS AND  
THE DRUM (IN THE MOST  
HIGH-CLASS TRIUMPH)  
BACK TO PRETZLEBURG!



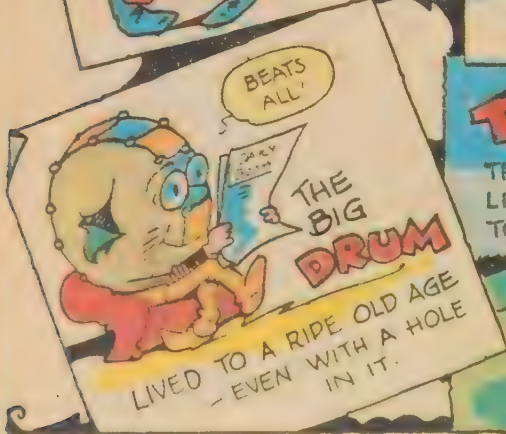
THE PIE-FACE PRINCE—  
HE THEN AND THERE  
DECIDED TO ASK  
THE HAND OF THE  
PRINCESS IN MARRIAGE  
(WEEK AFTER NEXT  
MAYBE)



THE PRINCESS  
PANETELLA MURPHY  
HURRIED BACK HOME TO  
WASH THE OTHER  
WINDOWS—



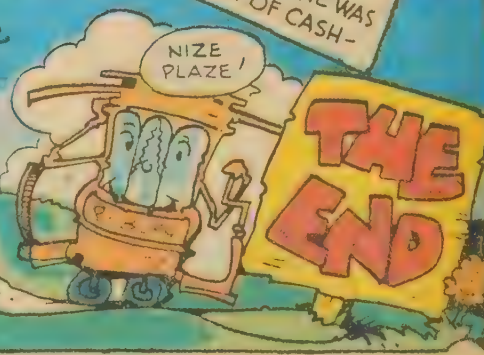
KING HOKUM WOULD  
HAVE PAID THE  
REWARD TO THE  
PRINCESS, BUT HE WAS  
FRESH OUT OF CASH—



THE BIG  
**DRUM**

LIVED TO A RIDE OLD AGE  
— EVEN WITH A HOLE  
IN IT.

**THE** JOLLY-CAR  
WENT TO  
THE END OF THE  
LINE AND FORGOT  
TO COME BACK!



**THE  
END**



# JINGLE JANGLE TALES

## THE PINT-SIZE KING and the THREE JELLY-BEANS

ONCE

THERE LIVED A KING WHO HAD COME UNDER AN EVIL SPELL.

THOUGH HE ONCE WAS VERY GREAT, HE HAD NOW BECOME SMALL AND QUITE PINT-SIZED. HIS KINGDOM TOO, WAS NOW SO SMALL THAT HE COULD HAVE MAILED IT ON A TWO-CENT STAMP. (IF HE HAD THE STAMP.)

THINGS WERE IN AN AWFUL MESS, SO ONE DAY WHEN COUNTING HIS WEALTH, WHICH WASN'T ANY, HE FOUND THAT HE WAS DOWN TO HIS THREE LAST JELLY-BEANS, AND HE CALLED THEM TO HIM, SAYING

I AM SENDING YOU OUT INTO THE WORLD TO SEEK YOUR FORTUNE, BUT BETTER STILL, IF YOU CAN LEARN TO MAKE SOME HIGH-POWER CHEESE-CAKE, IT WOULD BREAK THIS EVIL SPELL THAT HAS MADE ME AND MY KINGDOM SO SMALL!

THE THREE LITTLE JELLY-BEANS WERE ALL SLICKED UP, WITH SHOE-LACES NEATLY PRESSED AND ALL, AS THEY SET OUT!

TWO MINUTES LATER THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE CASTLE DOOR—

KNOCK! KNOCK!



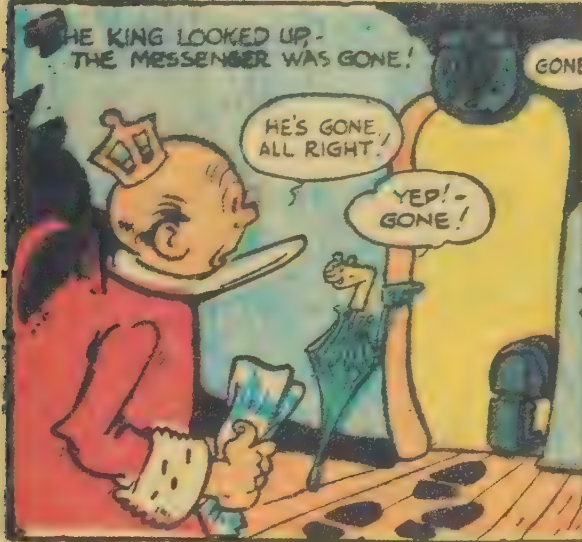
IT WAS

A VERY UNSPECIAL  
NOTE FOR YA MISTER KING!  
• ALL DONE UP IN EXTRA  
FRESH TIME-TABLES!



SO, OPENING IT  
TO PAGE SIX,  
THE KING READ

I will be  
around ONE  
YEAR from  
tonight!  
HAVE THAT  
CHEESE KAKE  
ready!  
or else!!  
GASSO  
THE  
GOBLIN



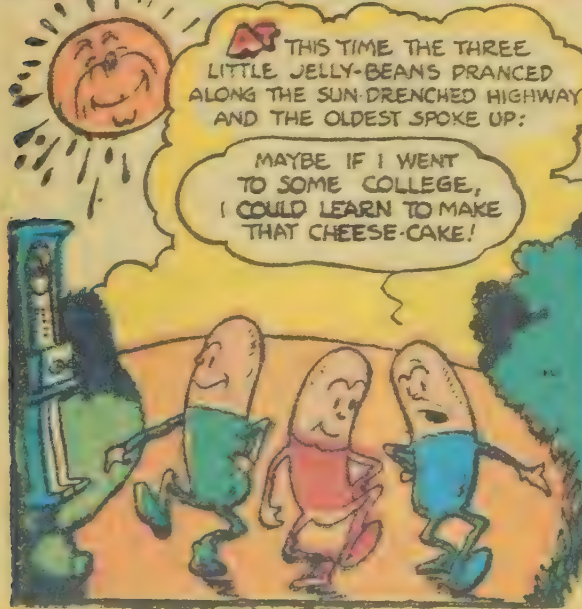
HE KING LOOKED UP-  
THE MESSENGER WAS GONE!

HE'S GONE,  
ALL RIGHT!

YEP!-  
GONE!

GONE!

WHAT A SPOT I'M IN!  
I MUST FIND OUT THE  
SECRET OF THAT CHEESE-CAKE  
OR I'M SUNK!

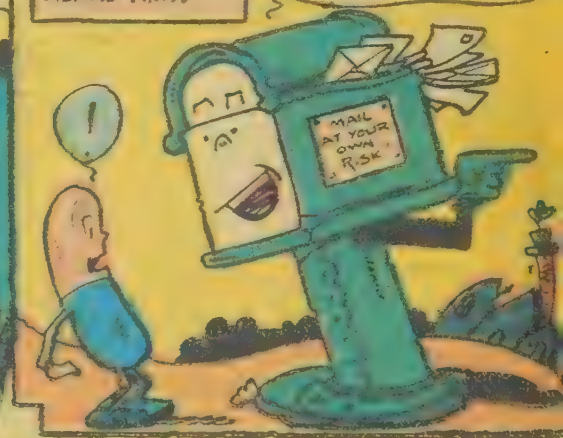


AT THIS TIME THE THREE  
LITTLE JELLY-BEANS PRANCED  
ALONG THE SUN-DRENCHED HIGHWAY  
AND THE OLDEST SPOKE UP:

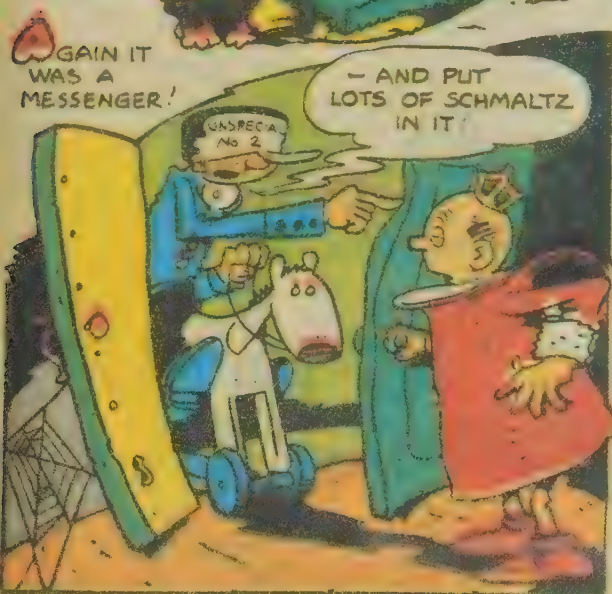
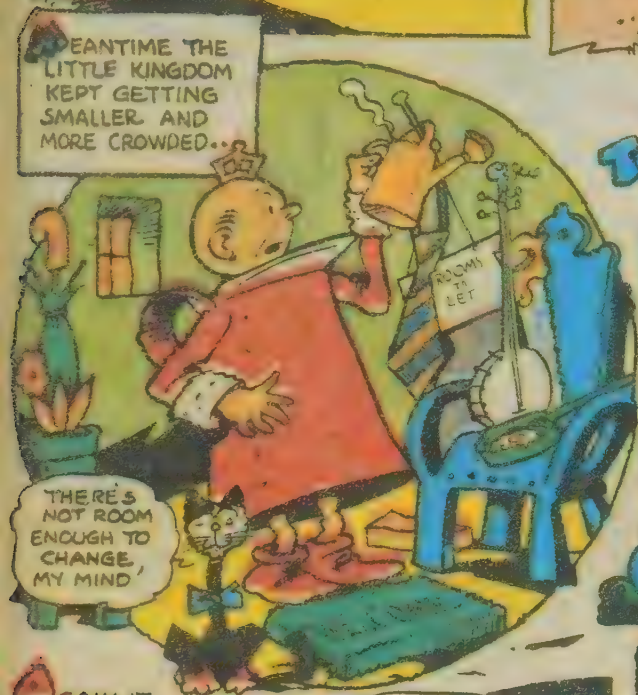
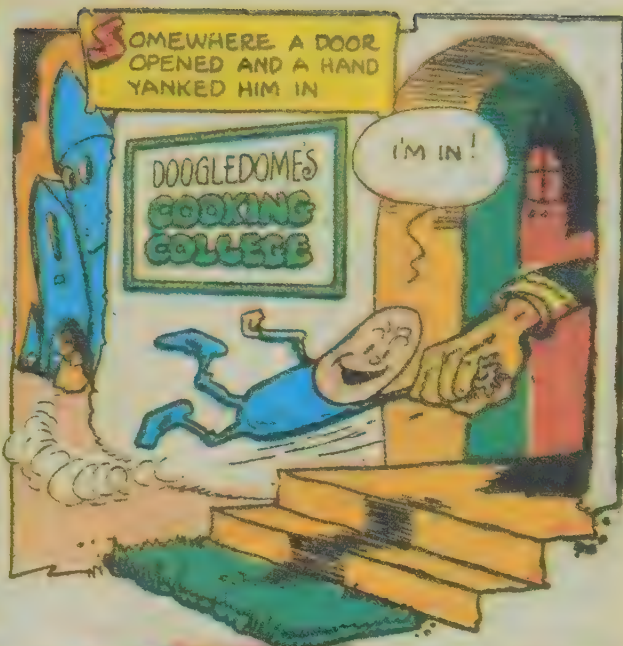
MAYBE IF I WENT  
TO SOME COLLEGE,  
I COULD LEARN TO MAKE  
THAT CHEESE-CAKE!

WELL-FILLED  
MAILBOX WHO  
KNEW ALL THE  
WRONG ADDRESSES  
HEARD HIM!

HI FELLA! IF IT'S AN  
EASY COLLEGE Y'WANT,  
TRY DOOGLEDOME'S-  
TWO BLOCKS DOWN AN'  
A DOLLAR A WEEK!









THE SECOND OLDEST  
JULY-BEAN ALSO  
NO AMBITION

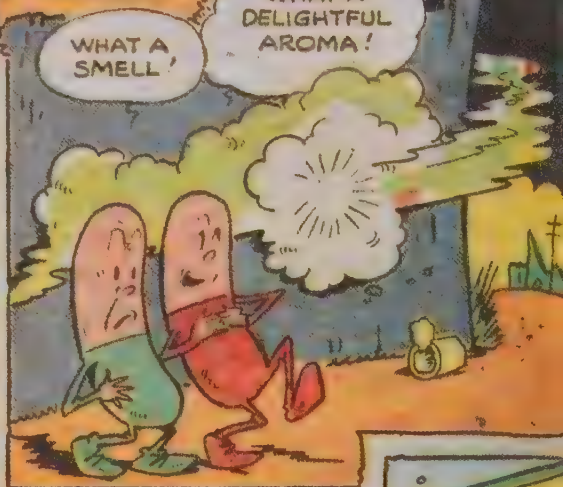
NOW  
IF I COULD ONLY  
GET INTO SOME  
**STRONG**  
BUSINESS!



AND THEN  
SUDDENLY

WHAT A  
SMELL!

WHAT A  
DELIGHTFUL  
AROMA!



I MUST  
FOLLOW  
THAT UP!

HM!  
HE CAN  
HAVE IT!  
I WANT  
SOMETHIN'  
BETTER!



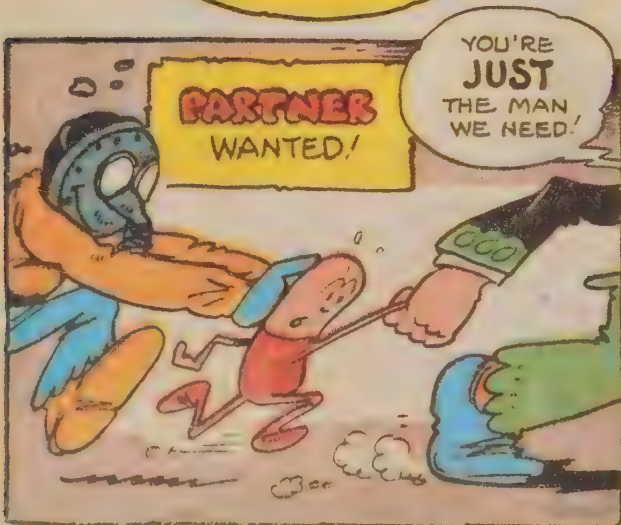
HERE'S  
TH' PLACE,  
BUDDY!

YEAH!  
I KNOW!



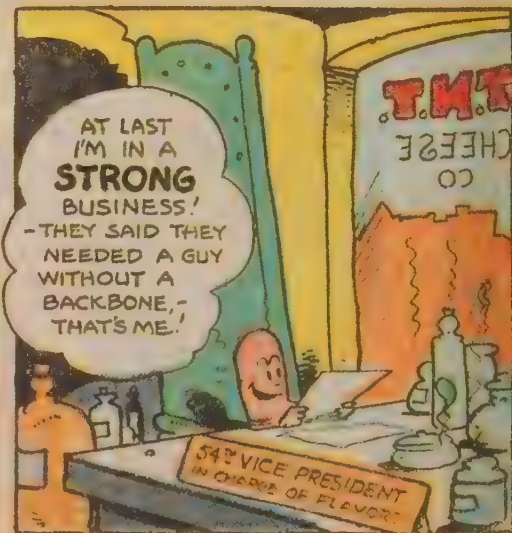
**PARTNER  
WANTED!**

YOU'RE  
JUST  
THE MAN  
WE NEED!

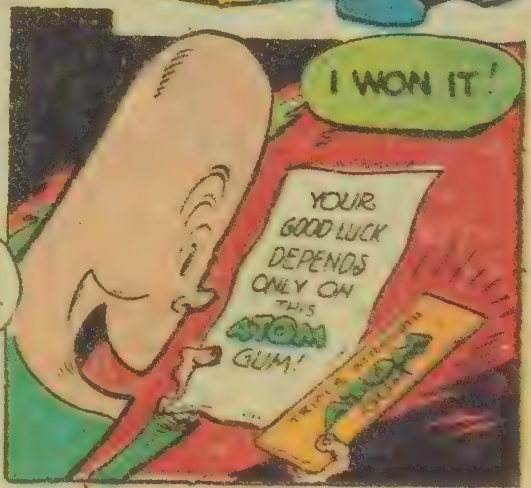
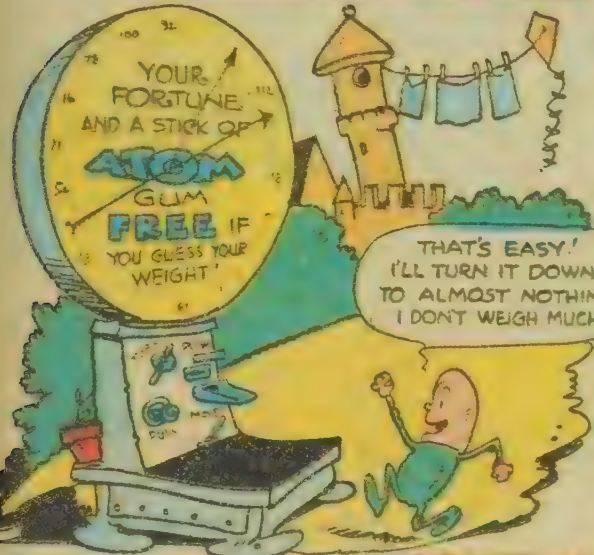
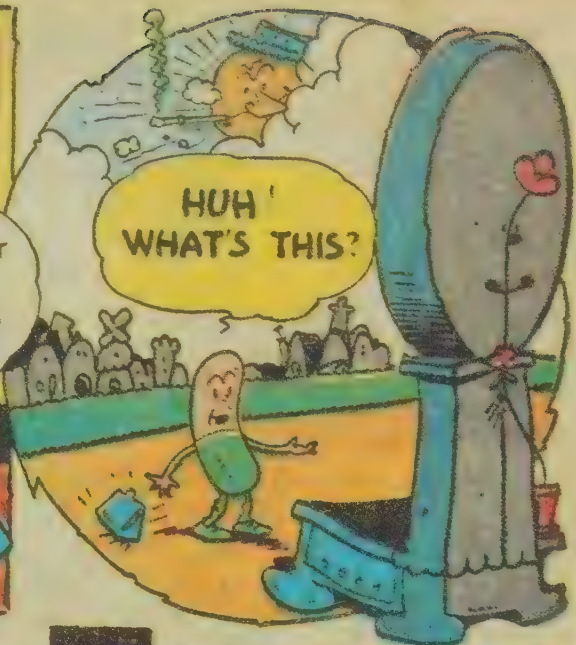


AT LAST  
I'M IN A  
**STRONG  
BUSINESS!**

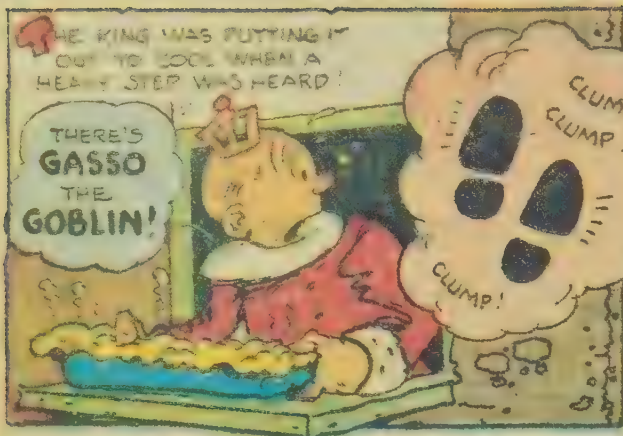
-THEY SAID THEY  
NEEDED A GUY  
WITHOUT A  
BACKBONE,  
THAT'S ME!













## About “Little Lulu” and John Stanley

Late in 1934, there was a small crisis at the *Saturday Evening Post*. The magazine was losing Carl Anderson’s popular weekly panel cartoon, *Henry*, to King Features Syndicate. An editor at the *Post* asked a regular contributor to the magazine, Marjorie Henderson Buell—she signed her cartoons “Marge”—for help in coming up with a replacement for *Henry*. The *Post* wanted a child like Henry, but a girl this time. “The editors noodled out the name,” Mrs. Buell told an interviewer more than thirty years later. “I was too busy thinking about how she’d look and what she’d do.”

The name the editors “noodled out” was “Little Lulu.” For a design, Mrs. Buell essentially added a skirt and corkscrew curls to Henry’s shoe-button eyes and up-turned nose. The new character was a devilish child, heiress to a long line of such characters that in newspaper comics extended back to the Yellow Kid, Buster Brown, and the Katzenjammer Kids. Like theirs, her mischief, as displayed in a weekly panel, often bordered on the malicious.

Lulu first appeared in the *Post* for February 23, 1935, and ran there until the end of 1944. By that time, Lulu was also appearing in animated cartoons and in ads for Kleenex tissues. “The *Post* didn’t want me to go into large-scale business with Lulu,” Mrs. Buell has said, “but I wanted to see what she could do in all forms. We parted amicably.”

A few months after Lulu left the *Post*, she made her debut in a comic book. That first issue of *Little Lulu* was written and drawn by a cartoonist named John Stanley. (At *the Beach*, the first of the four stories we have chosen for his book, is from that issue.) Stanley also wrote and illustrated the second issue of *Little Lulu*. After that, he drew only the covers, but he wrote everything in each issue for thirteen or fourteen years—about 150 issues, all told—and his writing made *Little Lulu* an extraordinary comic book.

John Stanley was born on March 22, 1914, in New York City, and he worked briefly at the Max Fleischer animation studios, made drawings for Disney merchandise, and held down other jobs before he began writing and drawing stories for Western Printing and Lithographing Company (which produced comic books for publication by another company, Dell) in the early 1940s. At that time, Western produced many comic books for small children, most of them edited by Oskar Lebeck. Lebeck ruled with a light hand, and cartoonists like Walt Kelly, Dan Noonan, Morris Gollub, and, of course, John Stanley did charming and funny work for him. It was Lebeck who assigned Stanley to *Little Lulu*. “I’m sure it was due to no special form of brilliance he thought I’d lend to it,” Stanley told Don Phelps. “It could have been



handed to Dan Noonan, Kelly, or anyone else. I just happened to be available at the time.”

To say that Stanley “wrote” *Little Lulu* is actually a little deceptive, since he was responsible for more than the plots and the dialogue. He sketched each story in rough form, so that he controlled the staging within each panel and the appearance and the attitudes of the characters. The finished drawings were made by other cartoonists (the three later stories in this book were illustrated by Irving Tripp). Stanley himself disliked the published drawings—“too static for me”—but in fact, the “static” style seems appropriate for such highly stylized characters.

Like the panel cartoons, Stanley’s stories had a strong flavor of the 1930s. Most obviously, the children—especially the boys—dressed in styles of that decade (knickers, shorts, and so on). Lulu’s home town was not suburban, but looked like an eastern city of the Depression years: small, plain houses, with tiny yards or none at all (many front doors opened directly onto the sidewalk). Families were small—one or two children—and the parents usually middle-aged or close to it. Like the *Archie* stories, whose trappings were similarly dated, Stanley’s *Lulu* stories remained frozen in time, with only a few concessions to postwar changes. The anachronisms seem never to have been bothered *Little Lulu’s* readers.

At first, Stanley’s conception of Lulu herself owed quite a bit to Marge’s. But Stanley’s Lulu was not so much mischievous as single-minded. She had a very clear idea of what was important to *her*, and she wasn’t distracted by irrelevancies like what adults thought was important. Children are, after all, very serious about their own concerns, and Stanley’s stories abound in collisions between adults and children all of whom are behaving reasonably—on their own terms.

For the first few years, Stanley worked mainly with Lulu herself and her friend Tubby (who was, like Lulu, inherited from the magazine cartoons). Other children appeared in more or less interchangeable roles until, around 1950, Stanley gave Tubby a group of friends—Willie, Eddie, and Iggy—and a clubhouse, and gave Lulu some other girls to play with, including a buck-toothed gamine named Annie. The rivalry between boys and girls—an element in the series from the start—was magnified by the presence of so many children from both sexes. Lulu herself became a “good little girl” who outsmarted the boys, instead of triumphing through sheer brass as she had in the past. Many of the stories built around the rivalry theme are ingenious and funny, and the best of them spiral upward until the boys



become the victims of a comic catastrophe like the one at the climax of *Five Little Babies*, which follows here.

Stanley found other ideas that could be nursed into comic life and exploited in one story after another. For example, Tubby assumed Lulu's old role as the serenely egocentric child, resenting all adult efforts to deflect him from his course; he played that role brilliantly in a string of stories in which he became "the Spider," a detective wreaking all the havoc necessary to solve a case. (Lulu's father was invariably the culprit—although he was of course no culprit at all by adult standards.)

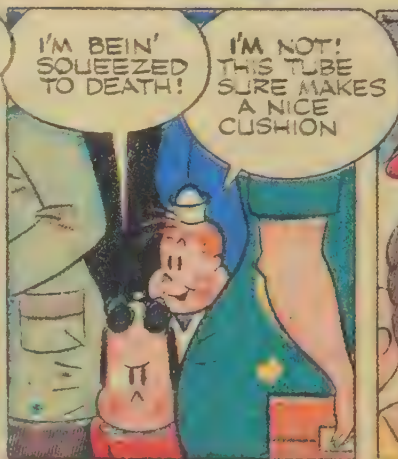
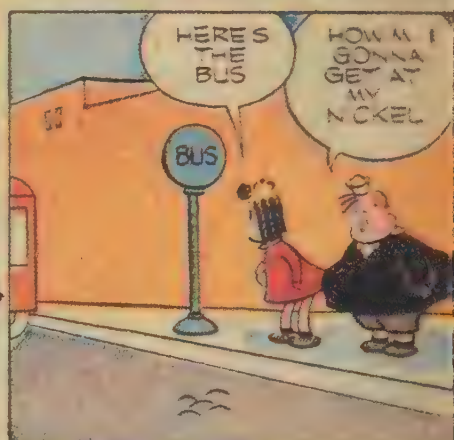
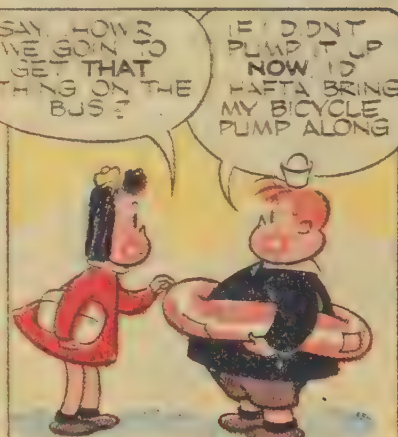
Stanley's most striking departure from the feature he inherited from Marge was in the stories that Lulu told to Alvin, a vicious little next-door neighbor whose personality was not far removed from that of the magazine-cartoon Lulu. Beneath the laughter, Stanley's mock fairy tales could be as strong as real fairy tales. Lulu was the featured player, as well as the narrator, and she often took the part of a cheerful Candide in a world otherwise filled with greedy and stupid people. In *The Little Rich Boy*, a story we have chosen for this book, the fairy-tale Lulu is an ingénue indeed—until she gets rich. Then she takes revenge, with a chilling thoroughness, on the boy who has scorned her love.

While he was writing *Little Lulu*, Stanley contributed scripts to many other Dell comic books, and in the 1960s, after leaving *Lulu*, he both wrote and illustrated a few, like *Melvin Monster*. But he left comic books years ago (his comments on comic books—even his own work—have become rather sour), and he has worked recently for a silk-screening company in upstate New York.

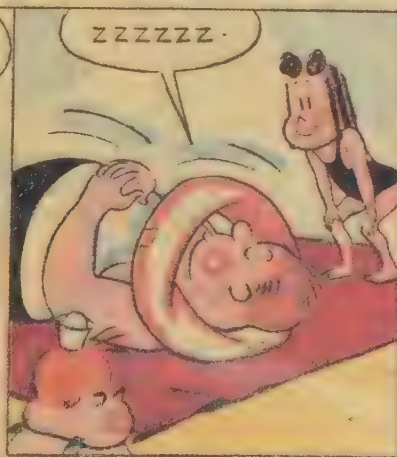
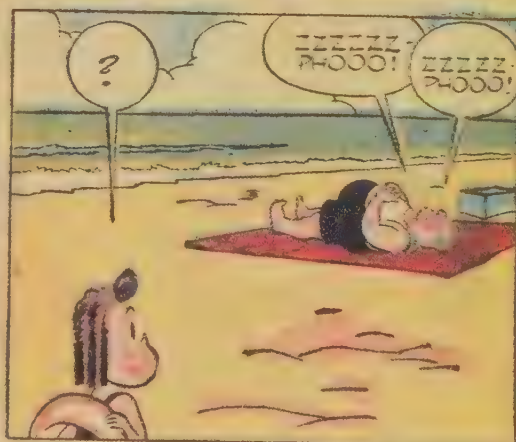
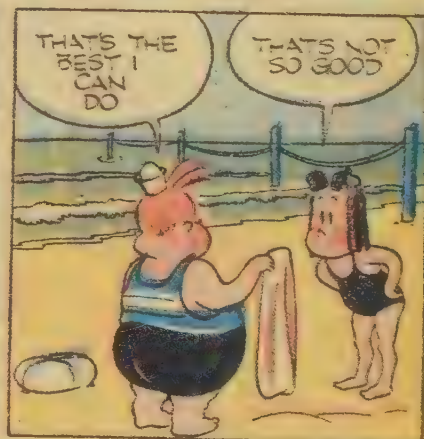
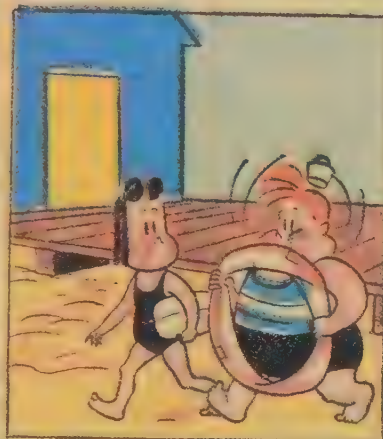
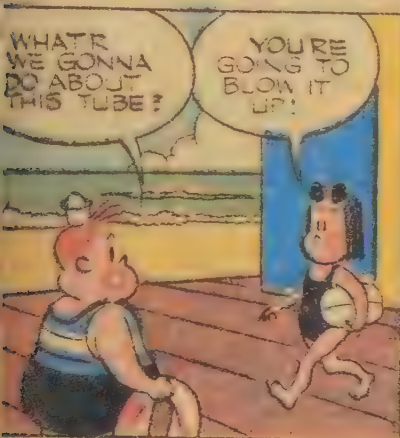
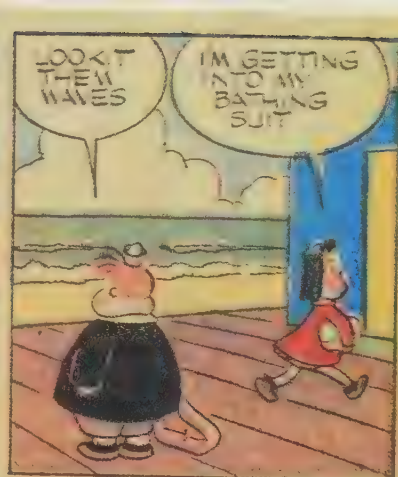
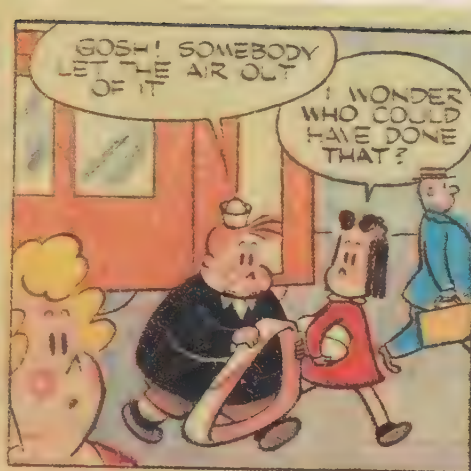
M.B.



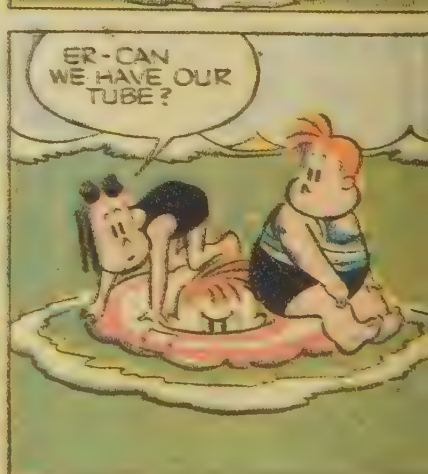
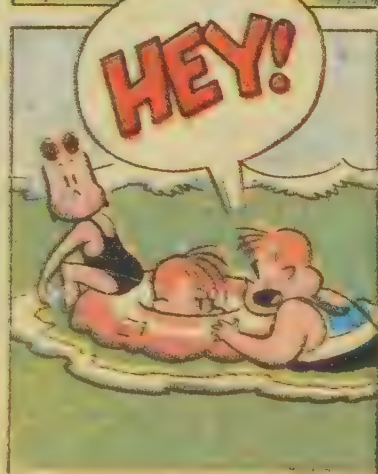
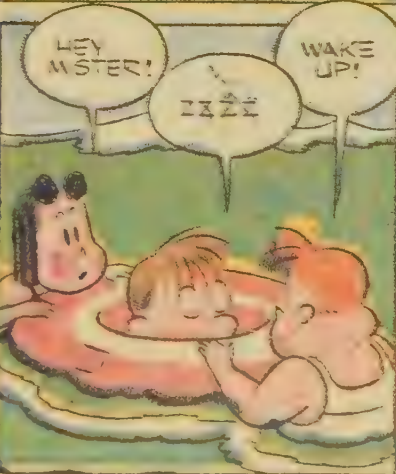
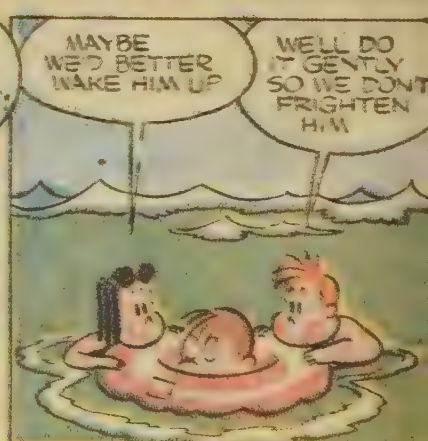
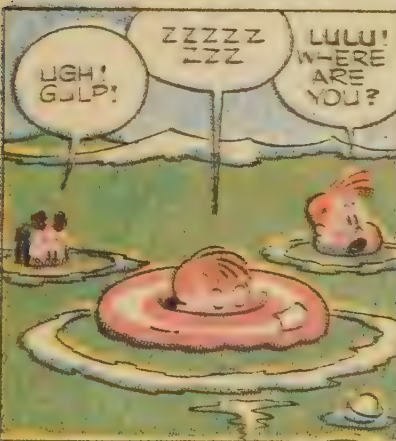
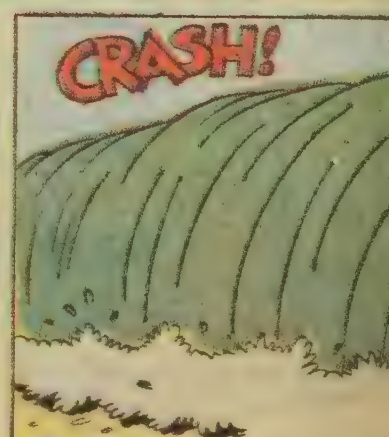
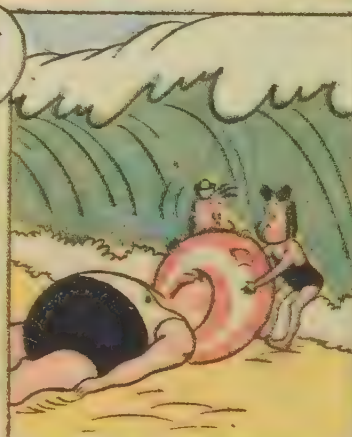
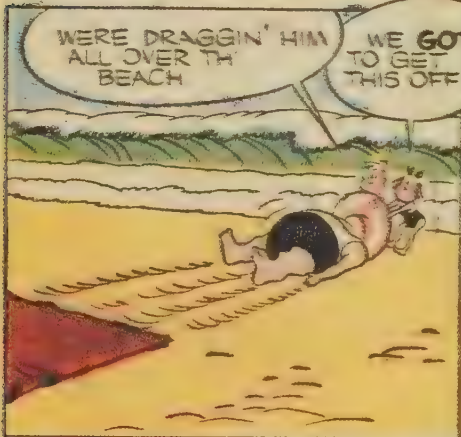
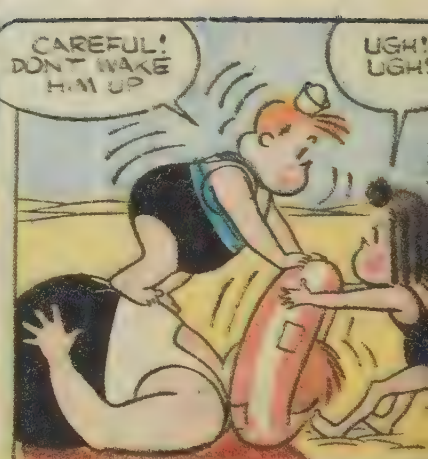
HURRY UP, LULU!  
AREN'T YA  
READY  
YET?



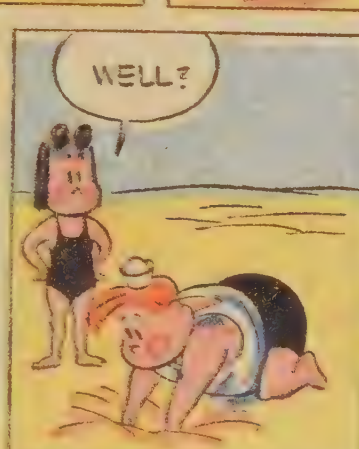
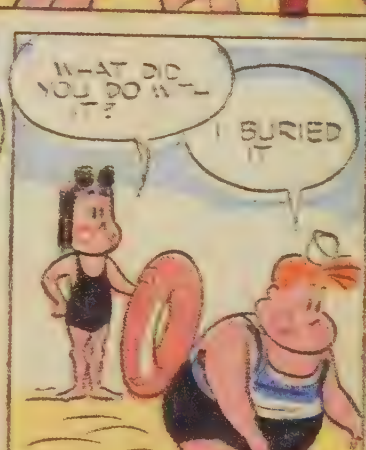
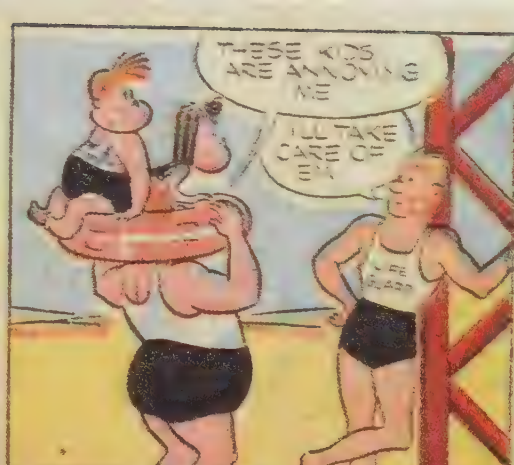




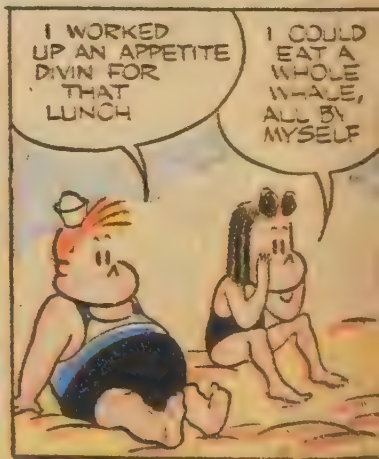
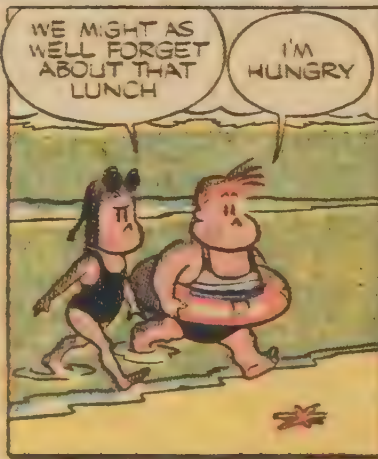
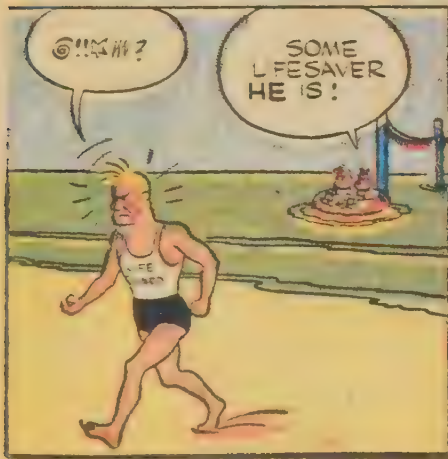
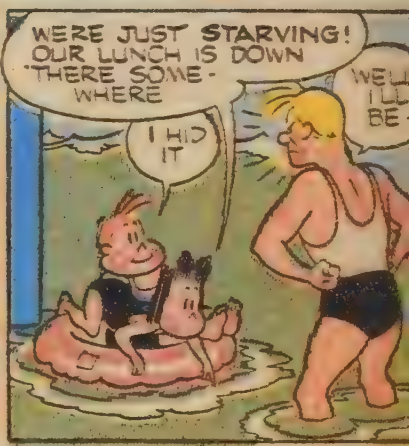
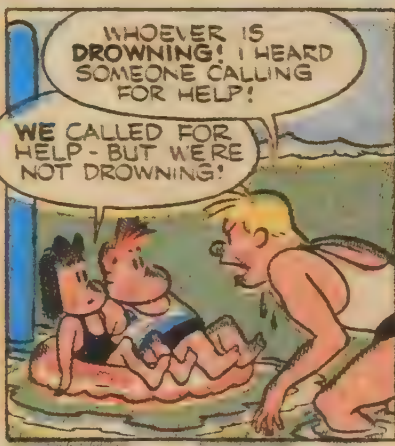
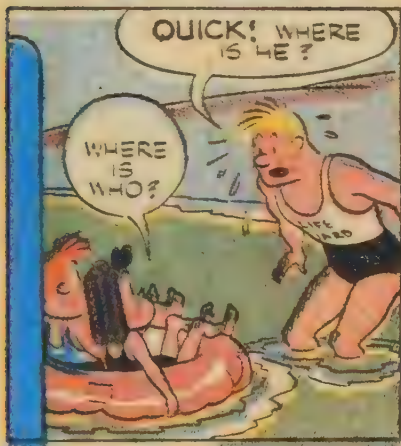
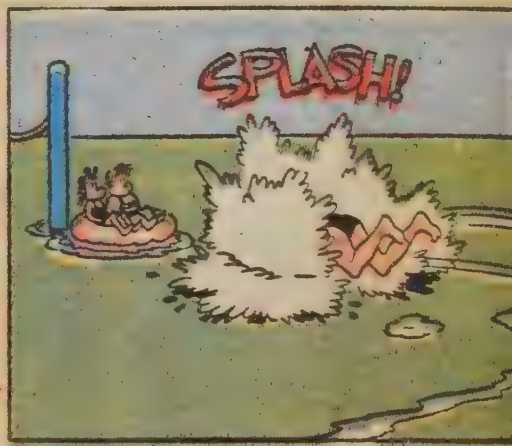
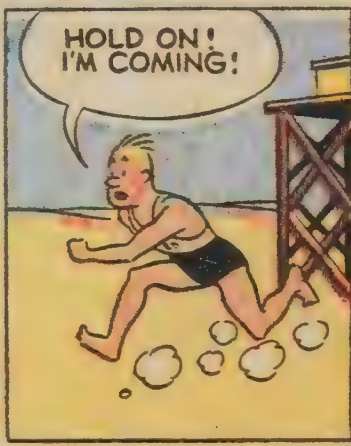
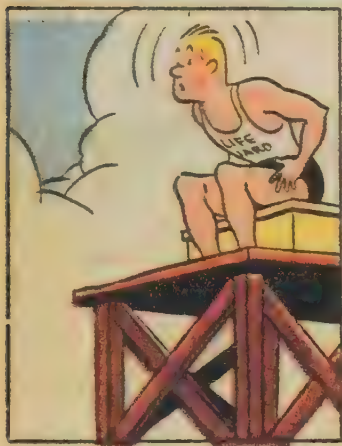
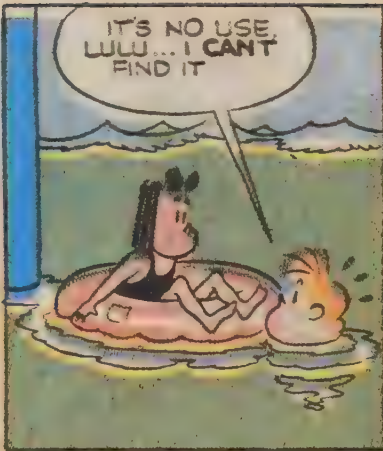




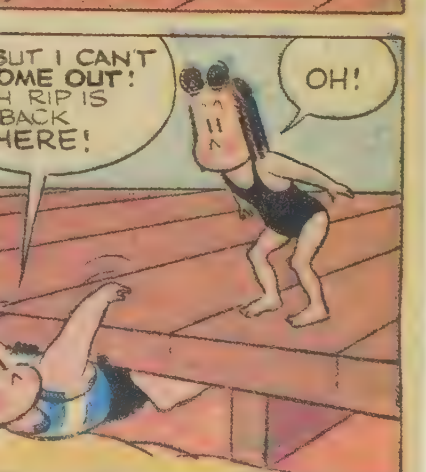
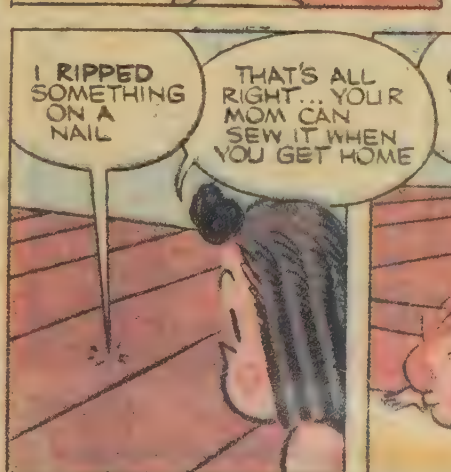
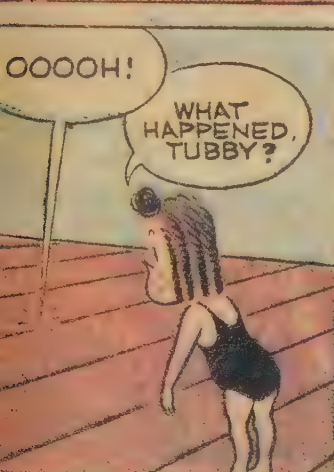
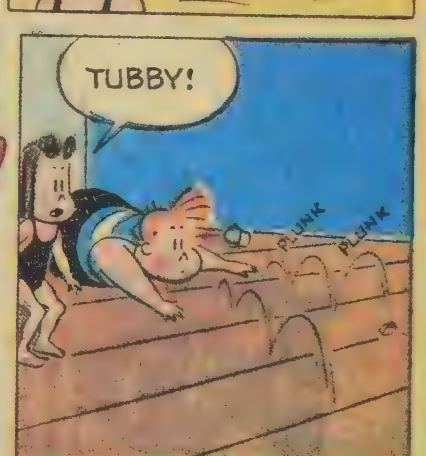
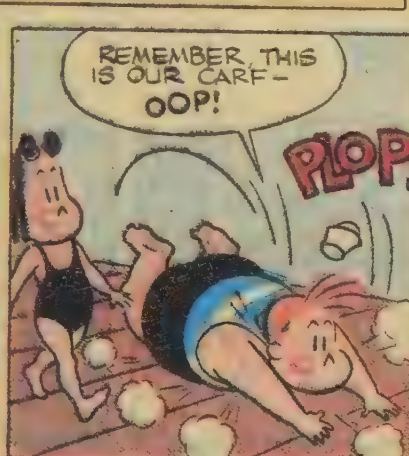
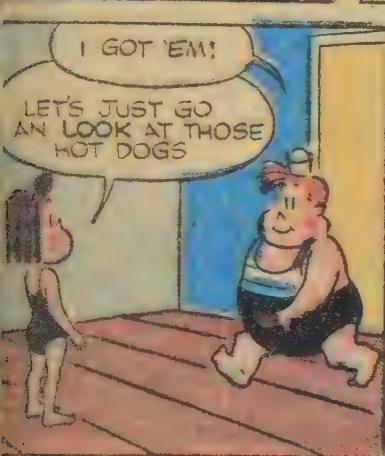
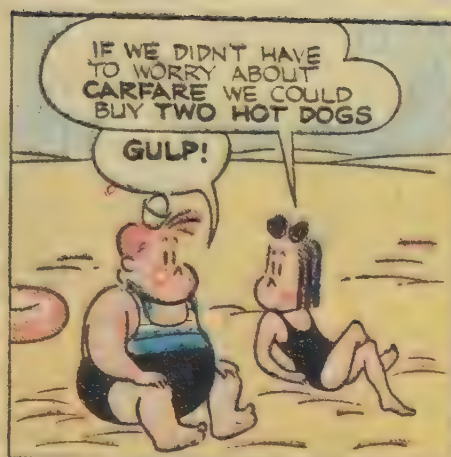




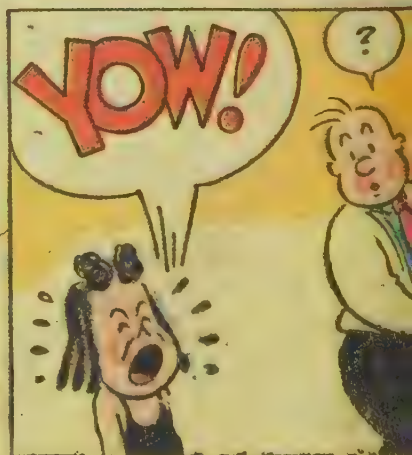
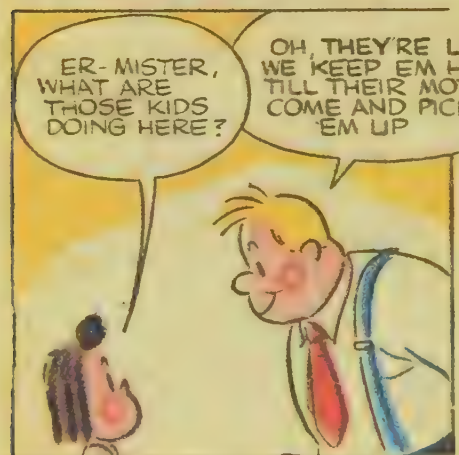
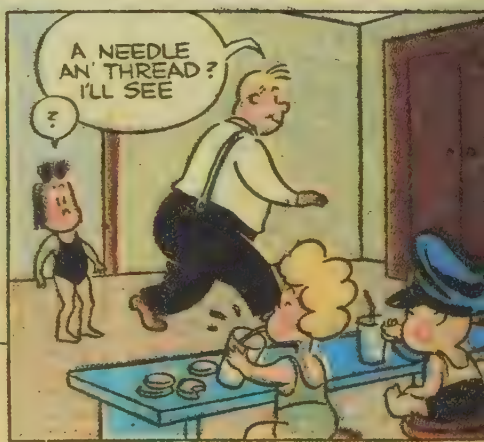
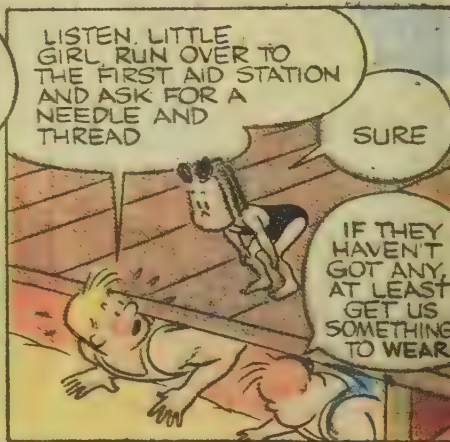
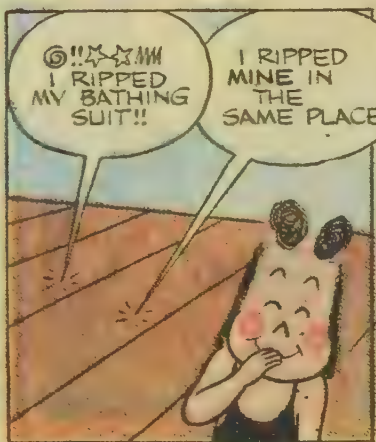
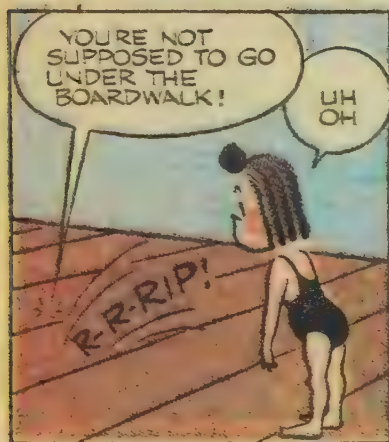
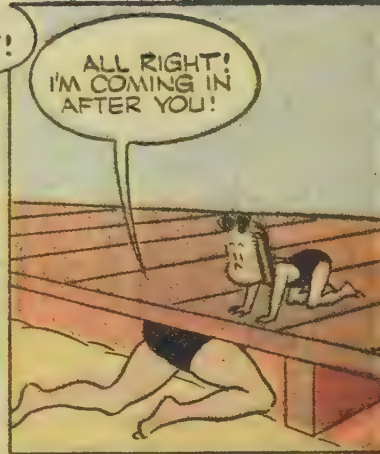
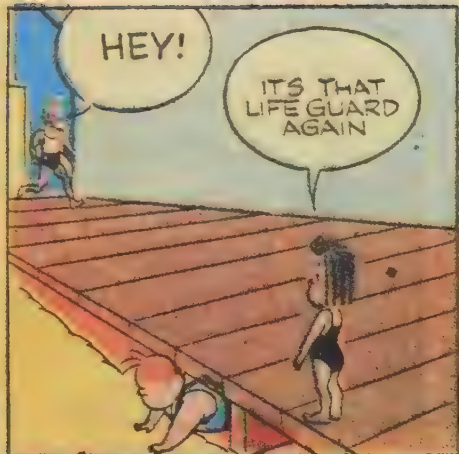




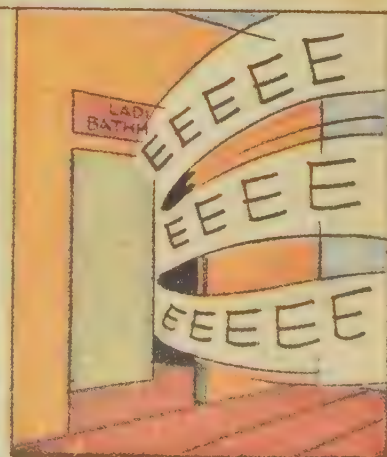
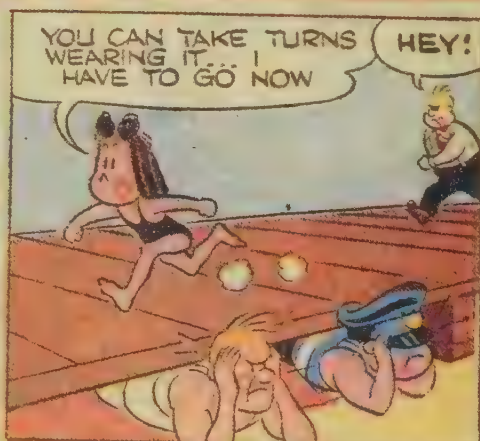
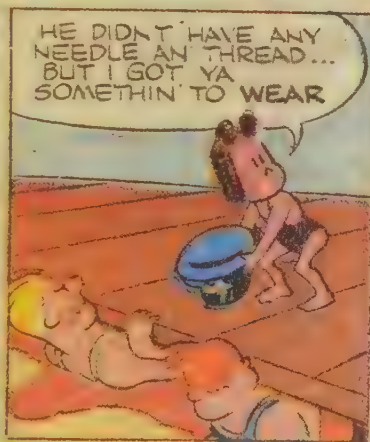
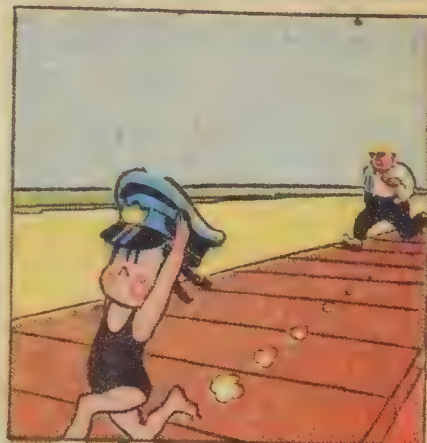
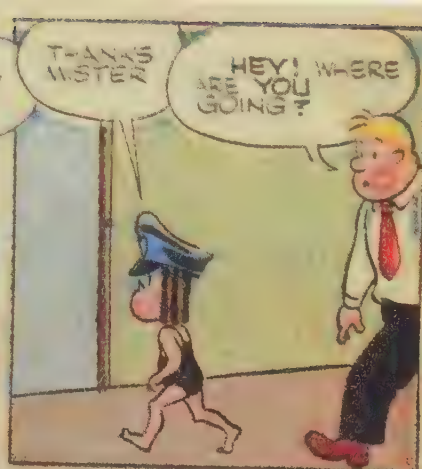
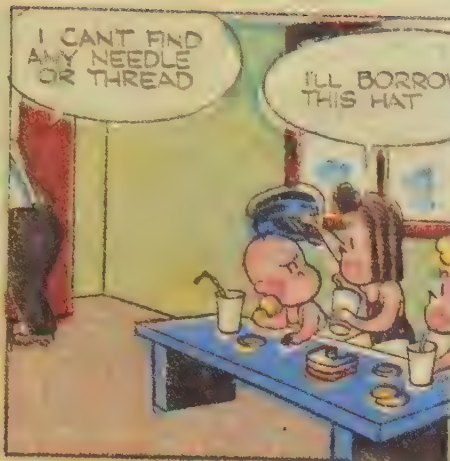




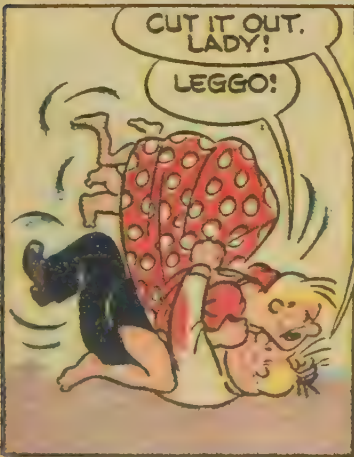
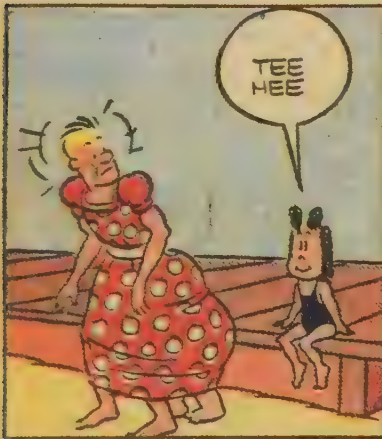
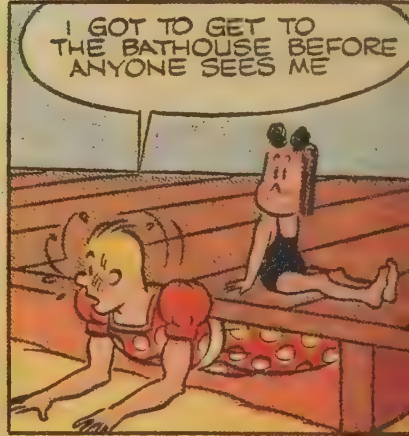
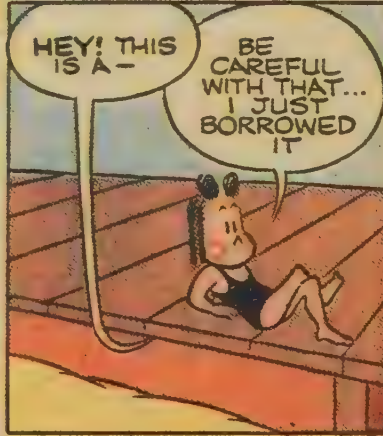
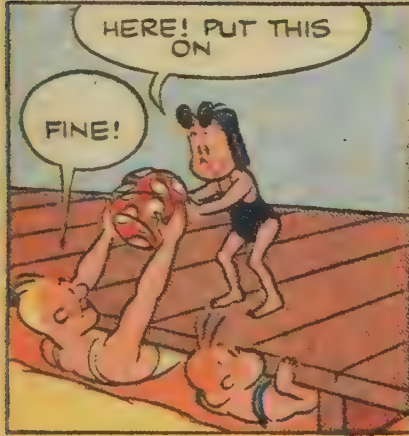
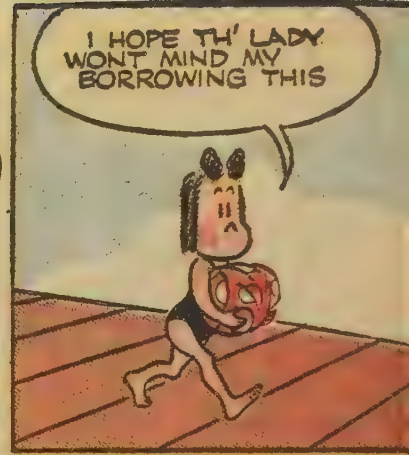
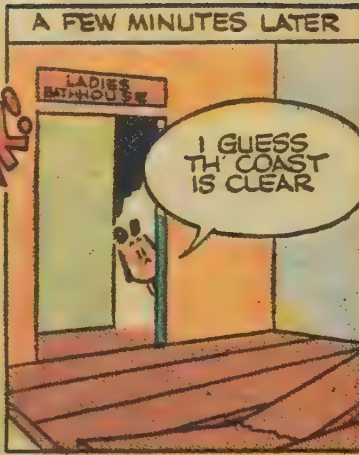
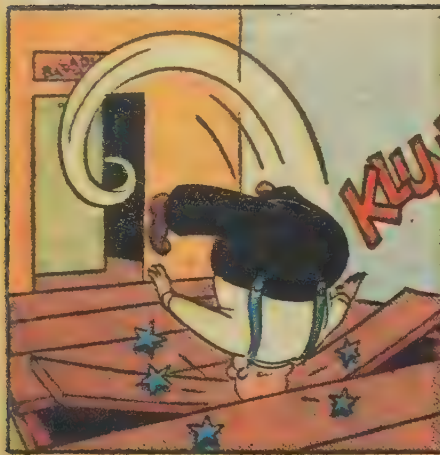




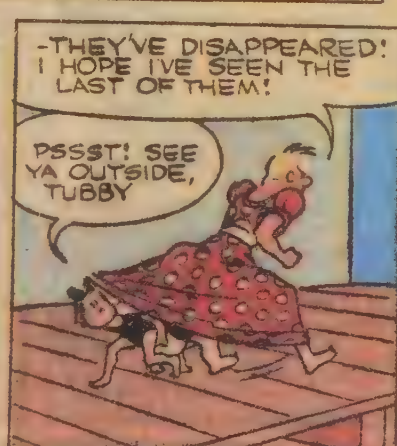
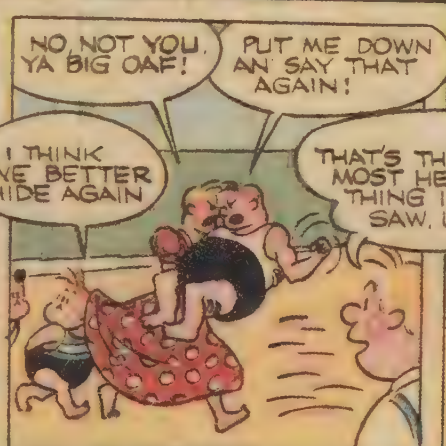














Marge's

# LITTLE LULU

five little babies

HEY, FELLERS, HERE COMES THAT FRESH RICH KID, WILBUR VAN SNOBBE!

SO WHAT?

WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO DO, STAND AT ATTENTION OR SOMETHIN'?

HI, FELLERS!

HI!

**WATCH OUT, FELLERS!!**

HUH?

YOW!

WHAT—?

WATCH OUT YOU DON'T CATCH COLD LYING ON THAT DAMP GROUND!

WISE GUY!

**YOU BETTER WATCH OUT YOU DON'T CATCH A POKE IN THE NOSE, WILBUR!**

**NOT IN FRONT OF GLORIA, FELLERS!**

HELLO, WILBUR!

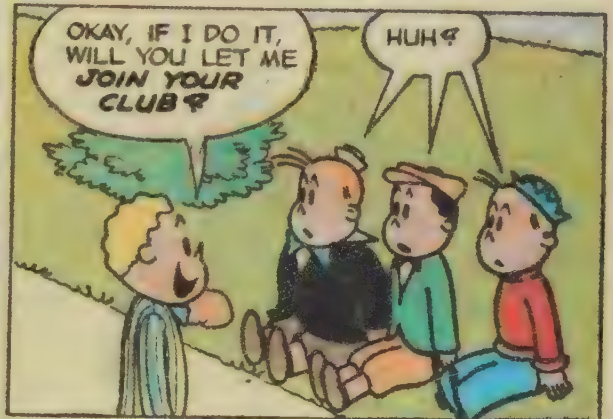
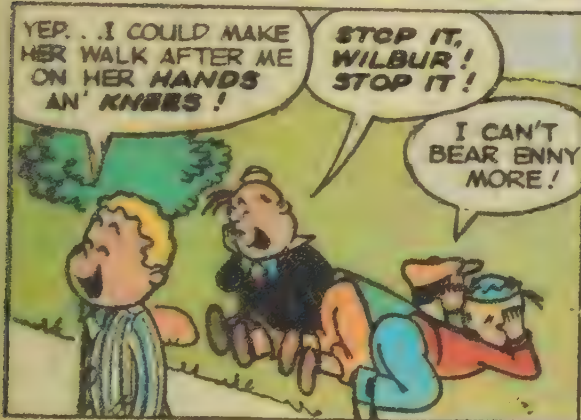
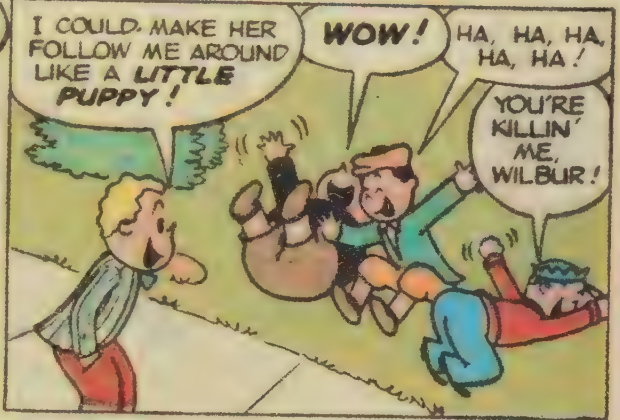
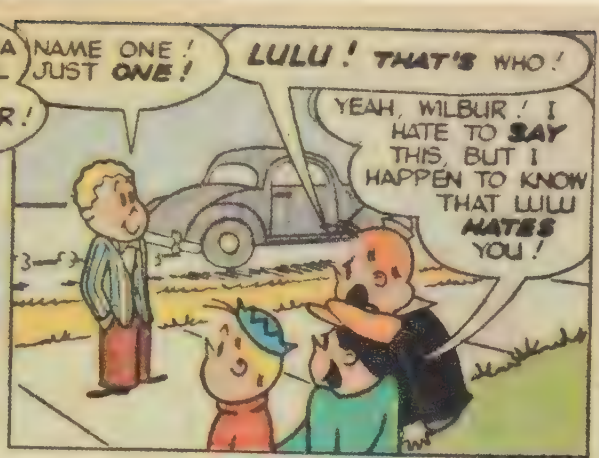
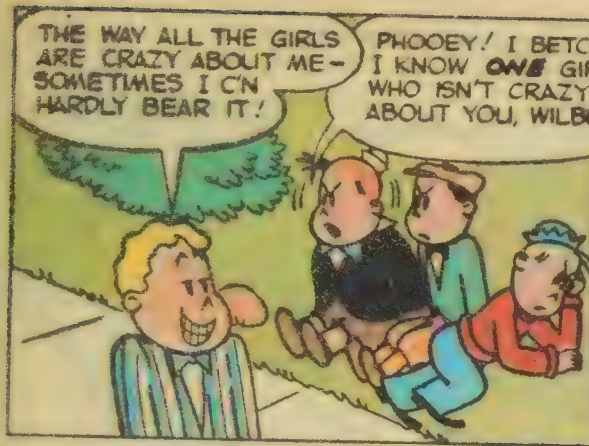
HI, GLORIA!

**HI, GLORIA!!**

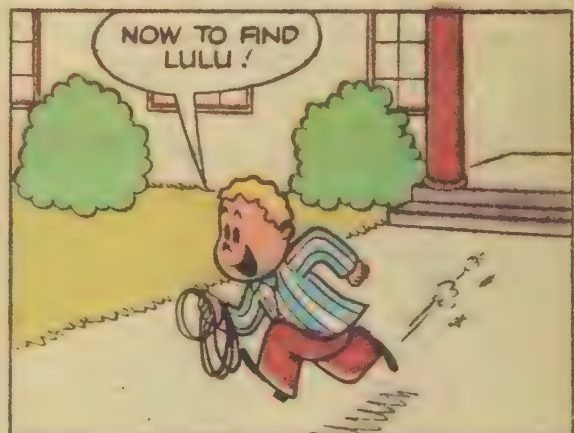
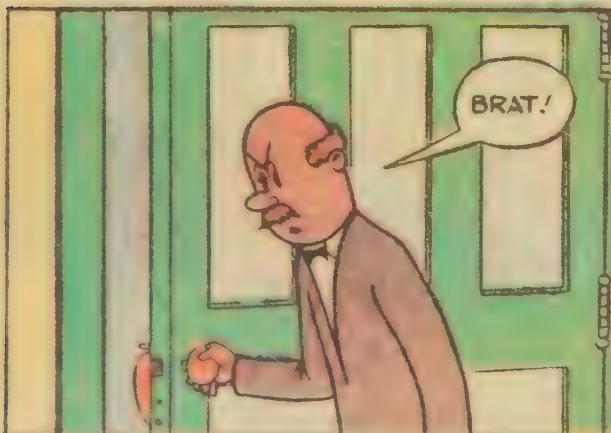
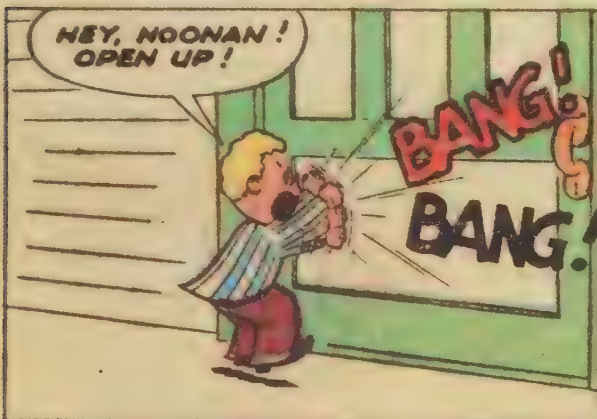
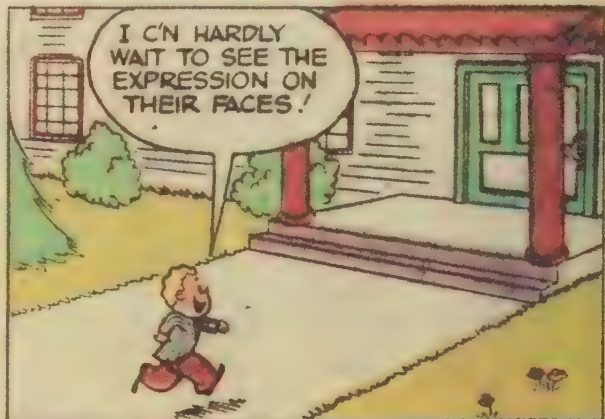
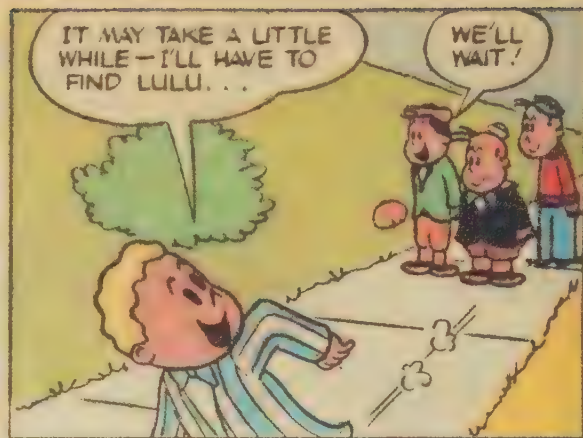
I GUESS YOU FELLERS NOTICED THAT SHE ONLY SAID HELLO TO **ME**!

L.L. #38-519

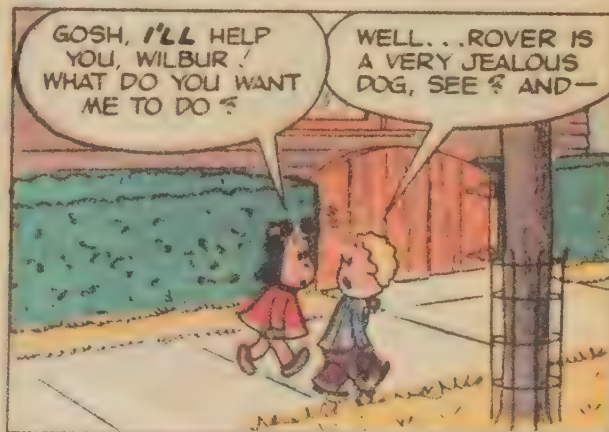
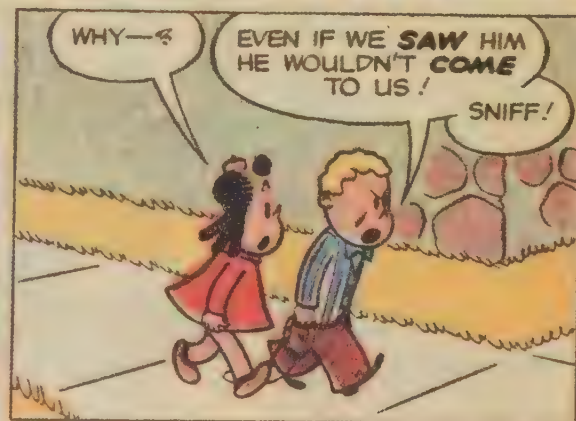
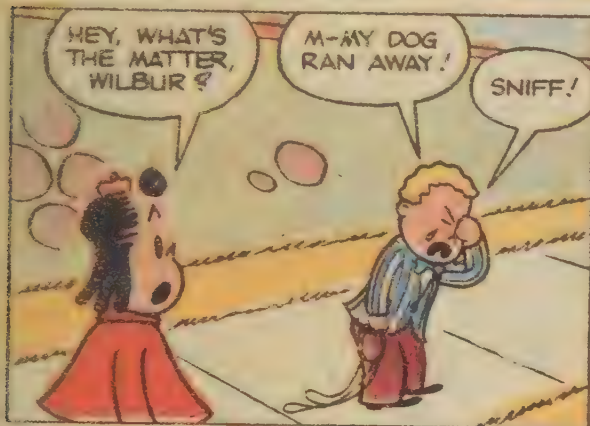
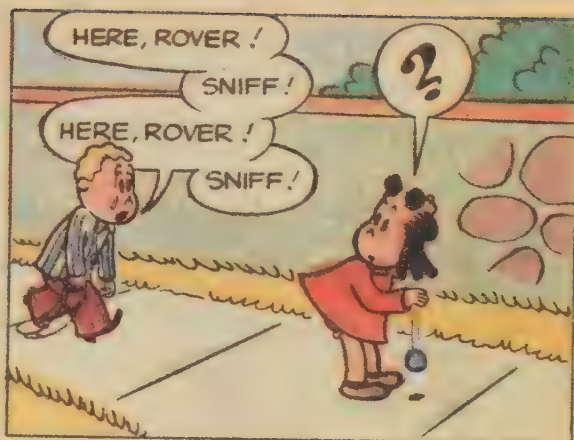
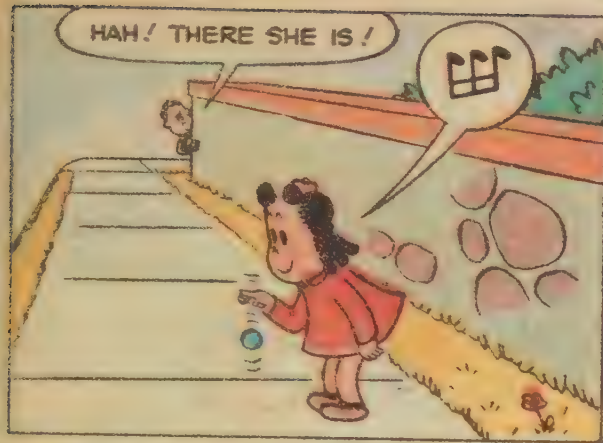




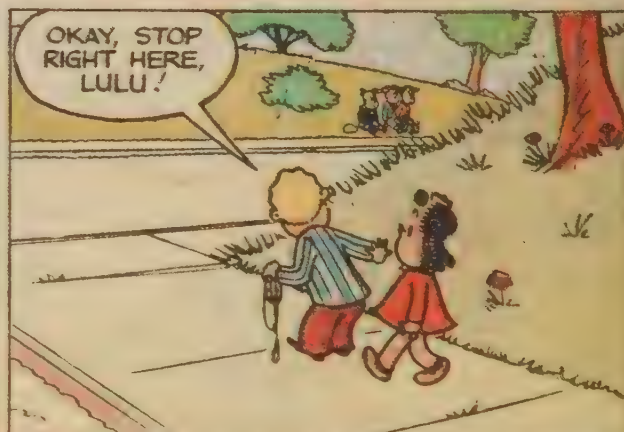
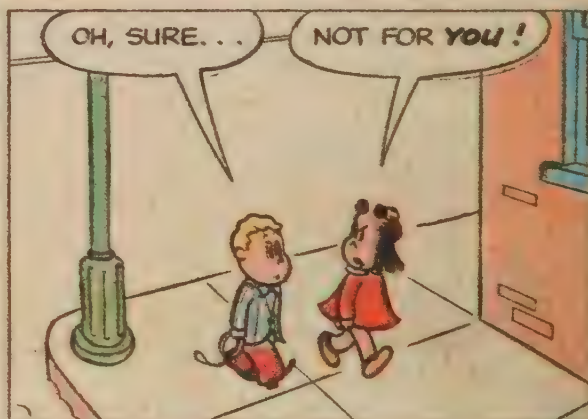
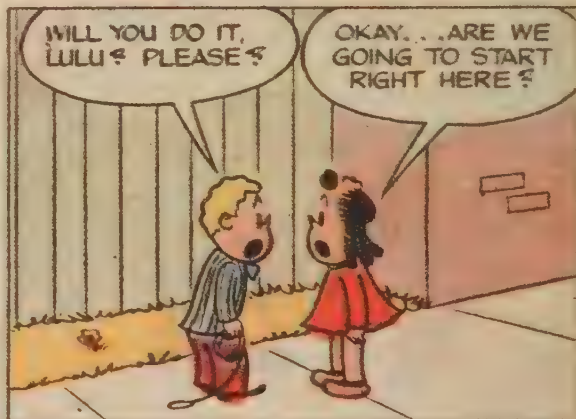
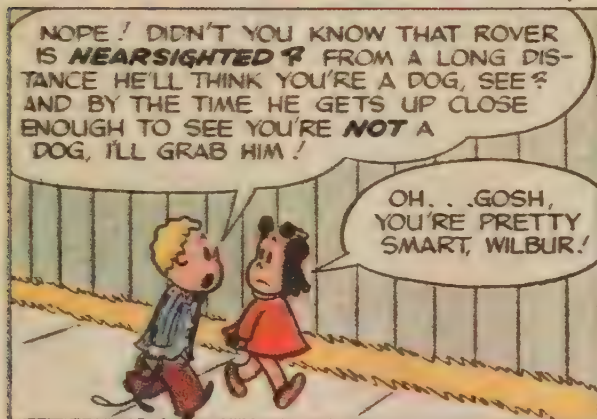




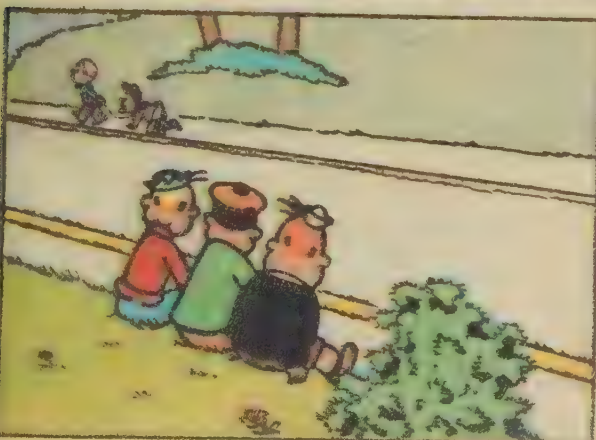
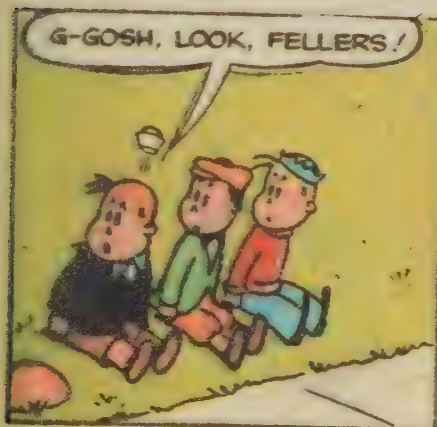
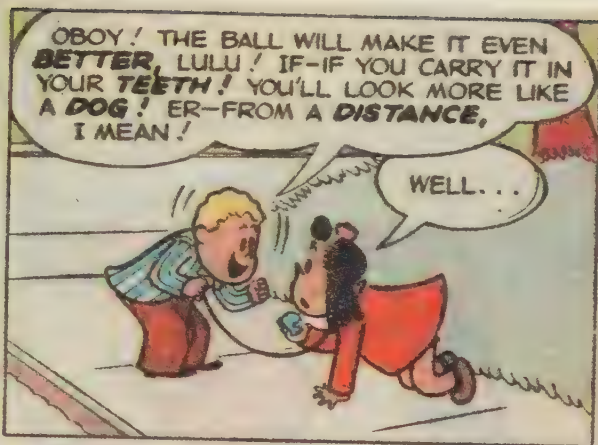




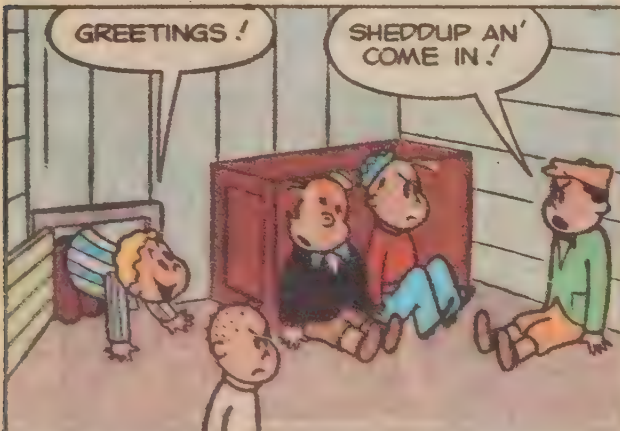
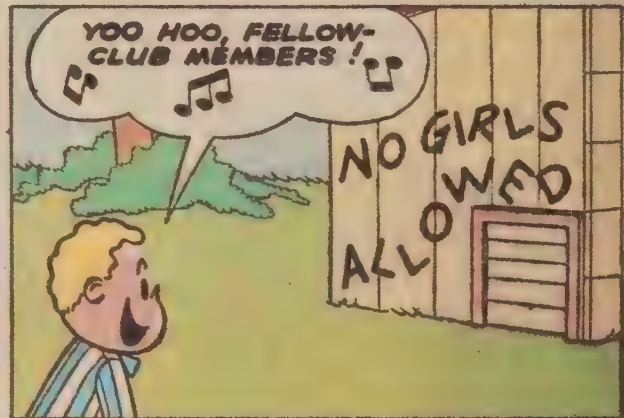
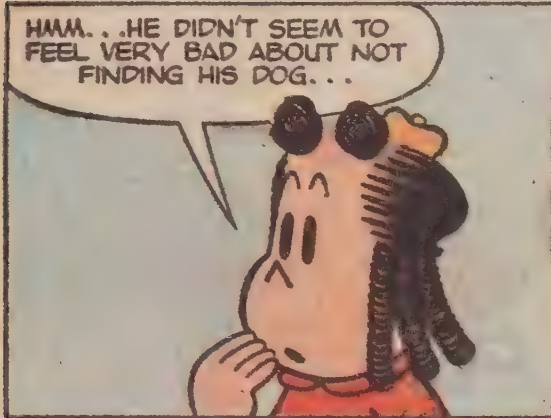
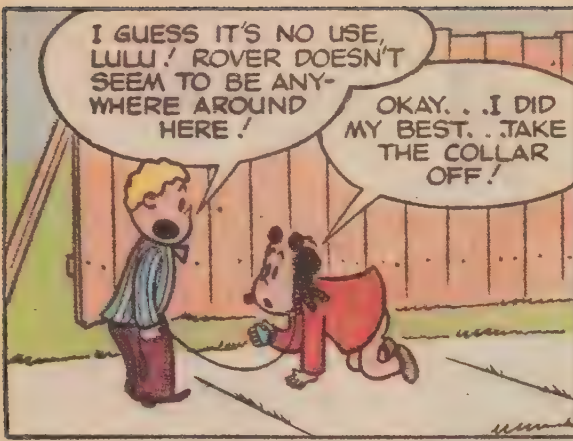




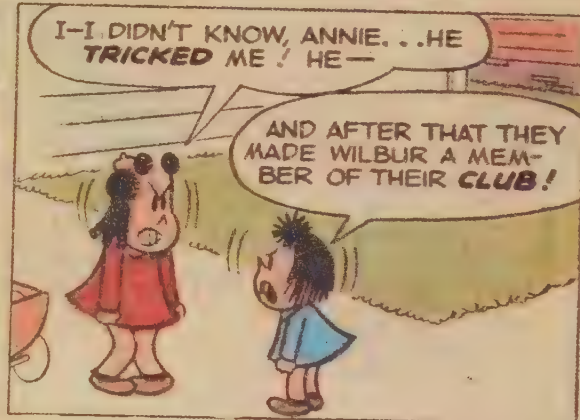
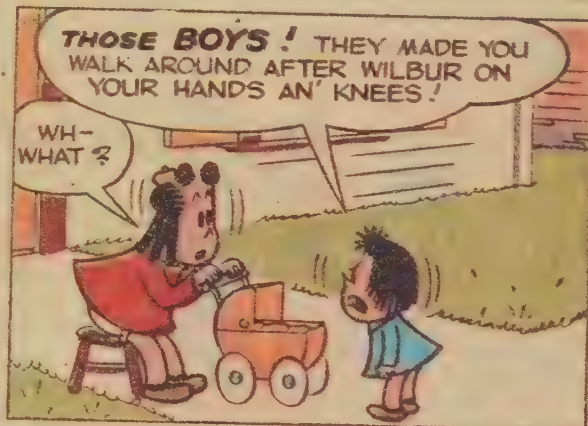
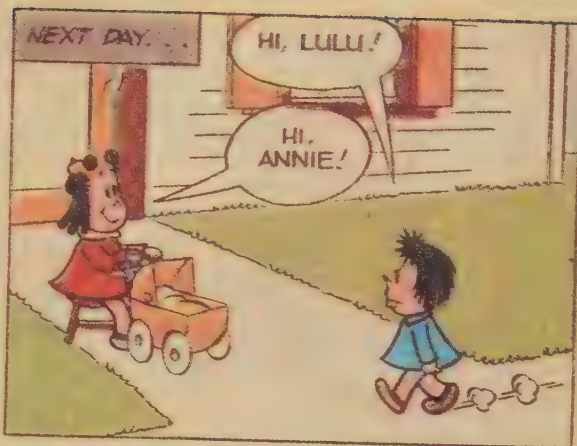
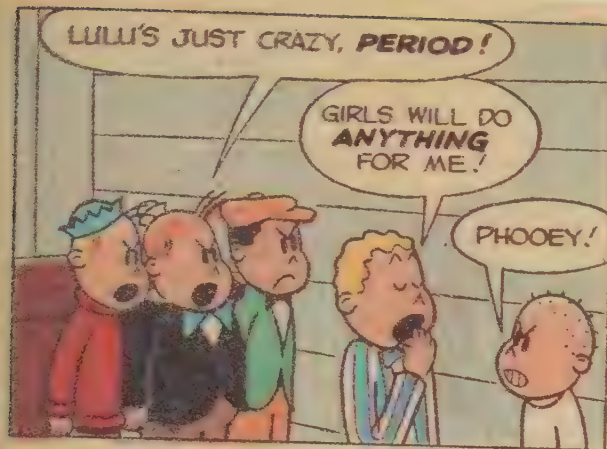




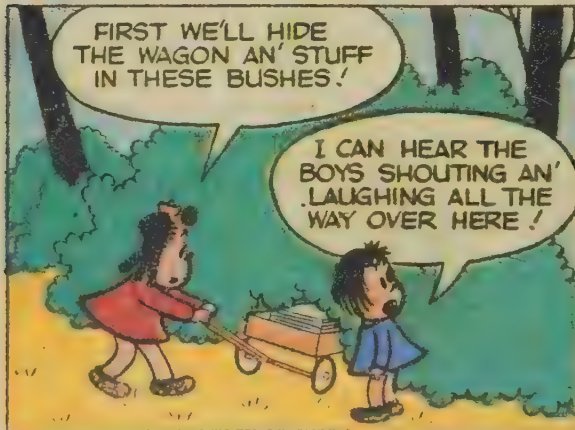
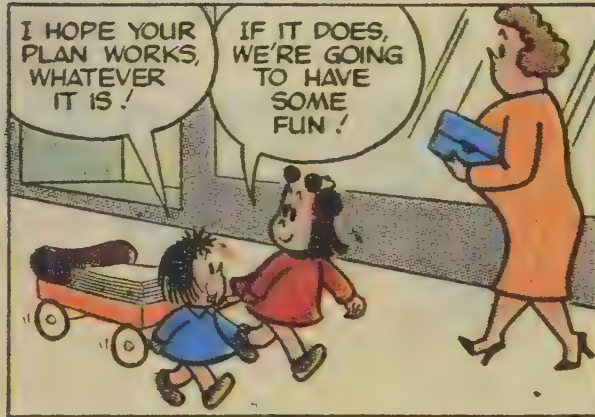
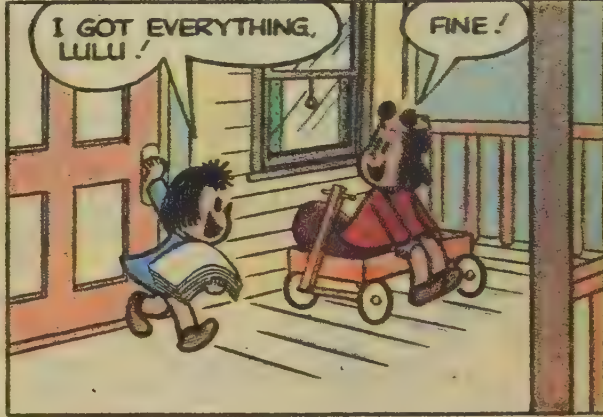
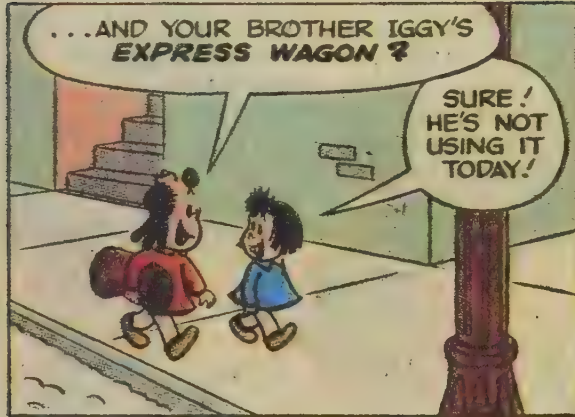
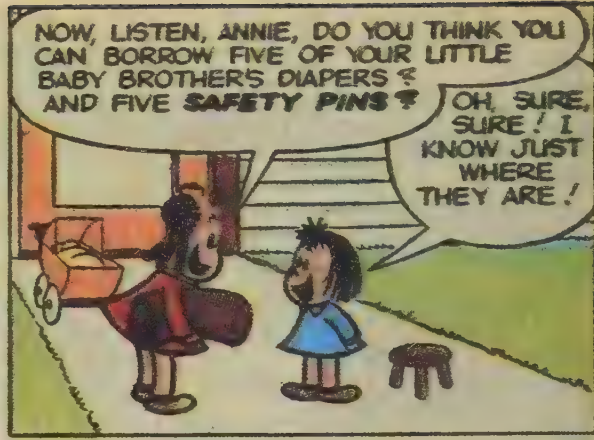




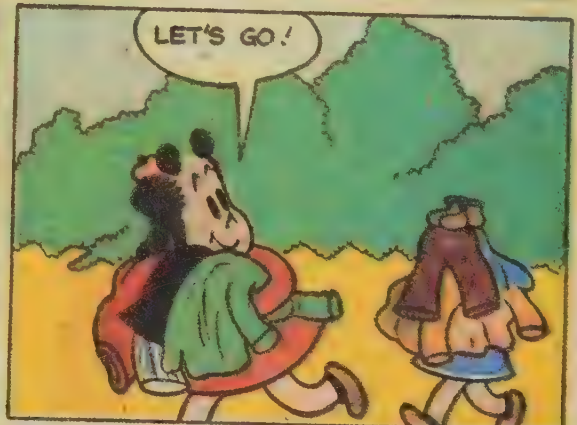
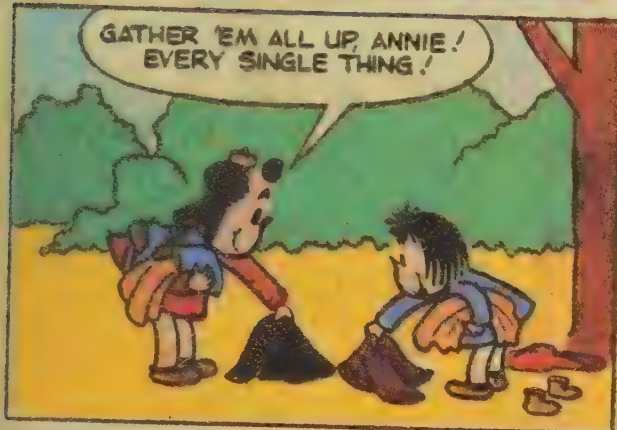
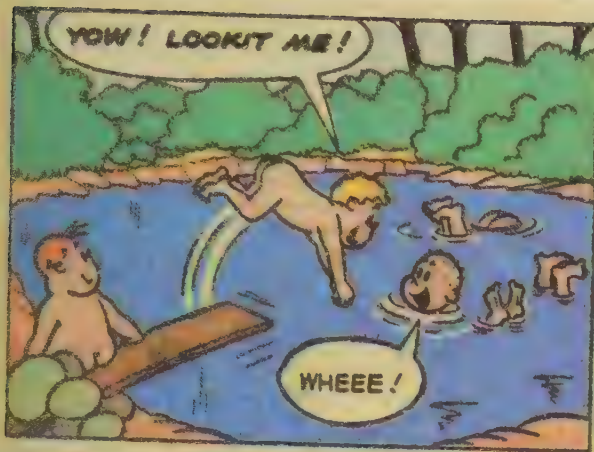




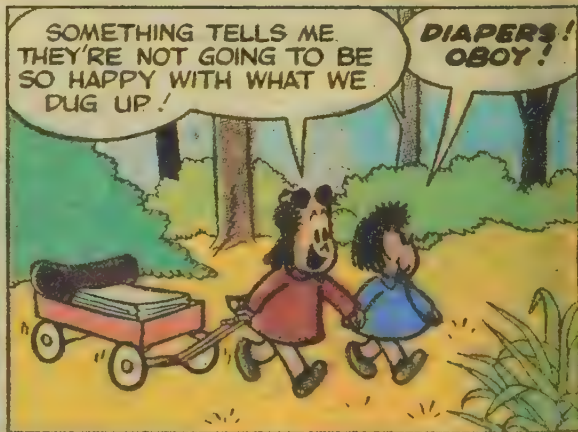
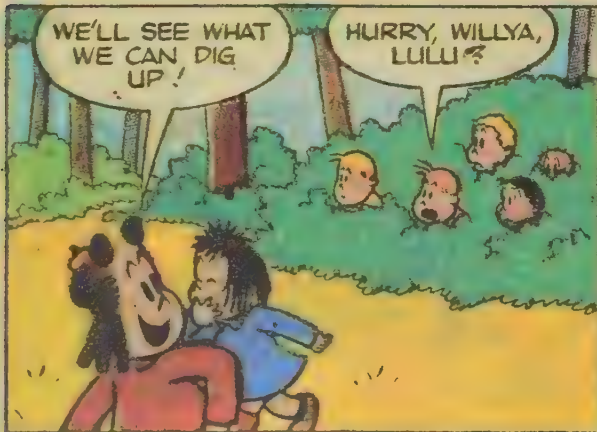
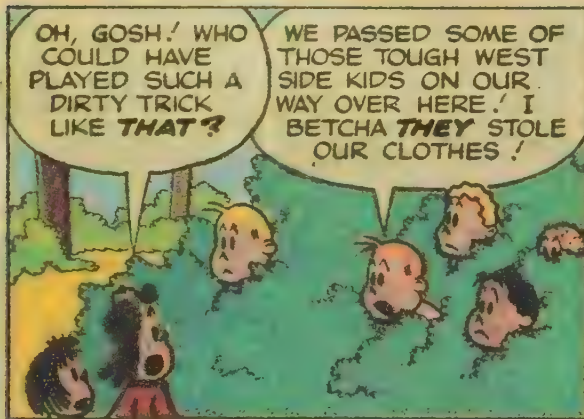
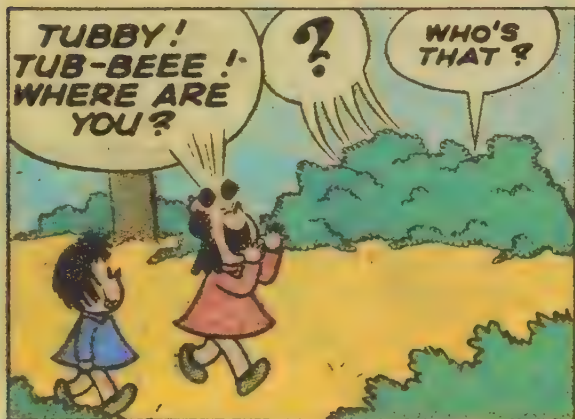




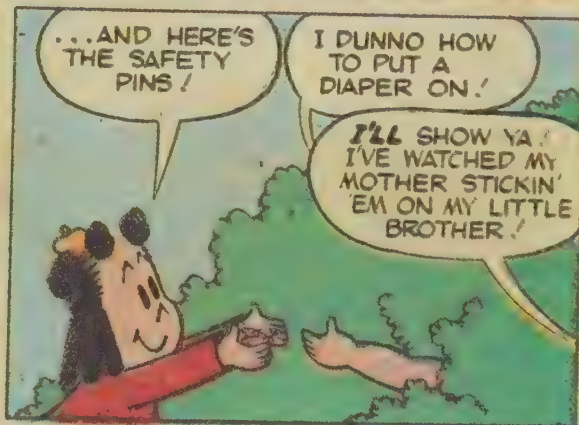
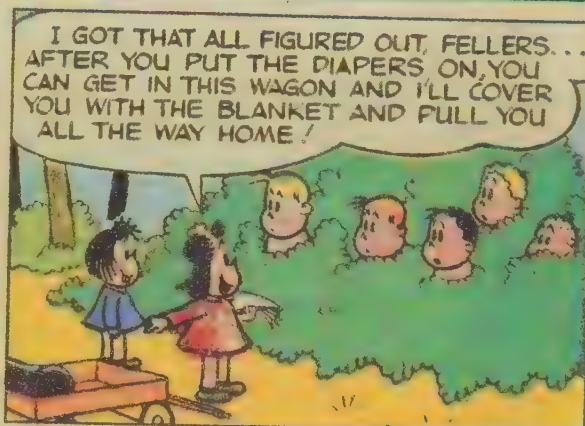
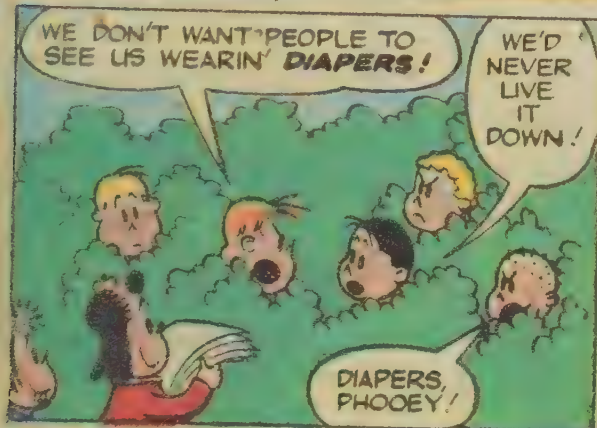
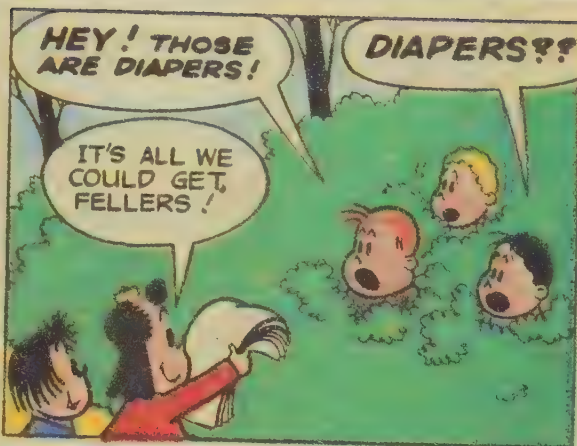
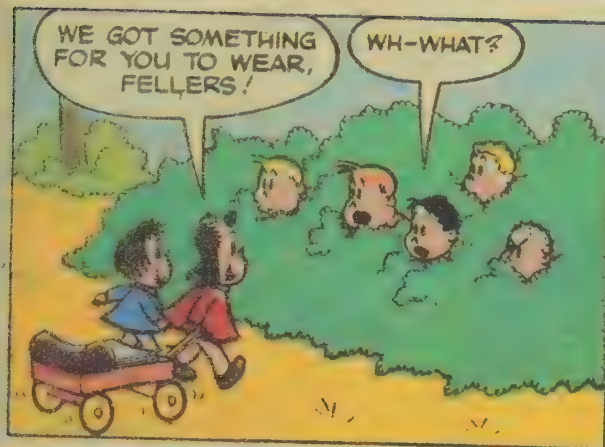




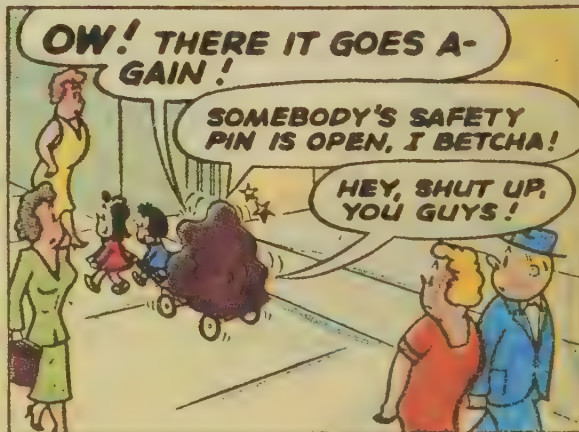
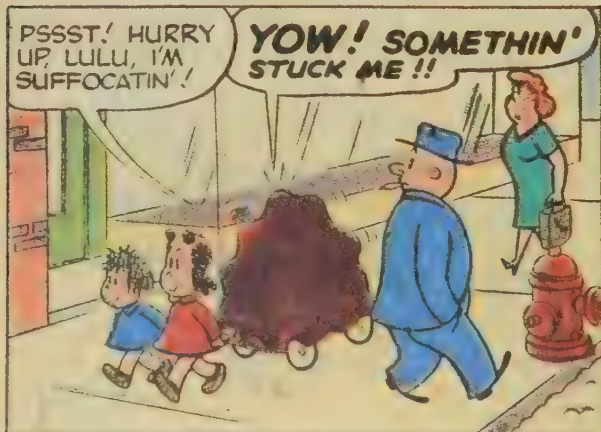
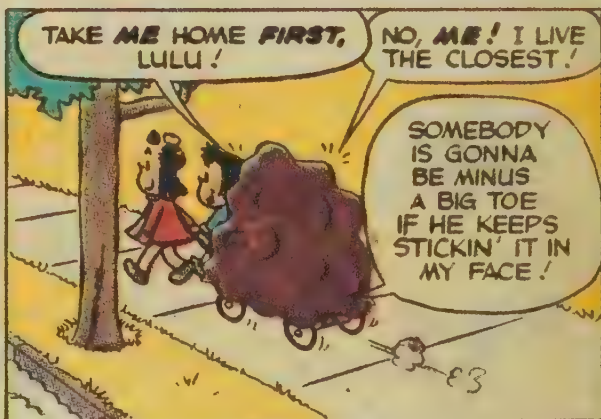
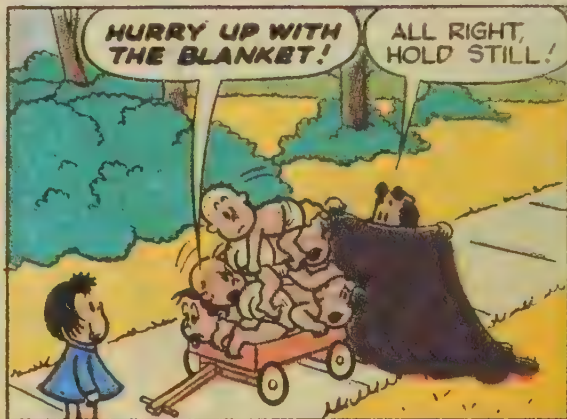
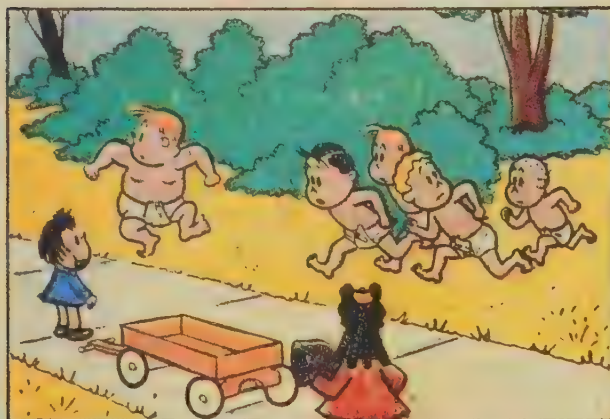




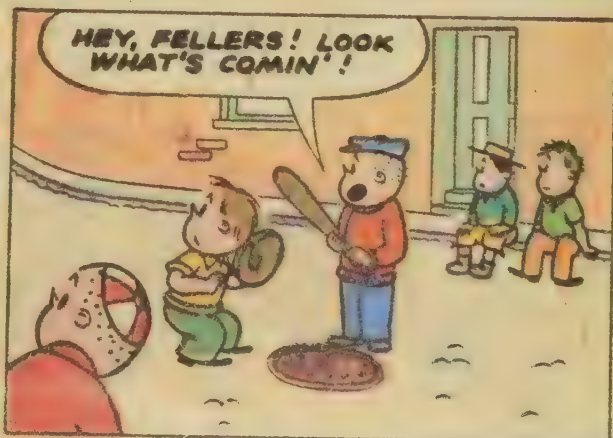
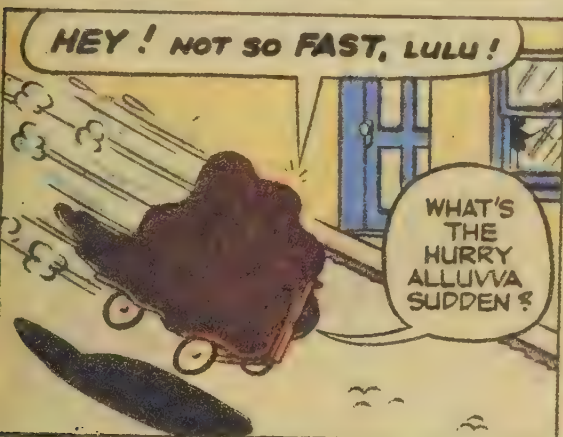
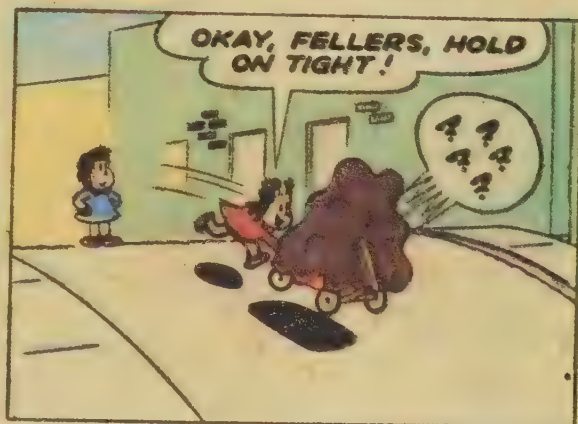
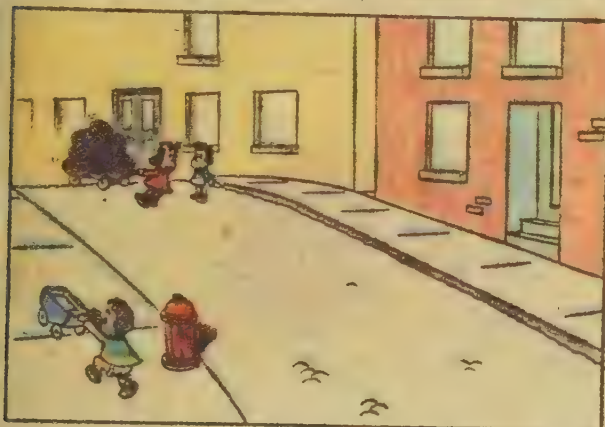
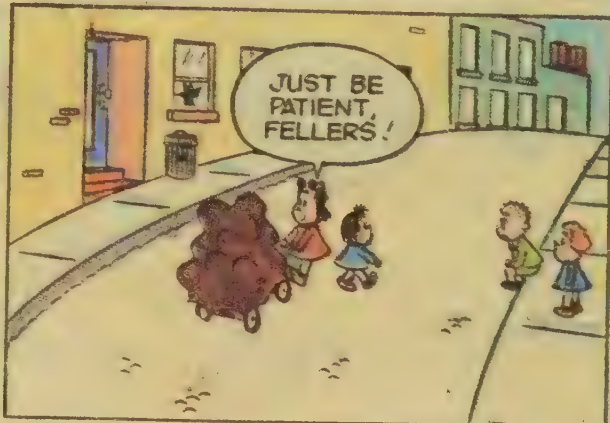
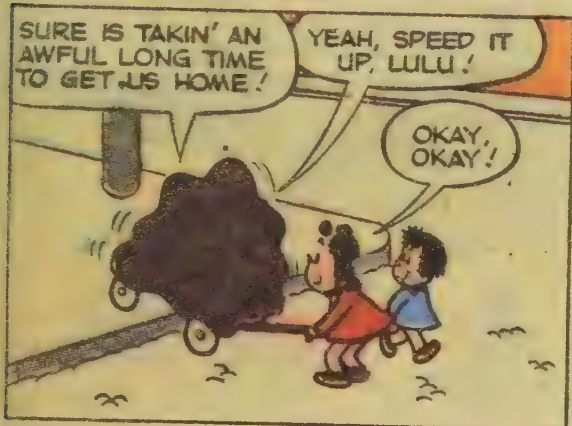
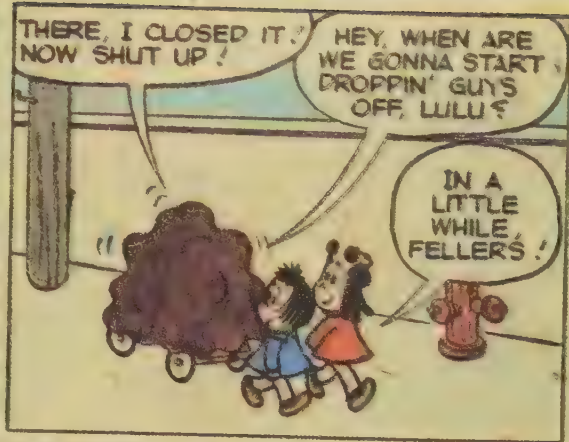
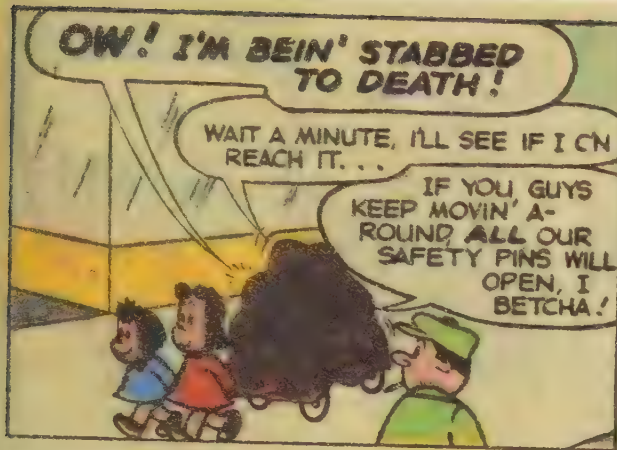




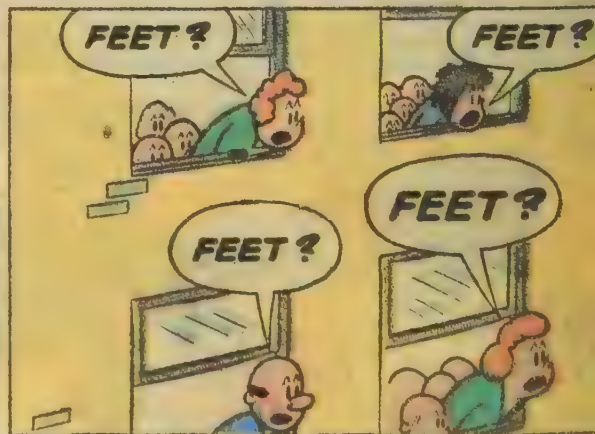
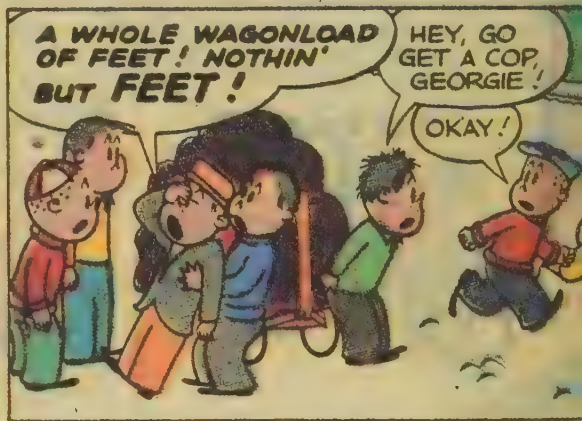
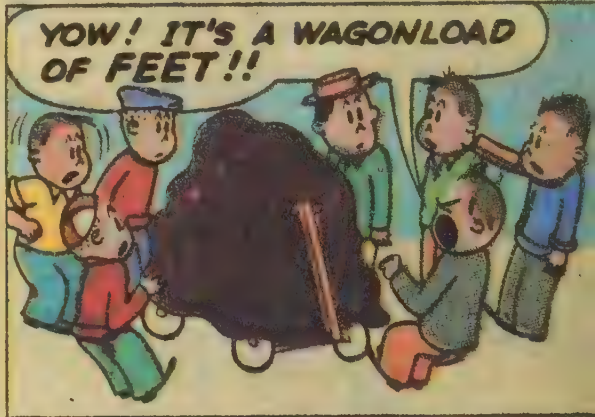
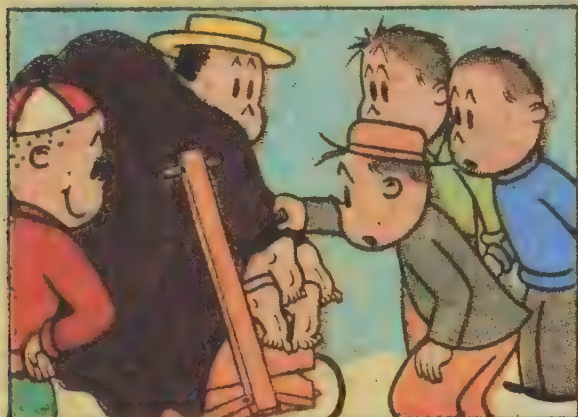
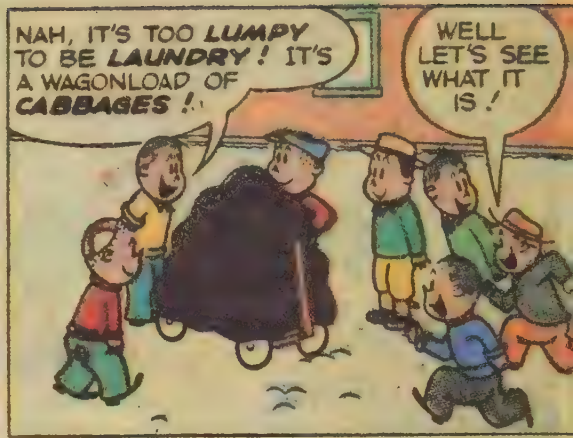




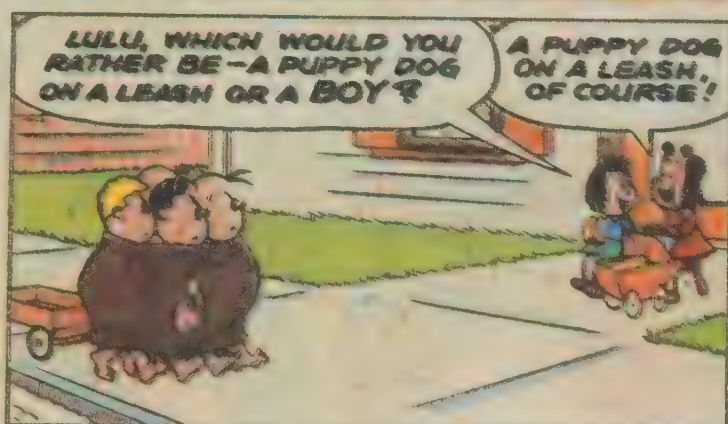
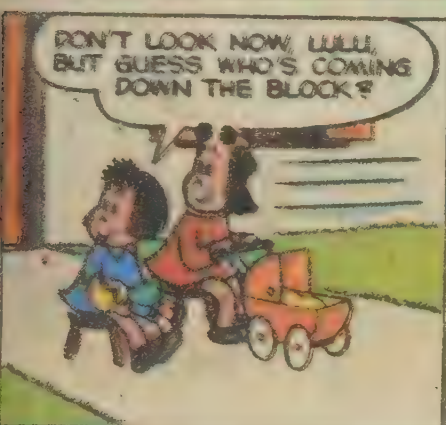
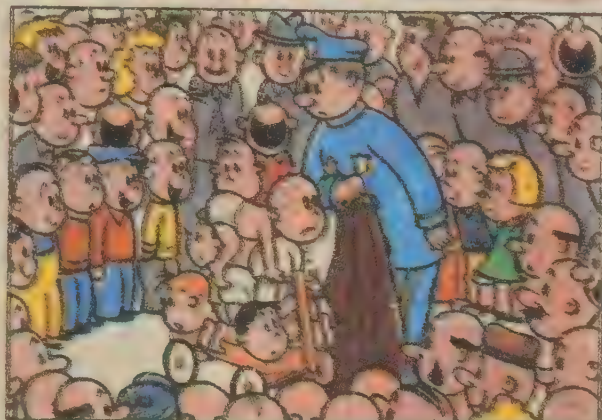
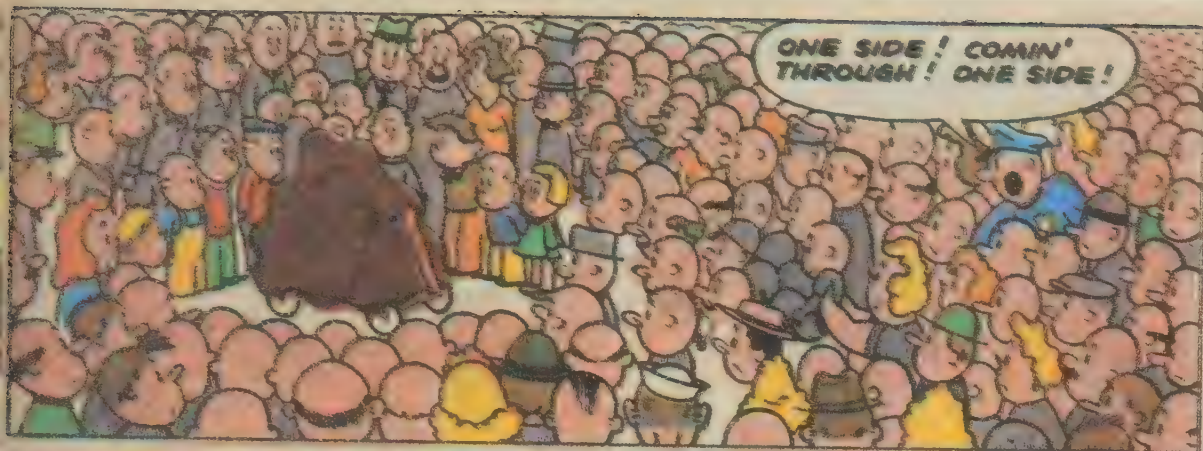




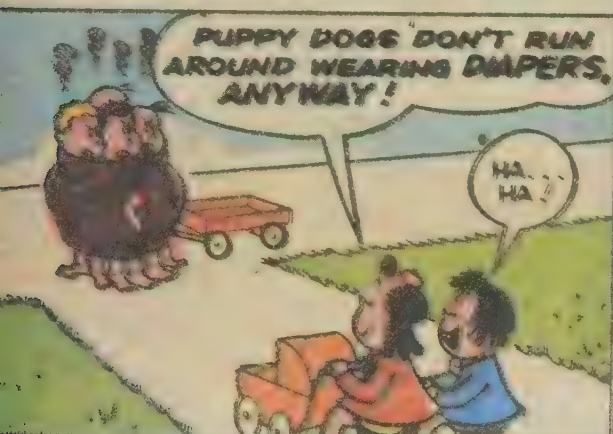




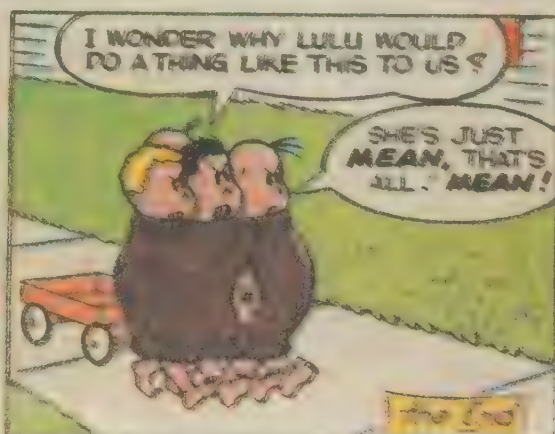




A PUPPY DOG ON A LEASH, OF COURSE!



HA... HA...

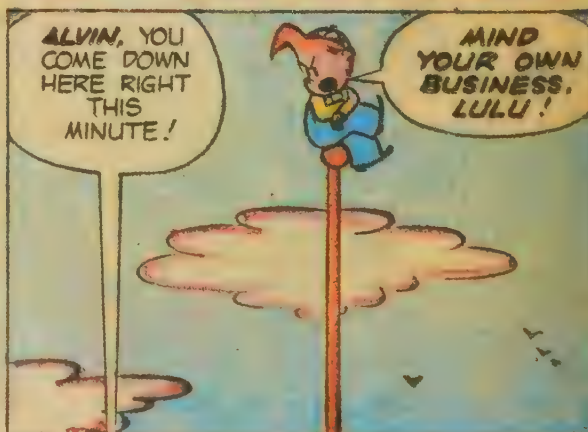
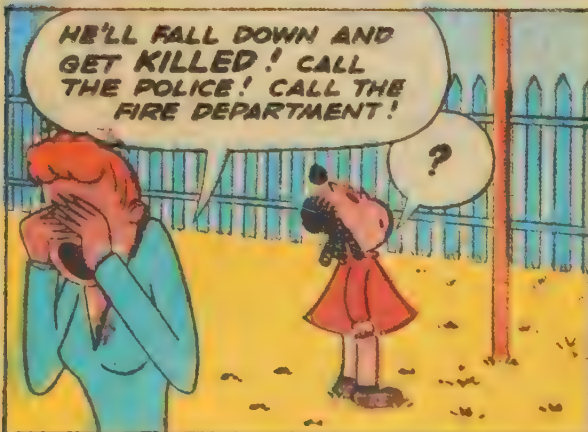
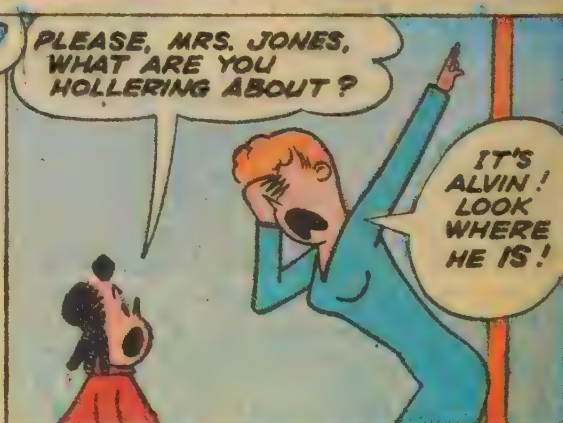
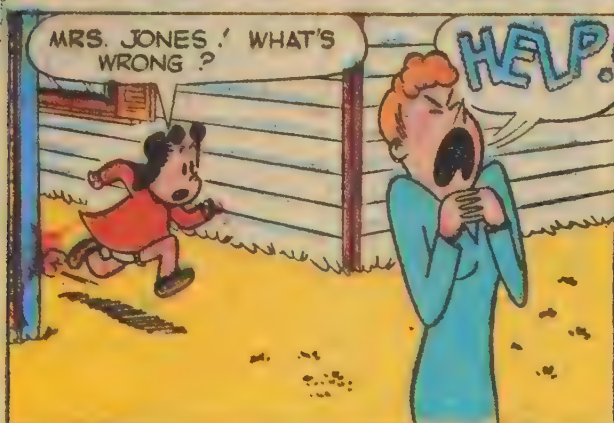
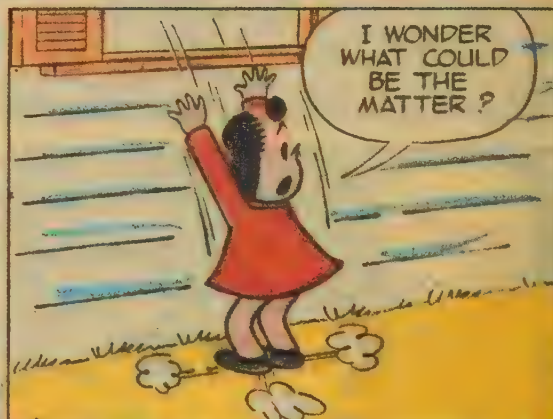
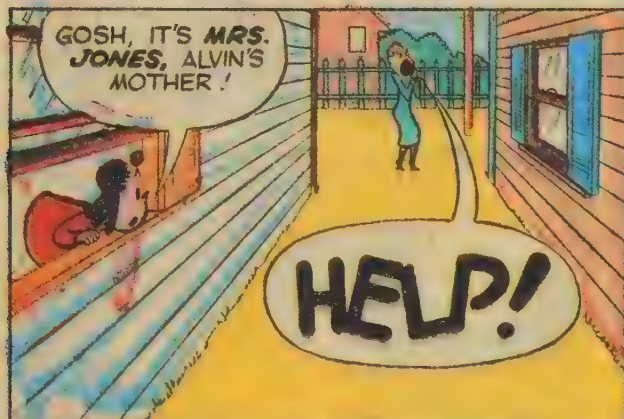
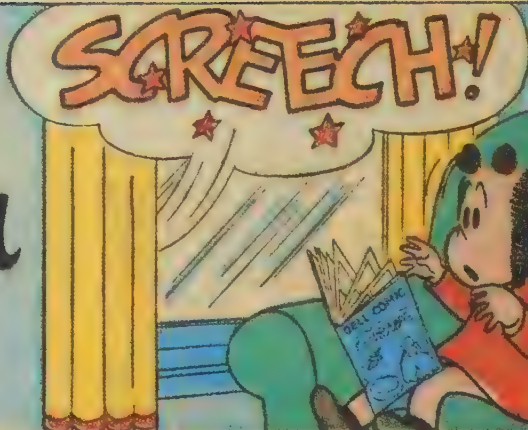


SHE'S JUST MEAN, THAT'S ALL, MEAN!

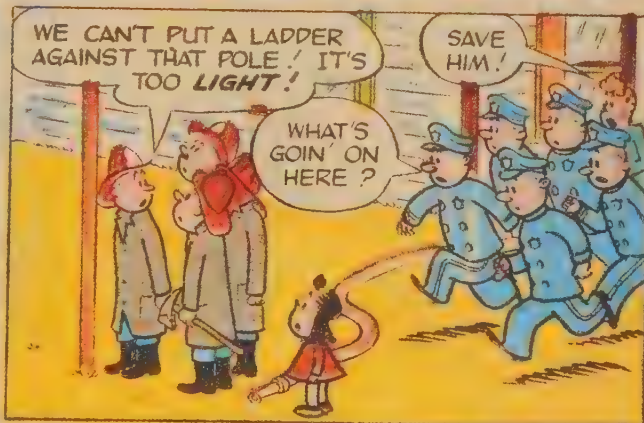
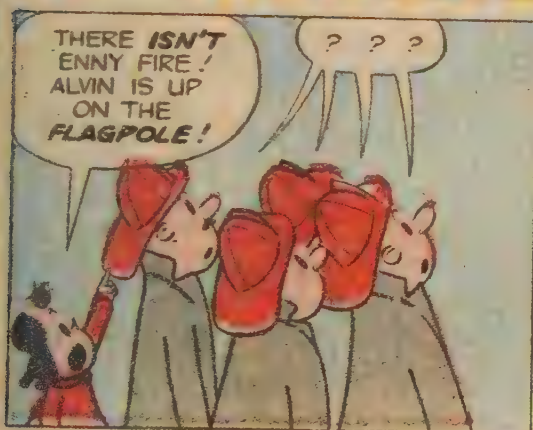
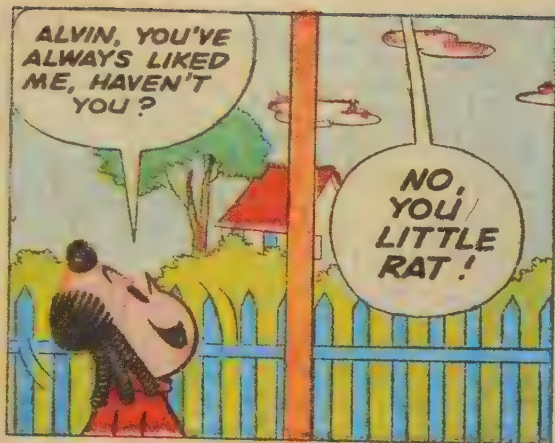
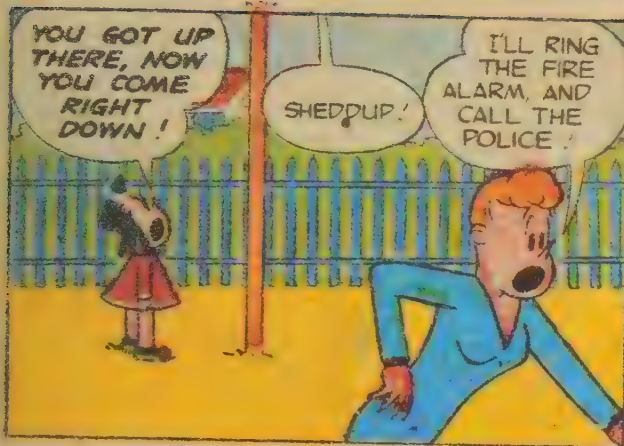


marge's  
**Little Lulu**

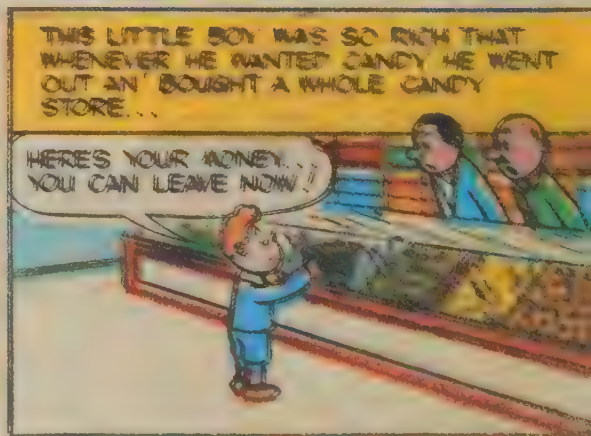
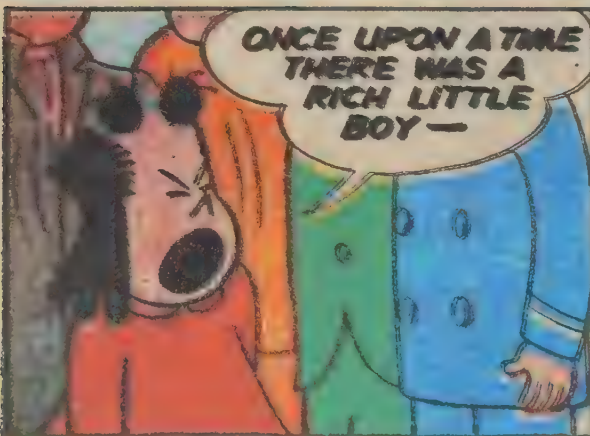
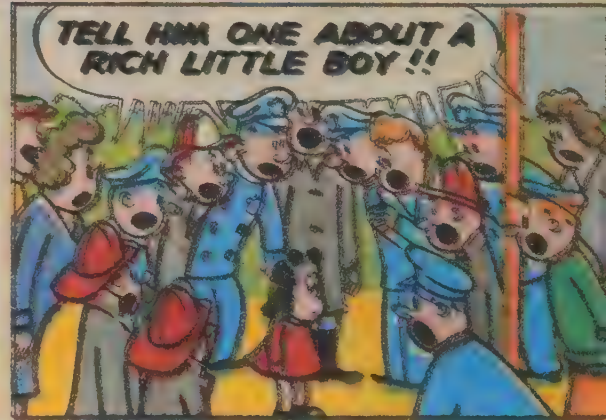
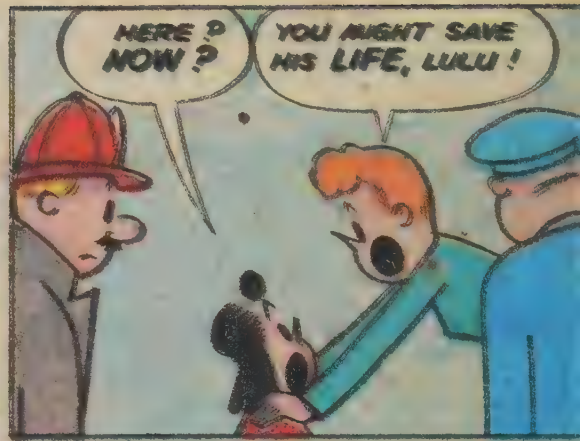
THE LITTLE  
RICH BOY









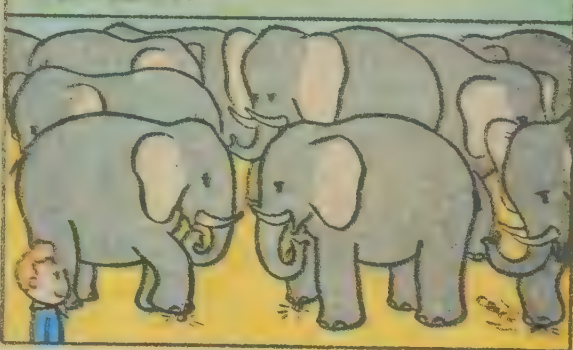




WHEN HE WANTED WALNUTS HE BOUGHT  
A WHOLE WAREHOUSE FULL OF THEM...



...AND THEN HE BOUGHT A HERD OF  
ELEPHANTS TO CRACK THE WALNUTS  
FOR HIM...



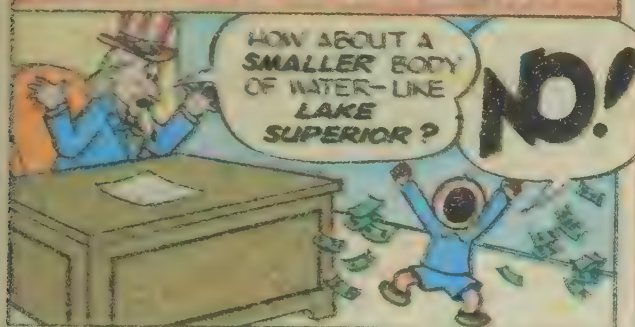
HE EVEN TRIED TO BUY THE ATLANTIC  
OCEAN TO SAIL HIS SAILBOAT IN!



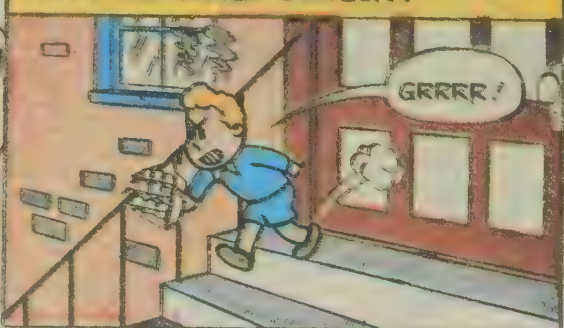
AFTER BUYING IT, HE WAS GOING TO  
MAKE ALL THE OTHER SHIPS GET OFF  
OF IT BECAUSE THEY MIGHT BUMP INTO  
HIS SAILBOAT!



BUT UNCLE SAM WOULDN'T SELL HIM THE  
ATLANTIC OCEAN BECAUSE HE SAID HE  
MIGHT NEED IT ONCE IN A WHILE...



THIS MADE HIM AWFUL MAD AND FOR  
A LITTLE WHILE HE WAS VERY ANGRY  
WITH THE UNITED STATES...

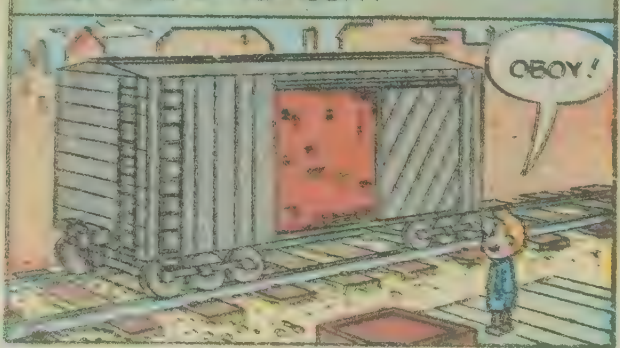


BUT HE GOT EVEN BY GIVING THE  
UNITED STATES A GOOD BEATING WITH  
THE BIGGEST STICK HE COULD FIND!

TAKE THAT! AN' THAT, AND THAT!

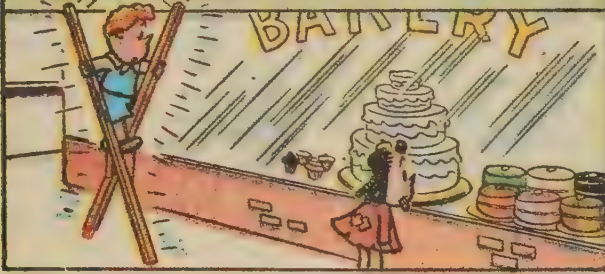


AFTER THAT HE FELT BETTER AND  
WENT AND BOUGHT HIMSELF A FREIGHT  
CAR FULL OF YO-YOS...

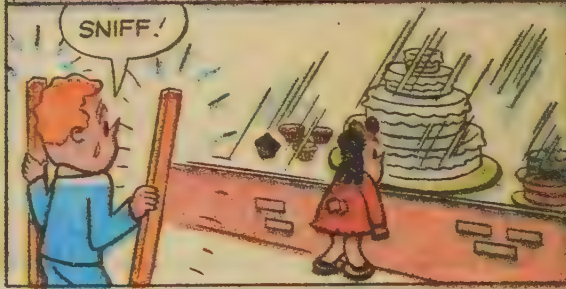




ONE DAY WHILE THIS VERY RICH LITTLE BOY WAS STROLLING DOWN THE STREET ON A PAIR OF GOLD-PLATED STILTS, HE SAW A POOR RAGGEDY LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL LOOKING INTO A BAKERY STORE WINDOW FULL OF GOODIES...



HE FELT AWFUL BAD FOR THE POOR LITTLE GIRL BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY TO BUY ANYTHING, AND COULD ONLY LOOK AT THE THINGS IN THE WINDOW...



SO HE GOT RIGHT DOWN OFF HIS STILTS, WALKED INTO THE BAKERY STORE AND BOUGHT IT, LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL...



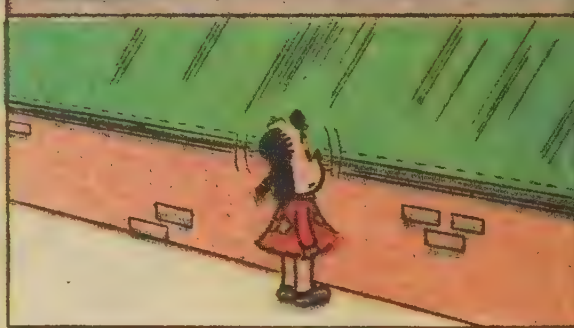
THEN HE CLIMBED INTO THE WINDOW WHERE ALL THE TASTIEST BUNS AND CAKES WERE...



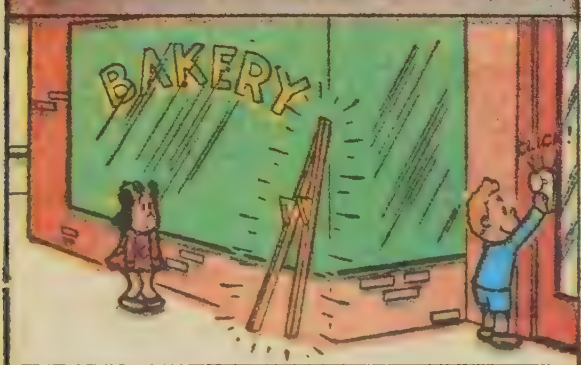
STANDING ON TOP OF A BIG WEDDING CAKE, HE COULD JUST BARELY REACH THE BIG WINDOW SHADE...



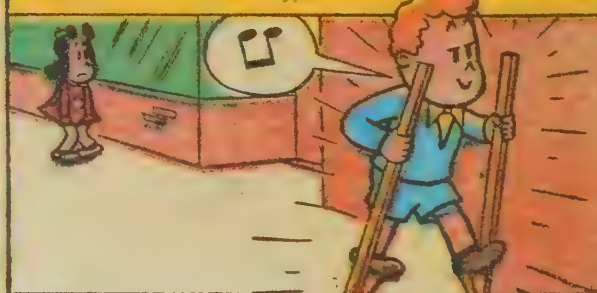
IN A TWINKLING HE PULLED THE SHADE DOWN TO THE VERY BOTTOM OF THE WINDOW...



THEN HE WALKED OUT OF THE STORE AND LOCKED THE DOOR...

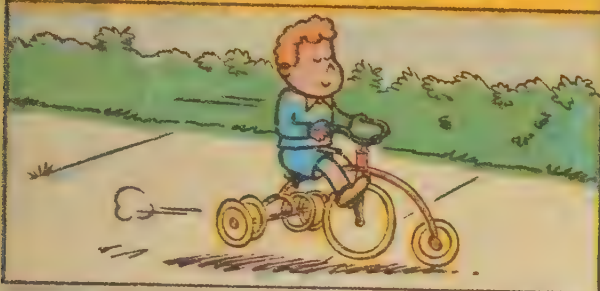


AS HE STROLLED DOWN THE STREET ON HIS GOLD-PLATED STILTS, HE FELT VERY HAPPY BECAUSE NOW THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WOULDN'T HAVE TO LOOK AT THINGS SHE COULDN'T BUY...

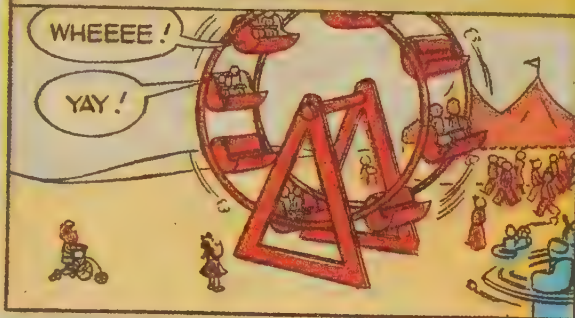




LATER, THE LITTLE BOY WAS RIDING DOWN THE STREET ON HIS SIX-WHEEL CYCLE (HE DIDN'T LIKE **THREE**-WHEEL CYCLES BECAUSE **ANY** KID COULD HAVE ONE OF THOSE)...



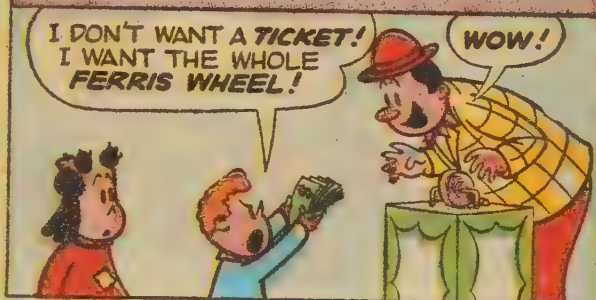
JUST AS HE WAS PASSING AN AMUSEMENT PARK HE SAW THE POOR LITTLE GIRL AGAIN—SHE WAS STARING UP AT THE HUGE FERRIS WHEEL...



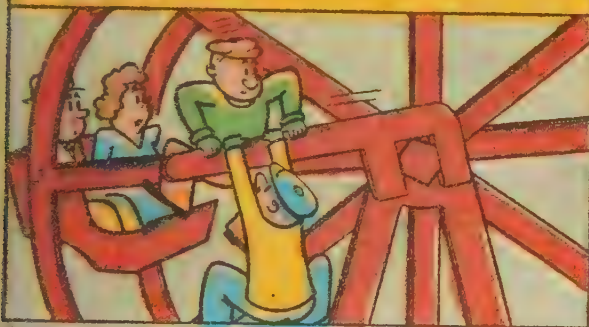
THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WISHED VERY MUCH THAT SHE WAS RIDING ON IT WITH ALL THE OTHER HAPPY KIDS...



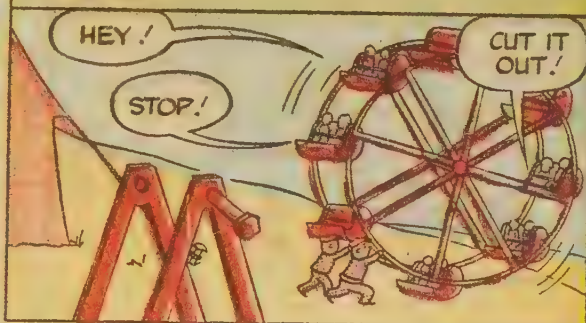
THE RICH LITTLE BOY FELT **VERY** SORRY FOR HER! HE GOT RIGHT DOWN OFF HIS SIX-WHEEL CYCLE AND BOUGHT THE FERRIS WHEEL...



THEN HE GOT SOME MEN TO UNSCREW THE BOLT THAT HELD THE FERRIS WHEEL...



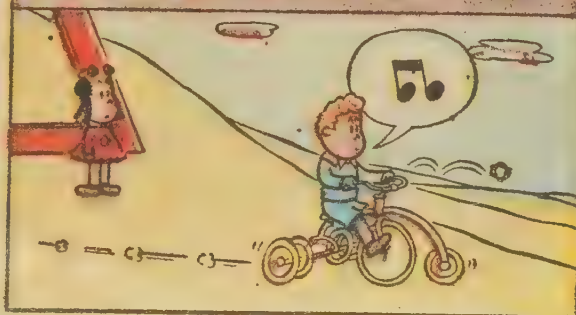
WHEN THE FERRIS WHEEL WAS FREE HE ORDERED THE MEN TO PUSH IT DOWN THE HILL...



NOW THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WOULDN'T HAVE TO LOOK LONGINGLY AT THE FERRIS WHEEL...



THIS GOOD DEED MADE THE RICH LITTLE BOY **VERY** HAPPY... HE GOT BACK ON HIS SIX-WHEEL CYCLE AND RODE OFF WHISTLING A MERRY TUNE...

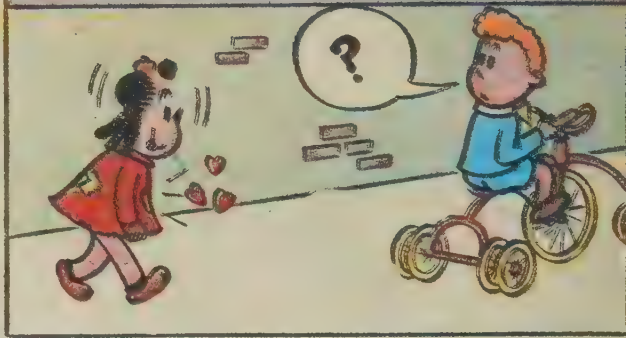




NOW DON'T THINK THE POOR LITTLE GIRL DIDN'T NOTICE ALL THE GOOD DEEDS THE RICH LITTLE BOY WAS DOING FOR HER...



SHE WAS VERY GRATEFUL... SO GRATEFUL THAT SHE JUST COULDN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE WITH THE RICH LITTLE BOY...



SHE FELL SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH HIM THAT SHE FOLLOWED HIM AROUND WHEREVER HE WENT...

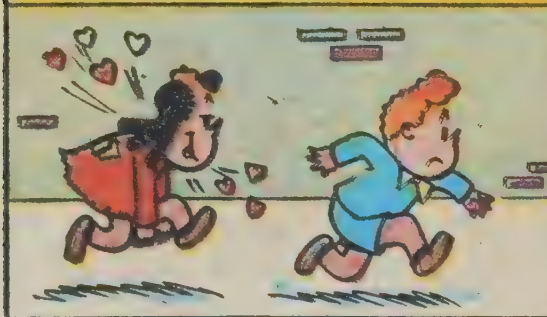


BUT THE RICH LITTLE BOY WAS VERY ANNOYED... HE TOLD HER IF SHE DIDN'T STOP FOLLOWING HIM AROUND HE'D GIVE HER SUCH A SOCK—

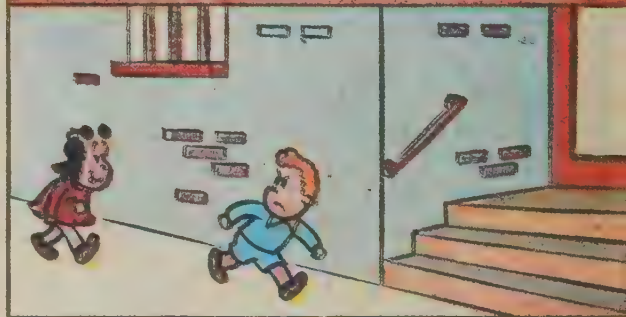
OH, YOU'RE SO KIND! BUT COULDN'T YOU GIVE ME **TWO** OF THEM? **BOTH** MY SOCKS ARE ALL HOLES!



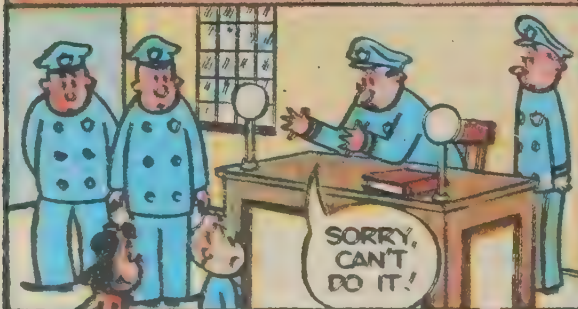
THIS DIDN'T STOP THE LITTLE GIRL AT ALL—SHE WAS EVEN MORE IN LOVE WITH HIM THAN **BEFORE**!



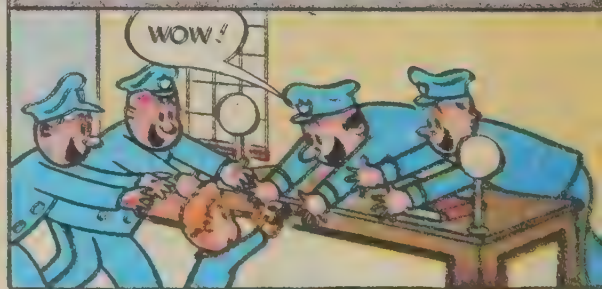
FINALLY THE RICH LITTLE BOY WAS SO ANNOYED THAT HE DECIDED TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION...



HE WANTED THE POLICEMEN TO ARREST THE LITTLE GIRL AND PUT HER IN JAIL FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE...

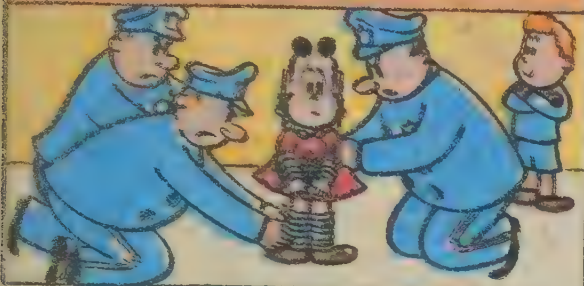


...AT FIRST THE POLICEMEN WOULDN'T DO IT... BUT THEY CHANGED THEIR MINDS WHEN THE RICH LITTLE BOY PULLED OUT A BIG BUNDLE OF MONEY AND BOUGHT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!





RIGHT AWAY THE POLICEMEN SAW THEIR DUTY AND QUICKLY SNAPPED FOUR PAIRS OF HANDCUFFS, SIX PAIRS OF LEGCUFFS AND ONE PAIR OF EARCUFFS ON HER...



THEN THEY DRAGGED HER PAST A LONG ROW OF CELLS AND THREW HER INTO A LITTLE GIRL'S CELL.



THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WAS VERY HAPPY. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE SHE EVER HAD A ROOF OVER HER HEAD!



THIS WAS ANOTHER GOOD DEED THE RICH KIND LITTLE BOY HAD DONE FOR HER... GOSH, HOW SHE LOVED HIM NOW!



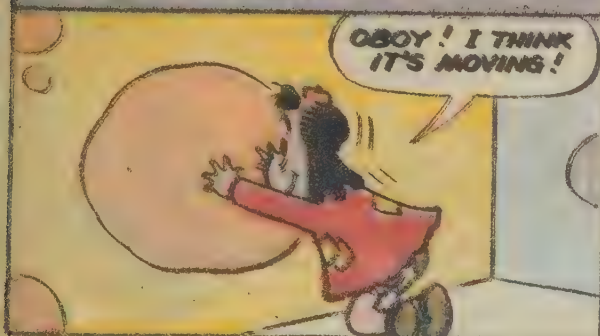
SHE LOVED HIM SO MUCH THAT SHE WAS WILLING TO SACRIFICE THE ROOF OVER HER HEAD JUST TO FOLLOW HIM AROUND...



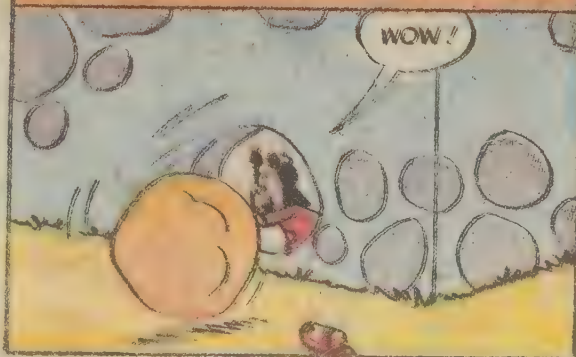
SO SHE GOT RIGHT TO WORK WITH THE LITTLE METAL END OF HER SHOELACE AND BEGAN PICKING AWAY AT A HUGE STONE IN THE WALL...



SHE WORKED ALL NIGHT PICKING AWAY AT THE STONE... NEXT MORNING THE STONE WAS LOOSE...

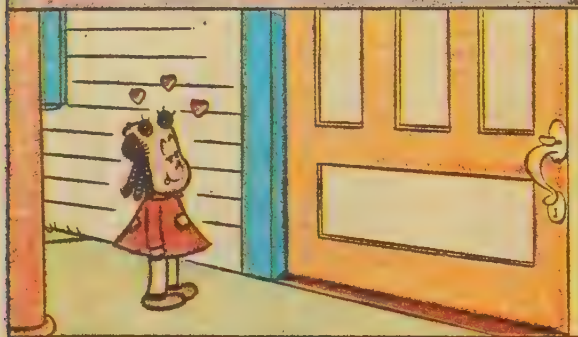


WITH ONE GOOD SHOVE THE LITTLE GIRL WAS FREE...





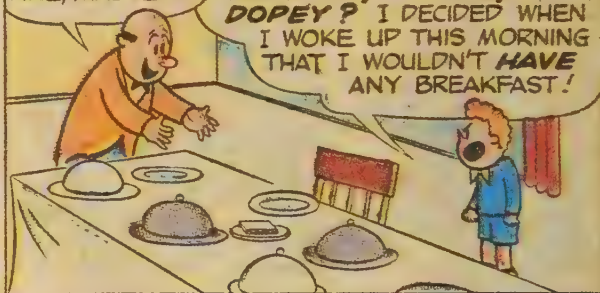
IN A LITTLE WHILE SHE WAS STANDING OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE GREAT BIG HOUSE THE LITTLE BOY LIVED IN...



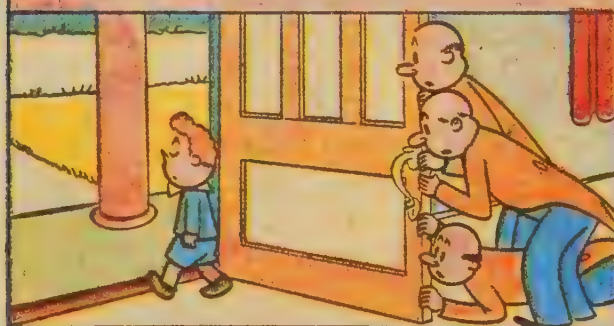
THE LITTLE BOY HAD JUST COME DOWN FROM HIS ROOM...

THERE YOU ARE, MASTER!

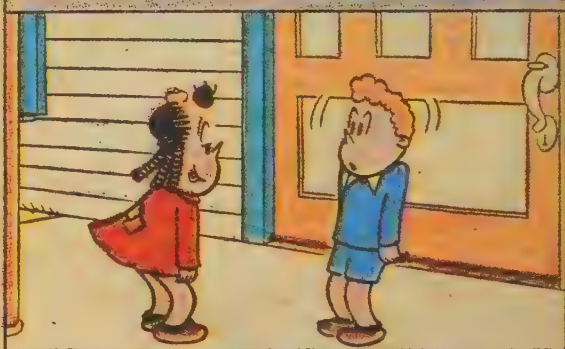
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, ANYWAY, DOPEY? I DECIDED WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY BREAKFAST!



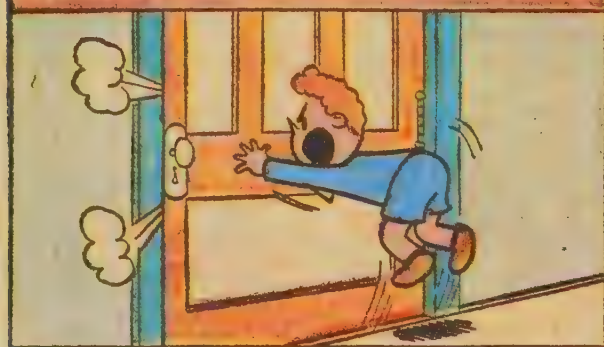
THREE BUTLERS OPENED THE BIG FRONT DOOR FOR HIM AND HE STEPPED OUT ON THE PORCH...



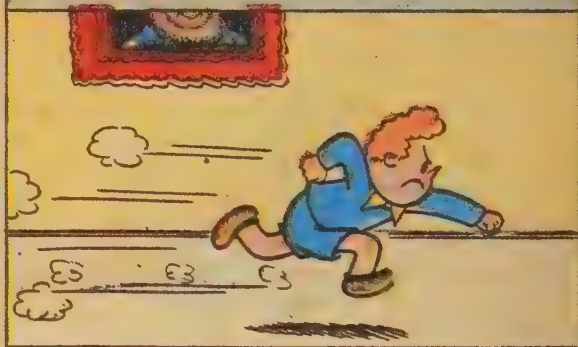
GOSH, HE WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE SAW THE POOR LITTLE GIRL AGAIN!



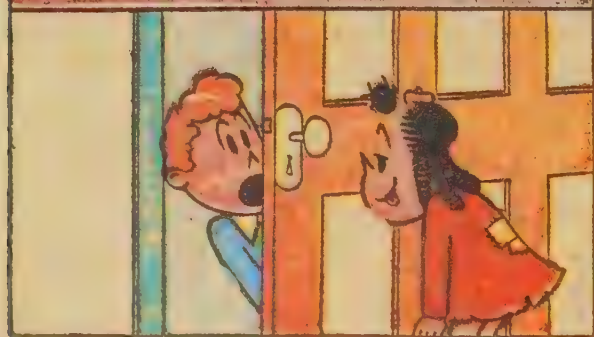
HE RUSHED RIGHT BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND SLAMMED THE DOOR...



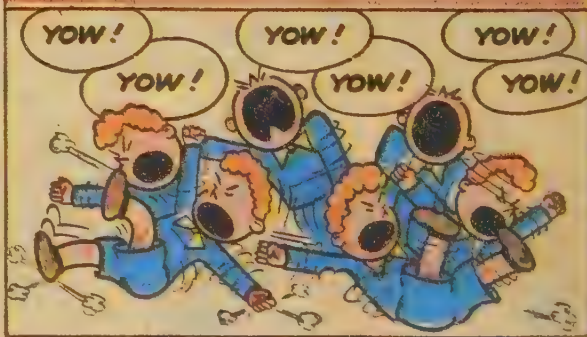
AS QUICK AS HE COULD HE RAN TO THE BACK DOOR...



BUT WHEN HE PEEKED OUT THE BACK DOOR THERE WAS THE LITTLE GIRL AGAIN!



HE SLAMMED THE DOOR, FELL ON THE FLOOR AND HAD A GOOD TANTRUM FOR HIMSELF!





WHEN HE QUIETED DOWN HE WENT TO THE TELEPHONE AND CALLED THE DOG-CATCHERS...

...I WANT TO  
**BUY THE DOG-  
CATCHERS'  
DEPARTMENT!**

IN A FEW SECONDS HE WAS THE SOLE  
OWNER OF THE DOGCATCHERS' DE-  
PARTMENT!

I'LL SEND  
THE MONEY  
TO YOU!

...NOW, I'LL  
TELL YOU  
WHAT I WANT  
YOU TO  
DO —

FIVE MINUTES LATER A DOGCATCHERS'  
TRUCK DROVE UP TO THE DOOR...

A DOGCATCHER JUMPED OUT OF THE  
TRUCK AND RAN AROUND TO THE  
BACK OF THE BIG HOUSE...

NEXT THING THE POOR LITTLE GIRL  
KNEW, A NET WAS THROWN OVER HER  
HEAD...

THEN SHE WAS CARRIED TO THE TRUCK  
AND DUMPED INTO THE BACK WITH A  
BUNCH OF STRAY DOGS...

GOTCHA!

THEN THE TRUCK RACED OFF TO THE  
DOG POUND WITH HER...

WHEN THEY GOT TO THE DOG POUND  
THE LITTLE GIRL WAS THROWN INTO A  
BIG CAGE THAT WAS FULL OF ALL KINDS  
OF DOGS...



GOSH, SHE WAS HAPPY! SHE LOVED DOGS, ALL KINDS OF DOGS...AND SHE WAS SURE THAT THIS WAS **ANOTHER** GOOD DEED THE KIND LITTLE BOY HAD DONE FOR HER...



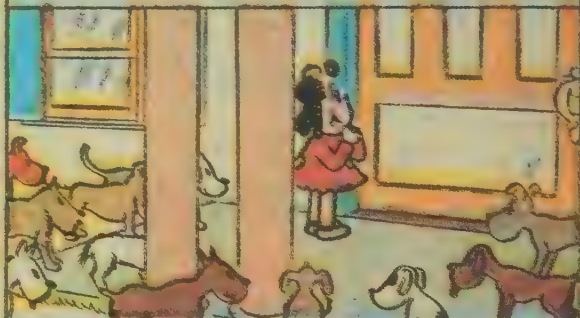
BUT, THOUGH SHE LOVED DOGS VERY MUCH, SHE LOVED THE KIND LITTLE RICH BOY EVEN **MORE!**



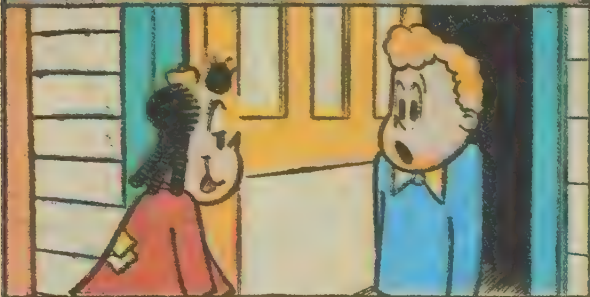
SO, THAT NIGHT WHEN THE GUARD WAS ASLEEP SHE PICKED THE LOCK ON THE CAGE WITH A HAIRPIN AND TIP TOED TO THE BACK DOOR...



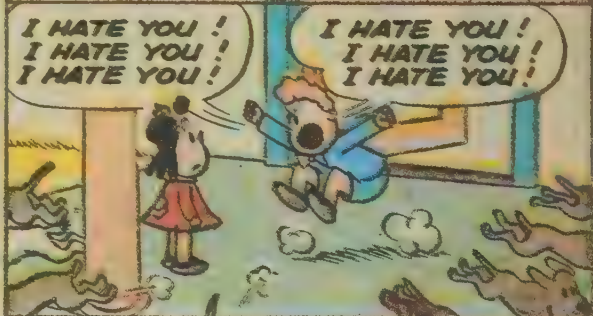
NEXT MORNING SHE WAS WAITING AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE RICH LITTLE BOY'S HOUSE...



WHEN THE LITTLE BOY OPENED THE DOOR AND SAW THE LITTLE GIRL AGAIN HE ALMOST FAINTED FROM SURPRISE...



HE SCREAMED AND HOLLERED AT HER AND TOLD HER HOW MUCH HE HATED HER...



THEN HE TOLD HER TO GO DIG A DEEP, DEEP HOLE AND CRAWL INTO IT...

...AND I'LL BE GLAD TO LEND YOU THE **SHOVEL!**



GOSH THE POOR LITTLE GIRL WAS SHOCKED! THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE FOR HER TO DO BUT GO DIG A DEEP, DEEP HOLE AND CRAWL INTO IT...





SO SHE WENT TO A LONELY PLACE IN THE WOODS AND STARTED TO DIG...

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

DAY AND NIGHT SHE DUG...

SNIFF!

UNTIL FINALLY SHE DECIDED SHE WAS ALMOST DEEP ENOUGH... SHE DUG ONE LAST SHOVELFUL AND—

WOOOM!

SUDDENLY SHE WAS SHOT HIGH INTO THE AIR! SHE HAD **STRUCK OIL!**

WOW!

THE LITTLE GIRL WAS **AWON!** NOW SHE COULD BUY ANYTHING SHE WANTED!

I'M RICH!

I'M RICH!

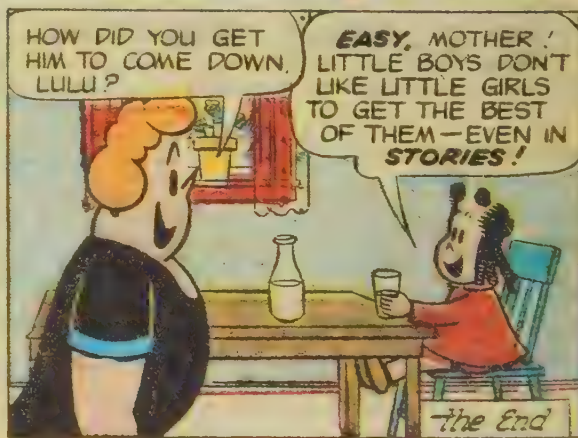
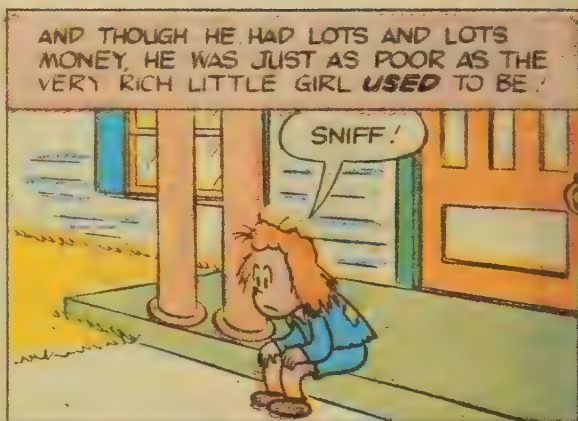
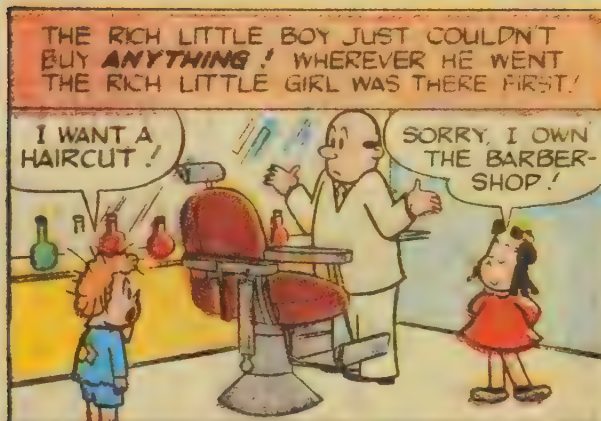
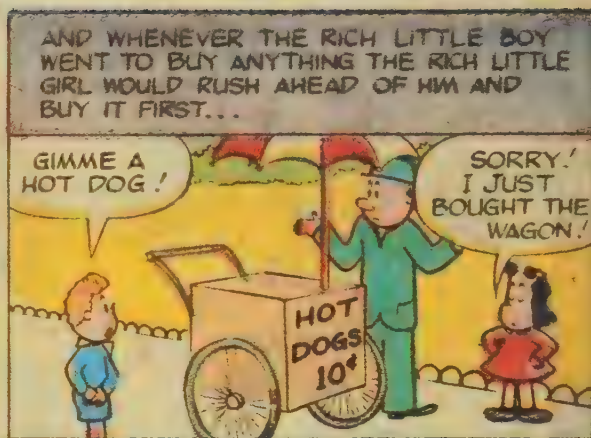
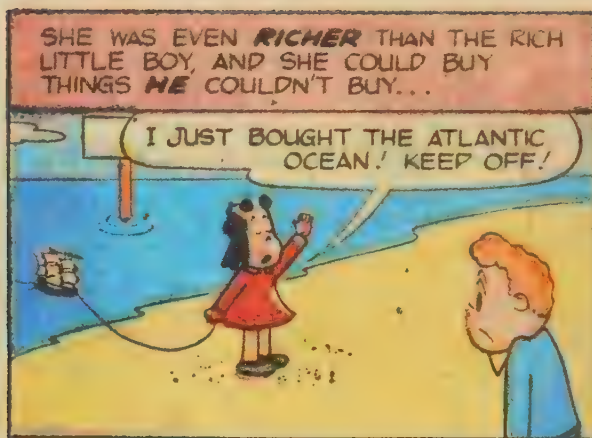
THE FIRST THING SHE DID WAS BUY A GREAT BIG HOTEL SO THAT SHE COULD TAKE A BATH AND WASH ALL THE THICK BLACK OIL OFF HERSELF...

OBOY!

THEN SHE BOUGHT A TWELVE WHEEL CYCLE...

AND A PAIR OF SOLID GOLD STILTS...







# Marge's Little Lulu

the "Spider" spins again

OH, GEORGE ! YOU LOOK SO **DIFFERENT** WITH YOUR MUSTACHE SHAVED OFF!

MAKES ME LOOK **YOUNGER**, DON'T YOU THINK ?

WAIT TILL **LULU** SEES YOU !

I HOPE SHE **LIKES** ME THIS WAY !

I'M **HUNGRY**, LULU ! DO YOU MIND IF I LOOK IN YOUR **REFRIGERATOR** ? THERE MAY BE SOMETHING THERE THAT'S GETTING **BAD**...

I THINK THERE'S A WILTED CARROT THERE..

HI, LULU ! NOTICE ANYTHING **DIFFERENT** ?

WHY, POP ! YOU **SHAVED** YOUR **MUSTACHE** OFF !

DO YOU **STILL** LOVE YOUR OL' POP ?

GOSH, POP AN OL' **MUSTACHE** DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

**LULU** ! CAN I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MINUTE ? **ALONE** !

WHAT IS IT, TUB ?

LULU, I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY...

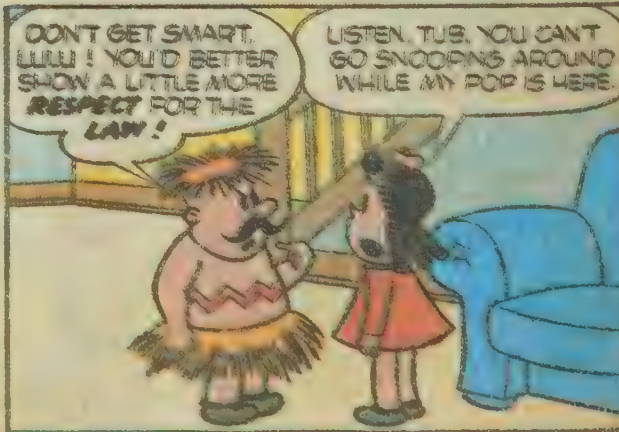
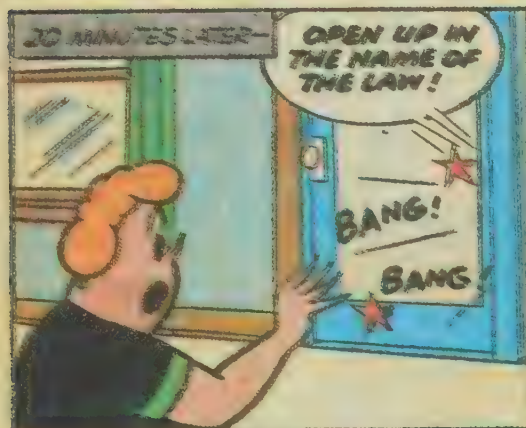
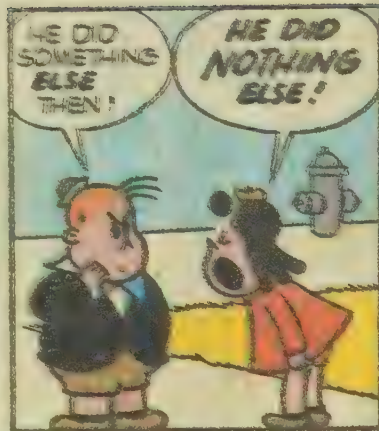
...YOUR **POP** IS **GUILTY** OF SOMETHING !

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TUB ?

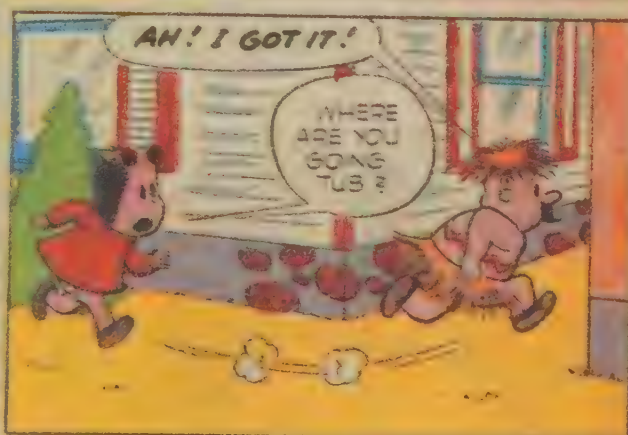
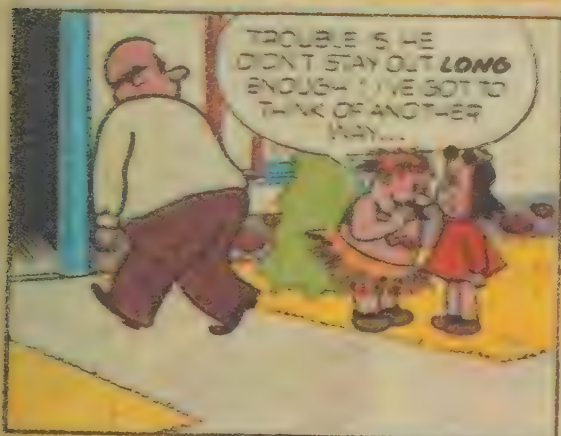
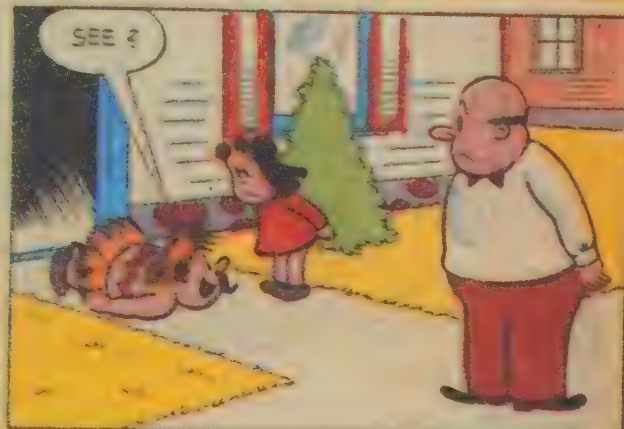
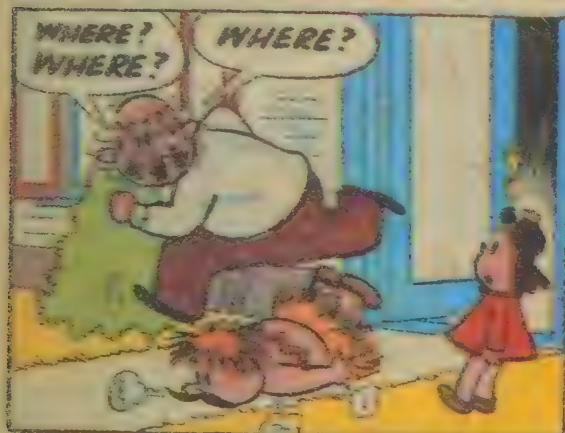
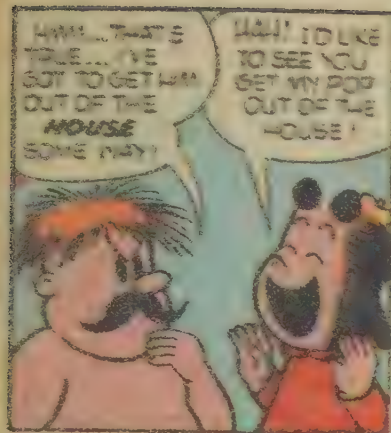
HE SHAVED HIS MUSTACHE OFF 'CAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE **RECOGNIZED** BY THE **POLICE** !

**WHAT?**

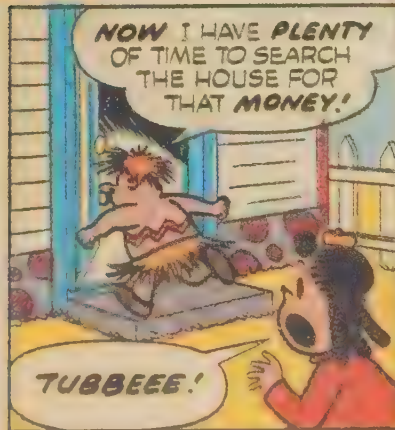
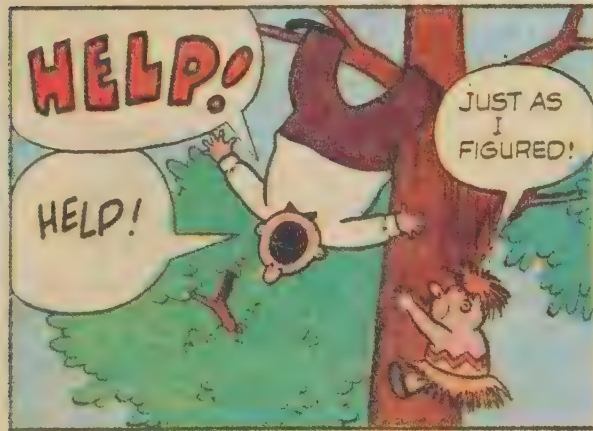
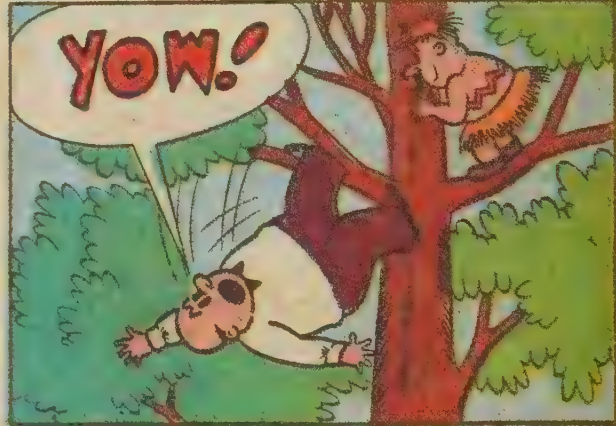
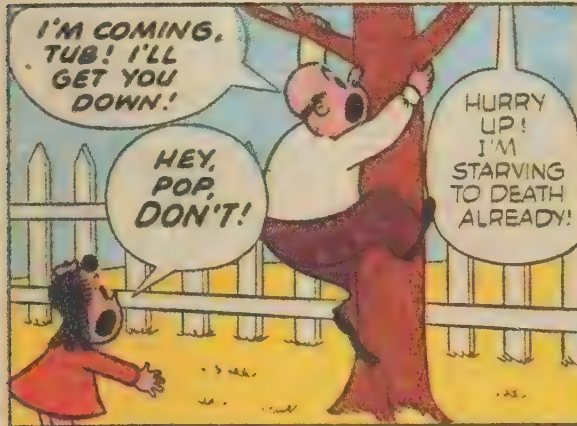
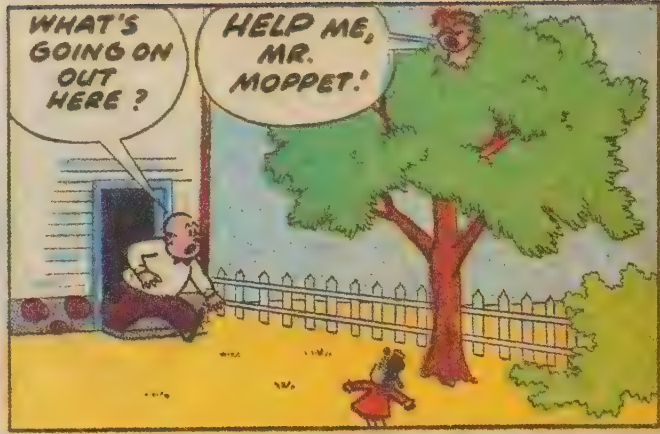
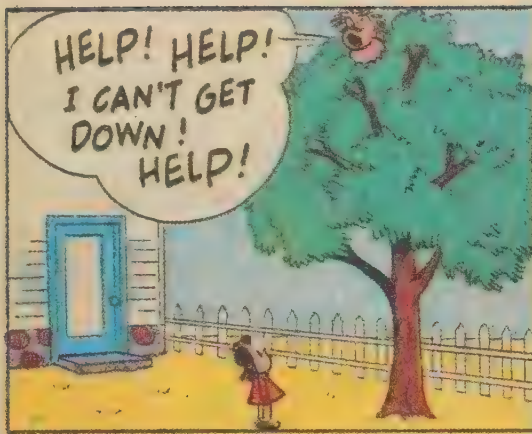




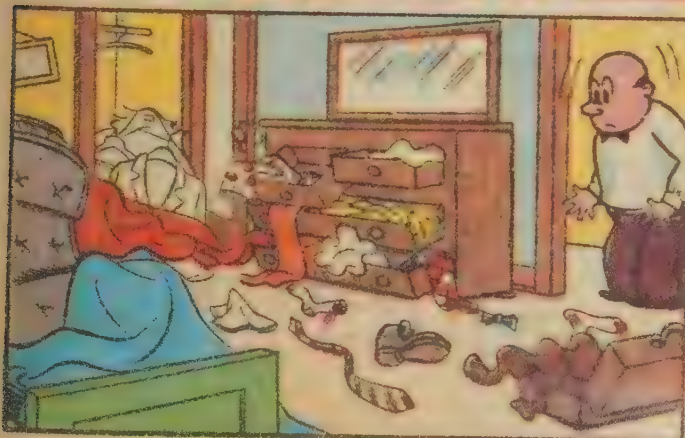
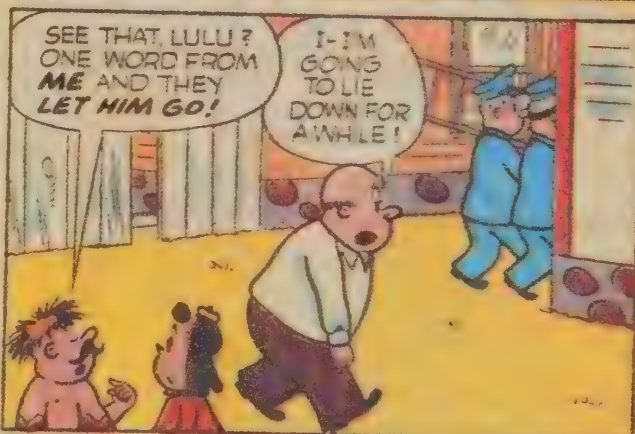
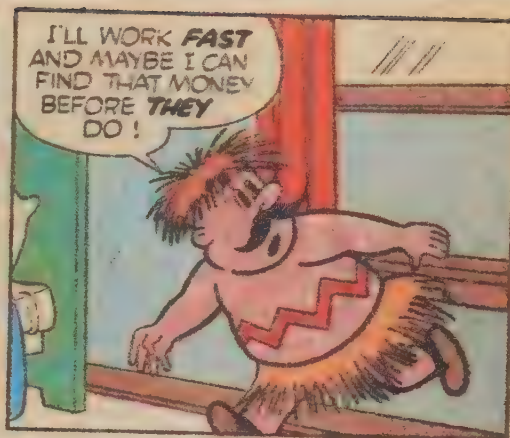
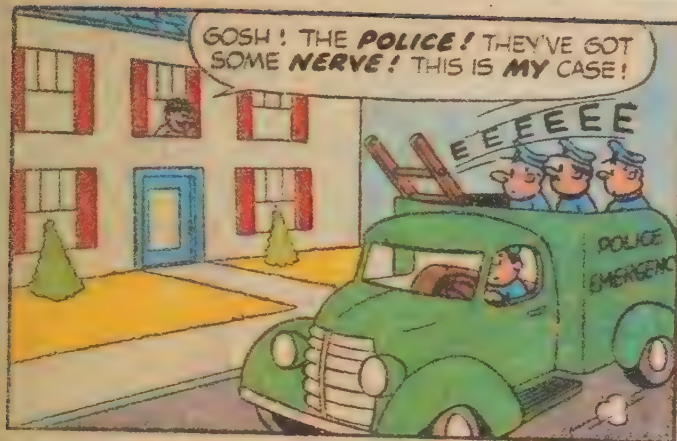












THE END







## About “Donald Duck” and Carl Barks

In the late 1930s, the Walt Disney characters were appearing not in a comic book but in a children’s magazine called the *Mickey Mouse Magazine*. In 1940, this magazine was converted into a monthly comic book called *Walt Disney’s Comics and Stories*; it was the first of dozens of comic books based on animated-cartoon characters. The comic books with major characters like Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny, Woody Woodpecker, and Tom and Jerry were produced by Western Printing and Lithographing Company and published under the Dell label. Other publishers used less popular characters, like Mighty Mouse and the Fox and the Crow, or invented their own. The “funny animal” comic books, as they were often called, remained consistently popular throughout the 1940s and 1950s. They faded only in the 1960s, when the super-heroes made a comeback. The Disney comic books were always the most popular of the “funny animal” comic books; and of the Disney comic books, the most popular—and easily the best—were written and drawn by Carl Barks.

Barks was born in Oregon on March 27, 1901, and he passed through a variety of jobs—heating rivets in a railroad yard, editing a men’s humor magazine in Minneapolis—before going to work for the Disney Studios in 1935. He was a “story man,” thinking up gags for Donald Duck cartoons, until he left Disney in 1942 to work as a free-lance cartoonist. He started his new career by illustrating the ten-page *Donald Duck* feature for the April 1943 issue of *Walt Disney’s Comics and Stories*; for the next issue, he wrote, as well as illustrated, *Donald Duck* and he continued to write and illustrate that feature in almost every issue of *Walt Disney’s Comics* for the next twenty-three years.

Barks of course never signed his work, but his crisp, precise drawing style was so distinctive—in comic books otherwise filled with soft, broad drawings—that he was recognized by many children as “the good artist.” Barks’s *Donald Duck*—the lead story in each issue of *Walt Disney’s Comics*—was so popular that when Barks was taken off the feature in 1950 to handle stories in other Disney comic books, reader protests quickly led to his reinstatement. At one point in the early 1950s, *Walt Disney’s Comics* was selling three million copies per issue, making it one of the most successful comic books ever published; and a very large part of that success was due to Barks.

During his first ten years in comic books, Barks also wrote and illustrated longer stories—usually thirty-two pages—for the *Donald Duck* comic book. Most of these stories were comic adventures—mixtures of laughter and thrills. Barks sent Donald and his three nephews, Huey,



Dewey, and Louie, to many exotic places, like the jungles of Africa, the outback of Australia, and the desolate moors of Scotland. The best-remembered of these stories is probably *Lost in the Andes*, in which Donald and his nephews went to South America in search of mysterious square eggs. Deep in the Andes, they found not only the eggs but a block-shaped race of people who spoke in the accents of the American Deep South and called their homeland “Plain Awful.”

When he started writing and drawing *Donald Duck*, Barks had only Donald and his nephews (and occasionally Donald’s girlfriend, Daisy) to work with. For one 1947 story in *Donald Duck*, Barks gave Donald a wealthy, miserly uncle, Scrooge McDuck. Scrooge was a supporting character in the *Donald Duck* stories for the next few years; he was always trying to get more money or protect what he had, and this made him a fertile source of plot ideas. Scrooge finally became so popular that he was given his own comic book in 1952. Like the Barks issues of *Donald Duck*, the quarterly *Uncle Scrooge* combined comedy and adventure; Scrooge’s money could—and did—take the ducks any place, from the sunken continent of Atlantis to outer space. *Uncle Scrooge* was tremendously successful, outselling those Disney comic books with characters—like Mickey Mouse—who were more famous but who did not have the good fortune to have their adventures recounted by Carl Barks.

Along the way, Barks created other characters who became more or less established residents of the Disney universe: Donald’s incredibly lucky cousin, Gladstone Gander; the eccentric inventor, Gyro Gearloose (a chicken); the Junior Woodchucks of the World (a spoof of the Boy Scouts); the villainous Beagle Boys; the sorceress Magica de Spell.

Barks’s stories were so popular, and so good, because he took pains where most writers and cartoonists for “funny animal” comic books did not. He used the ducks in everything from purest slapstick to hair-raising adventures that had only a light flavoring of comedy—but always, he worked to give his stories plausibility. Plausibility in the way the plots and gags were constructed, in the detailed and accurately drawn settings (he made sure that an ancient Persian city *looked* like an ancient Persian city), and above all, in the way his characters talked and behaved. Barks’s characters were never puppets; the ducks were always propelled by passions so comically powerful that they could scarcely be contained even within exaggerated faces and bodies. In Barks’s stories, the world is very different from the one we know—it is a world of talking ducks, and of huge



“money bins” filled with Scrooge’s coins and greenbacks—but “duck nature” is really human nature, and very much the same as in our own world. It was by making his characters so completely recognizable as people, despite their orange beaks and webbed feet, that Barks won the devotion of so many readers.

Barks’s work was at its richest and funniest in the late 1940s and early 1950s. *Letter to Santa*, the story we have included here, was published in 1949, in the first issue of a “giant” comic book—it cost twenty-five cents, instead of the usual dime—called *Walt Disney’s Christmas Parade*. *Letter* is a rarity among Barks’s longer stories because it is not a mixture of comedy and adventure but is instead completely comic from start to finish, like most of the ten-page stories in *Walt Disney’s Comics*.

*Letter to Santa* was the first story with the “classic” version of Uncle Scrooge—the cranky old capitalist who is bursting with energy, and who has so much cash that it spills around his desk. In the earlier stories, Scrooge was not as rich or as egomaniacal; in later stories, after he had gotten his own comic book, Scrooge became a bit more likable but a bit less funny.

Santa Claus himself appears in *Letter to Santa*, and this is unusual, because Barks usually avoided characters who were wholly fanciful even on the terms set by the ducks’ fanciful universe. But when Barks did use such characters—Santa Claus, or a witch, or a dragon—he presented them with the same care, the same concern for plausibility, that he gave to the other elements in his stories; Barks’s Santa is one we can almost believe in. For one thing, Barks has figured out a way to get his Santa down even narrow chimneys. Note too that this Santa is a very practical fellow; he gives the nephews exactly what they want, but only that—there’s no flood of unrequested gifts. And, typically for Barks, this Santa, by his very existence, creates more problems than he solves.

Carl Barks retired from comic-book work in 1966, although he wrote a few stories for the *Junior Woodchucks* comic book until 1973. He lives now in southern California, where he has carved out a new (and successful) career as a painter in oils and water colors.

M.B.



# WALT DISNEY'S Donald Duck

in  
"LETTER  
to  
SANTA"

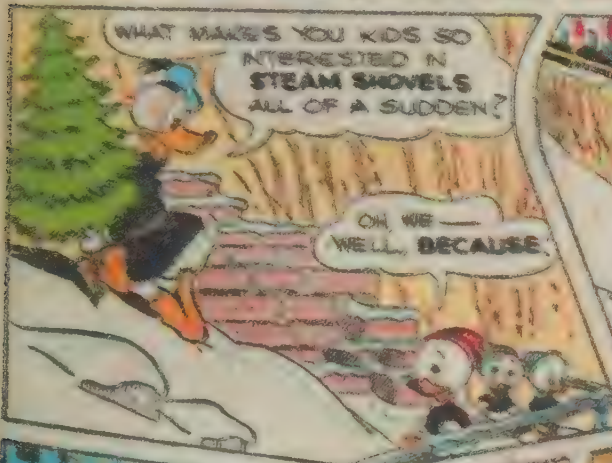
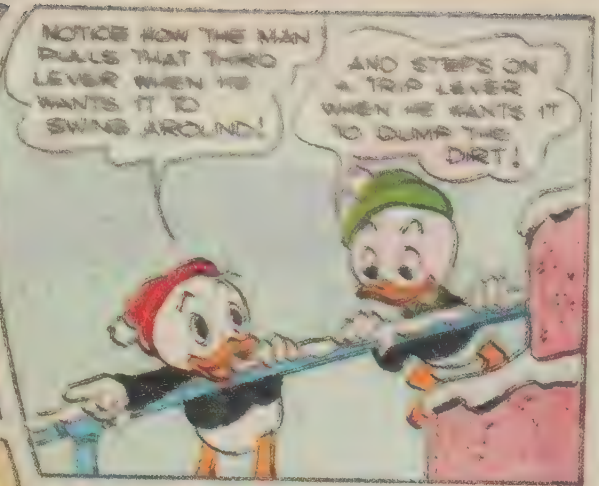
CHRISTMAS  
EVE IN DUCKBURG!  
FOR ONCE DONALD  
IS UNPERTURBED!  
HIS CHRISTMAS SHOPPING  
PROBLEMS ARE BEING  
HANDLED THIS YEAR  
BY AN EXPERT—  
SANTA CLAUS!

LOOK AT THAT  
BIG STEAM  
SHOVEL BITE  
THE DIRT!

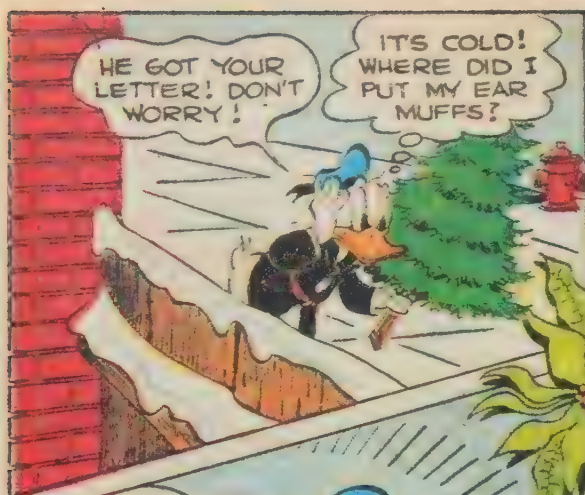
LET'S STOP  
AND WATCH IT.  
UNCA DONALD!  
WE'VE GOT LOTS  
OF TIME!











HE GOT YOUR LETTER! DON'T WORRY!

IT'S COLD! WHERE DID I PUT MY EAR MUFFS?



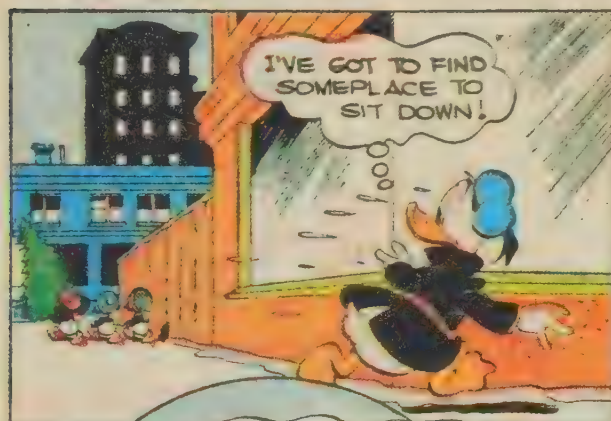
MUST HAVE STUCK 'EM IN MY INSIDE COAT POCKET! ULP!



A LETTER IN MY POCKET? OH, MY STARS!



KIDS, I-I JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING! RUN ALONG HOME AND SET UP YOUR TREE! I-I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEPLACE TO SIT DOWN!



MY KNEES ARE QUAKING! THAT LETTER TO SANTA—I DID FORGET TO MAIL IT!

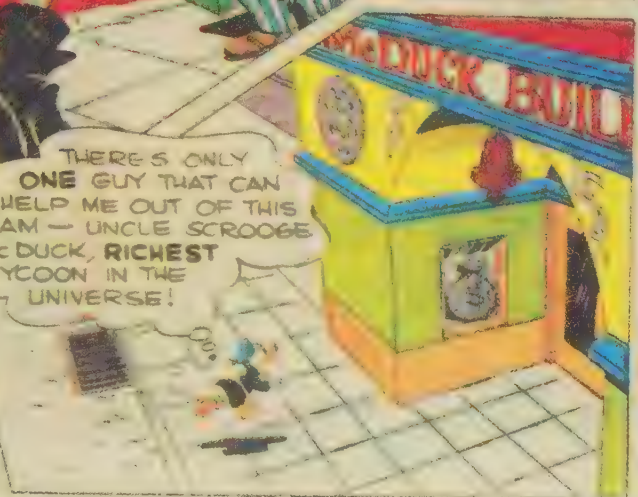
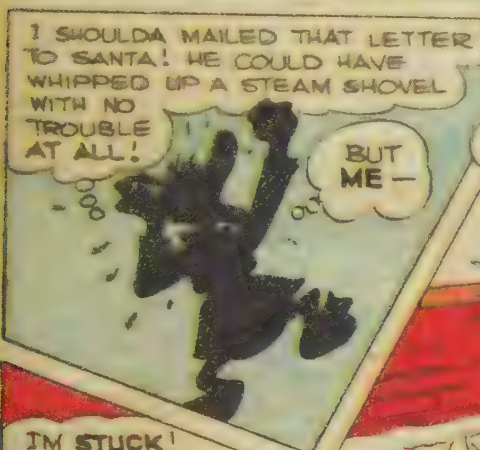
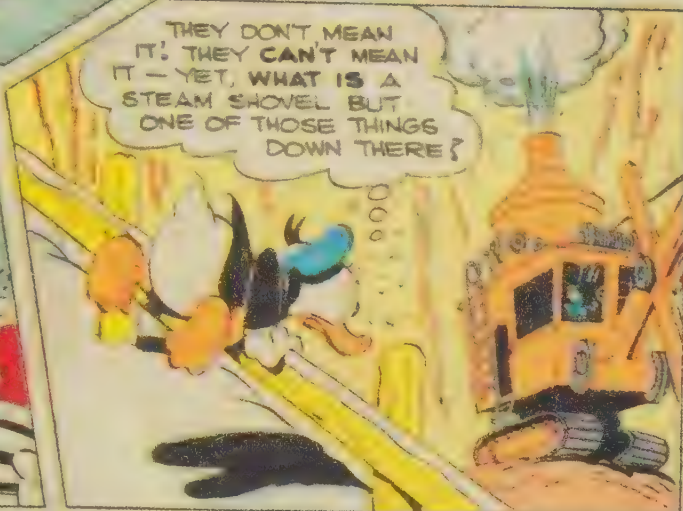


THIS MEANS THE KIDS WON'T GET ANY PRESENTS—UNLESS—



I MAY AS WELL OPEN THE LETTER! I'VE GOT TO FURNISH THEIR PRESENTS NOW, ANYWAY!







THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF MONEY, BUT...

THE NERVE OF YOU NEPHEW! IF I COULD AFFORD A STEAM SHOVEL, I'D HAVE ONE IN HERE SHOVELING THIS MONEY OUT OF MY WAY!

AND NOT ONLY THAT—

AW, SNIP IT, UNCLE TIGHTWAD! HERE'S A BUCK! GET YOURSELF A CUP OF COFFEE AND A HAIRCUT!

HIT ME WITH A DOLLAR, WILL YA? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE HIT WITH A MILLION?

LIKE THAT!

**SPLAT!**

TOUCHE! I ALWAYS KNEW THESE BAGS OF MOOLA WERE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

**WAM!**

**BOP BAM SOCK POW**

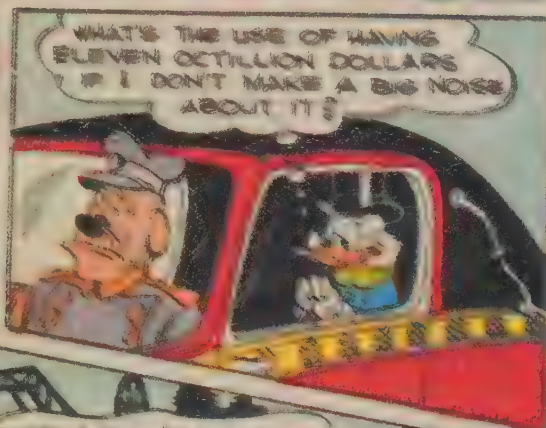
SLOW DOWN A MINUTE, NEPHEW!

WHAT'S ALL THIS ARGUMENT ABOUT, ANYWAY?

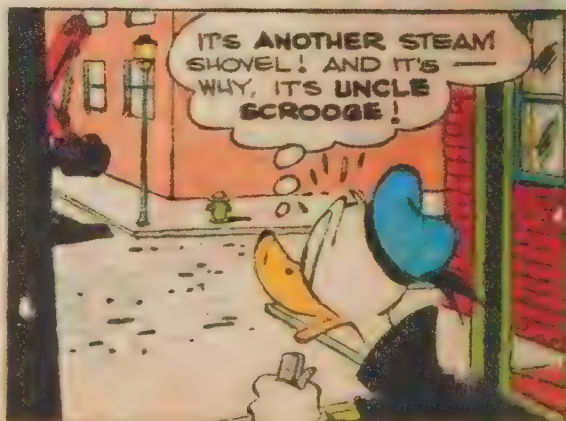
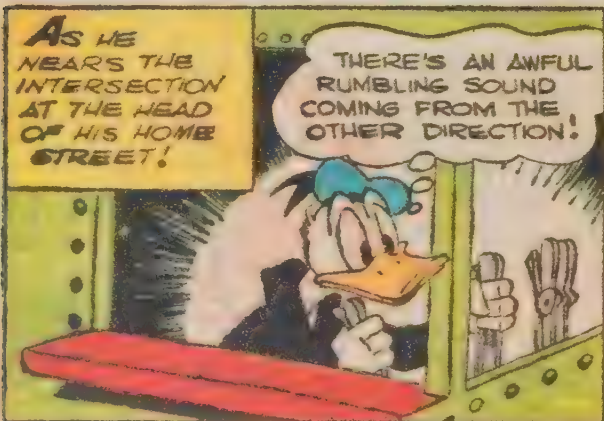
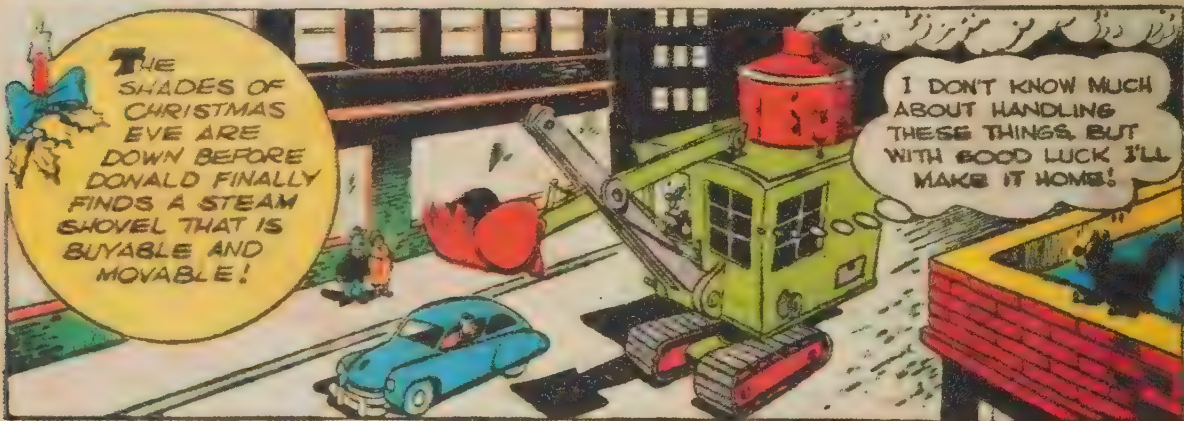
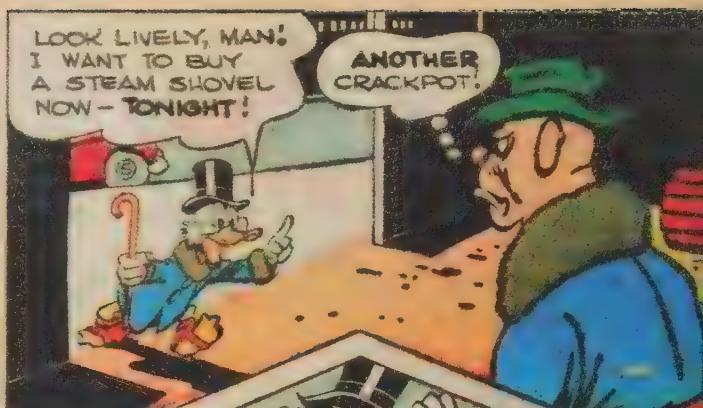
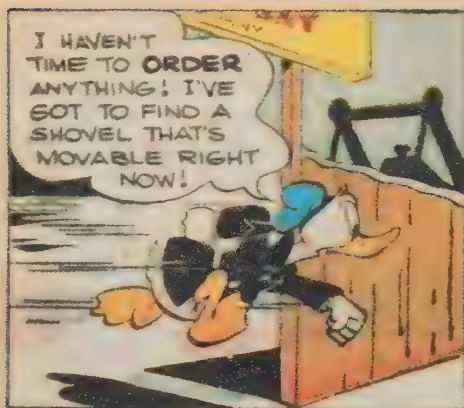
I ASKED YOU TO BUY THE KIDS A STEAM SHOVEL FOR CHRISTMAS, AND YOU BLEW YOUR TOP!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU SAY IT WAS CHRISTMAS? I DON'T SPEND MY TIME WATCHING THE CALENDAR!

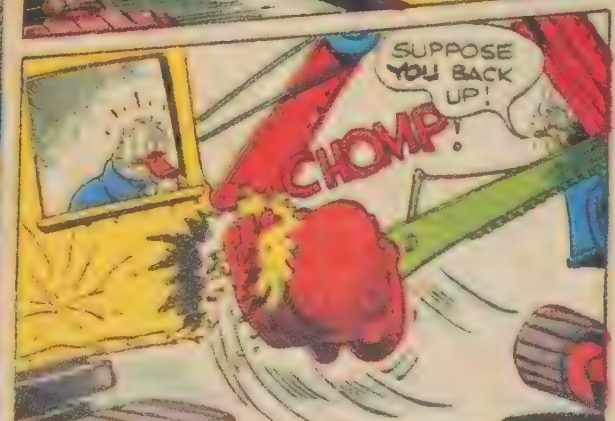
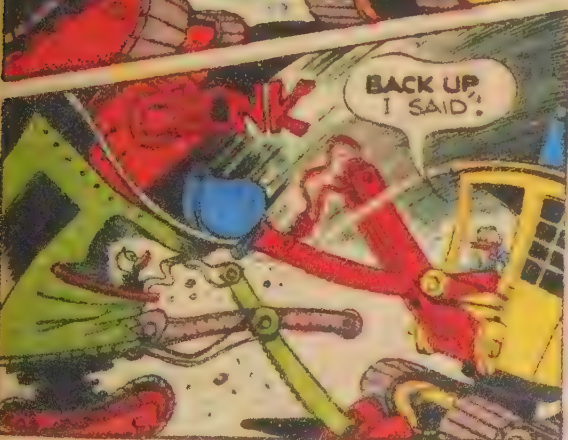
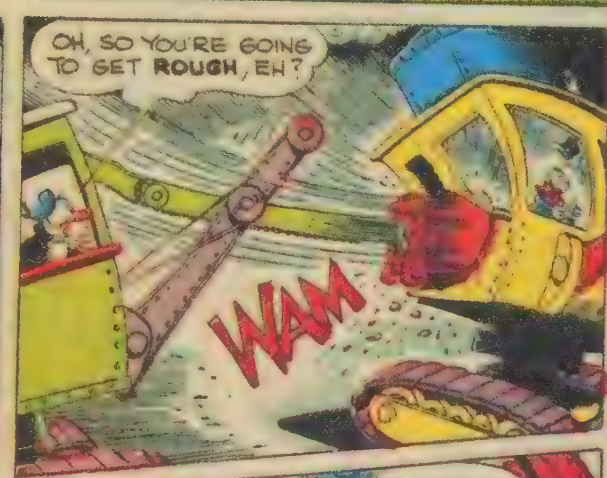
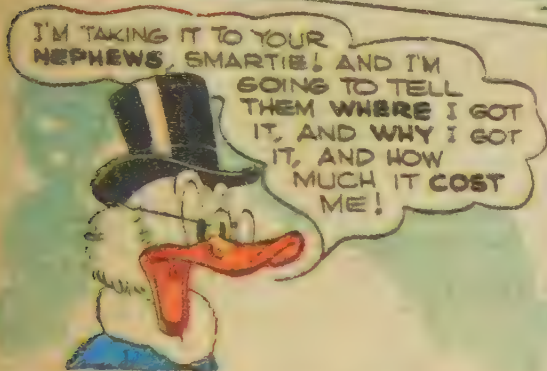
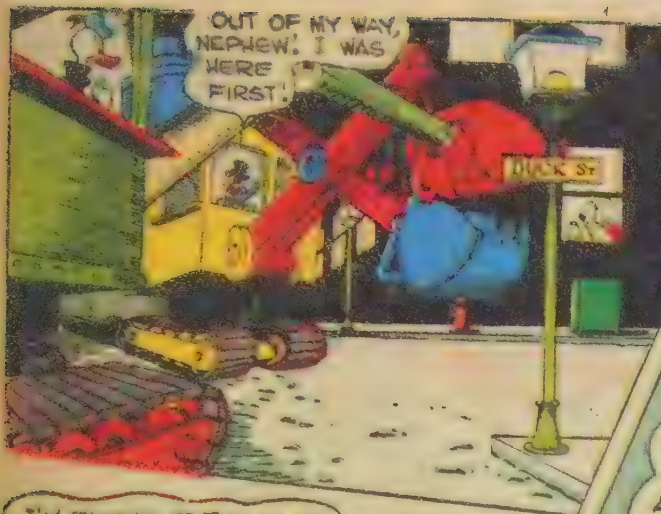




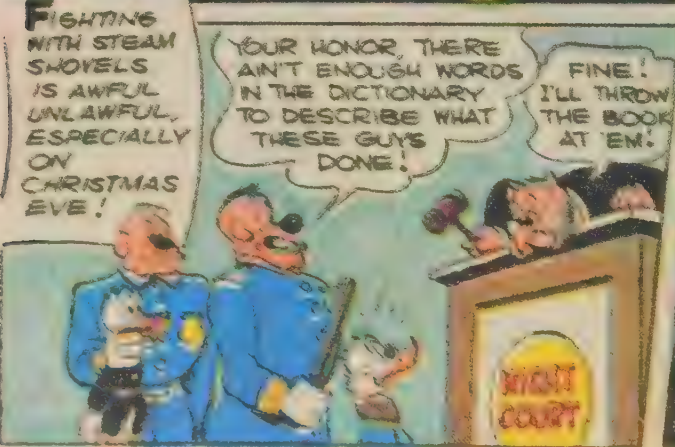




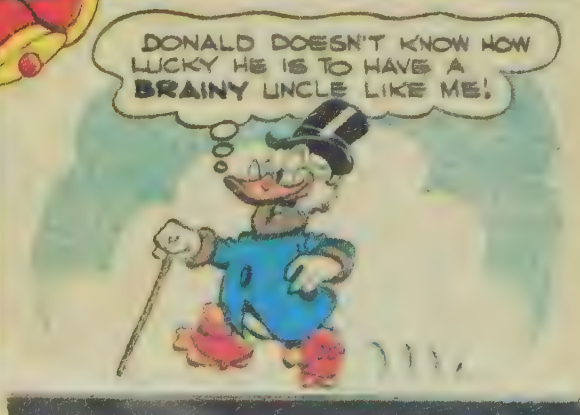
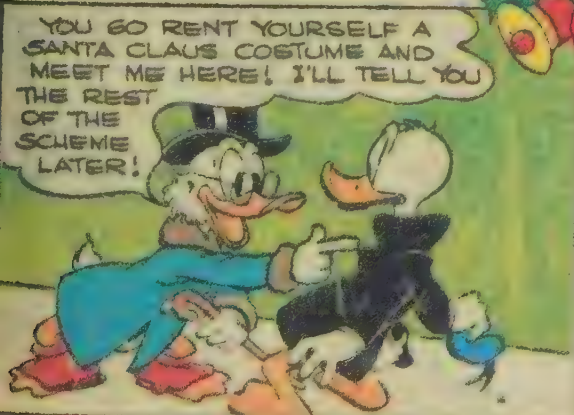
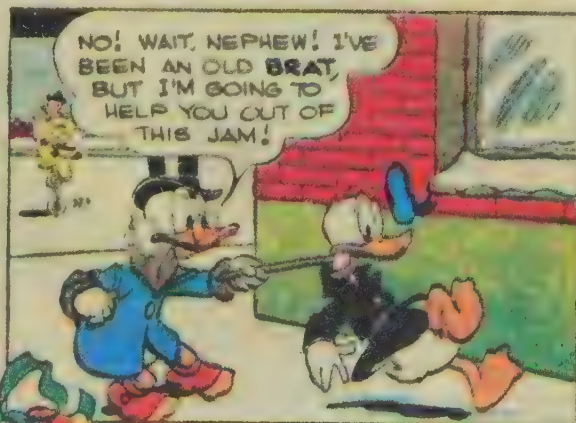
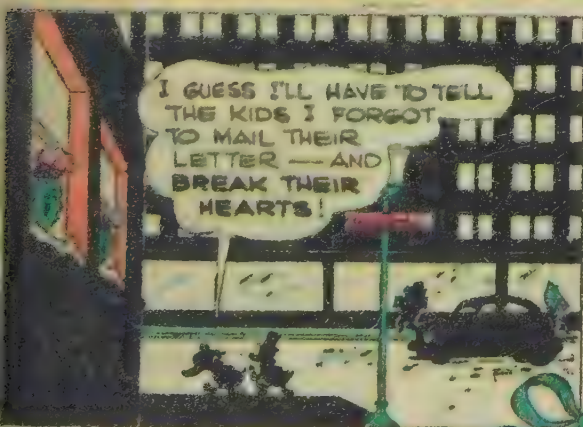
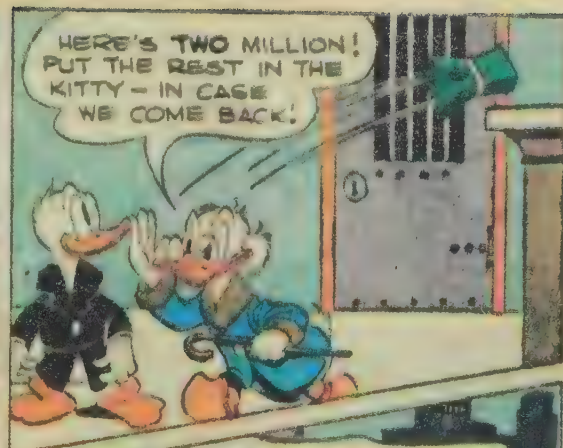
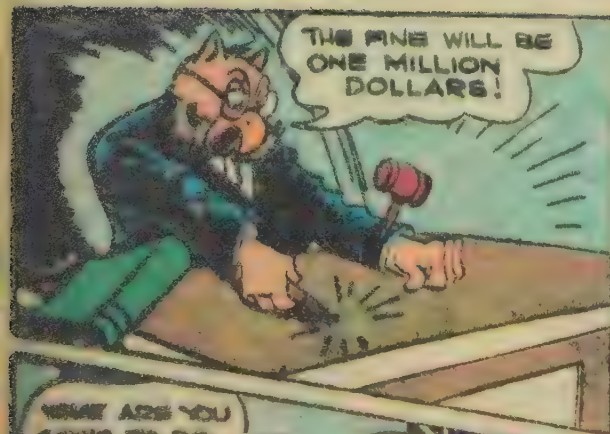




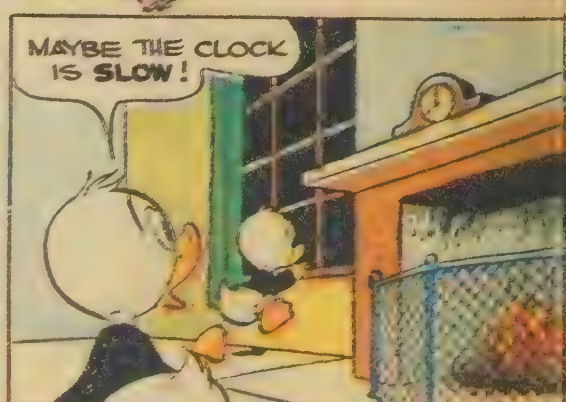
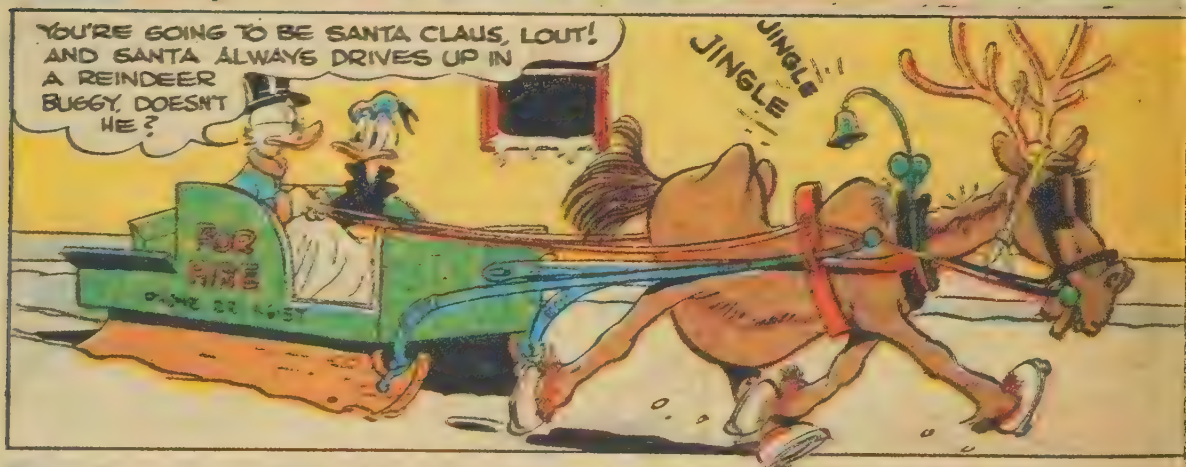
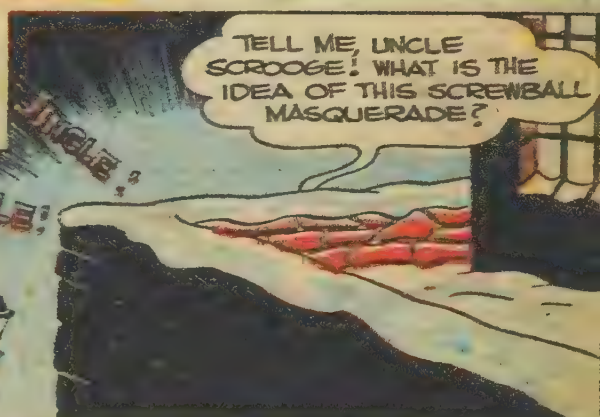
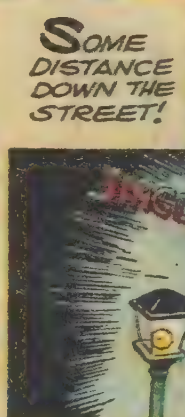
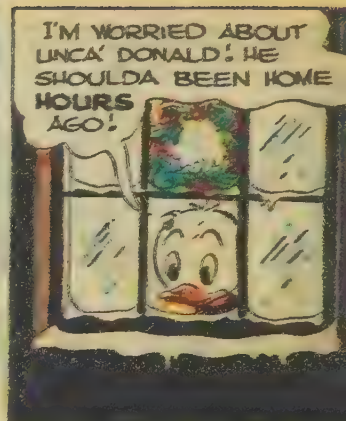
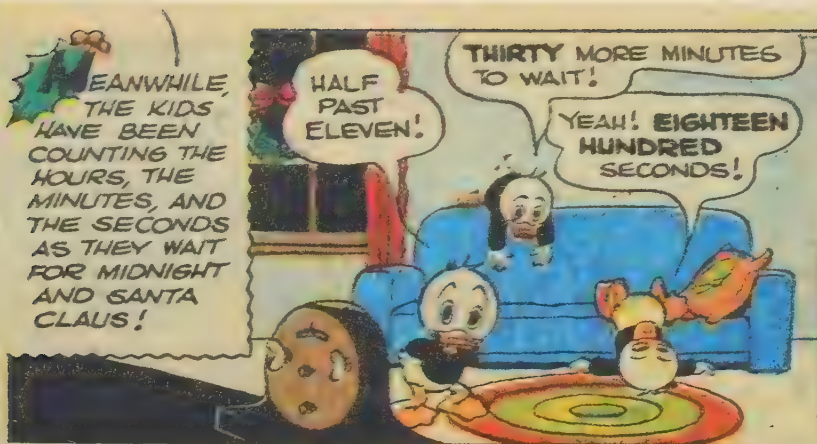




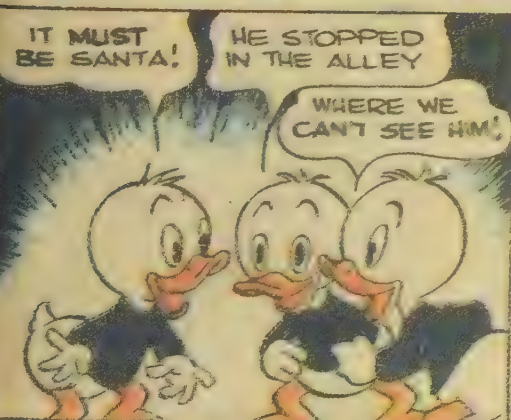
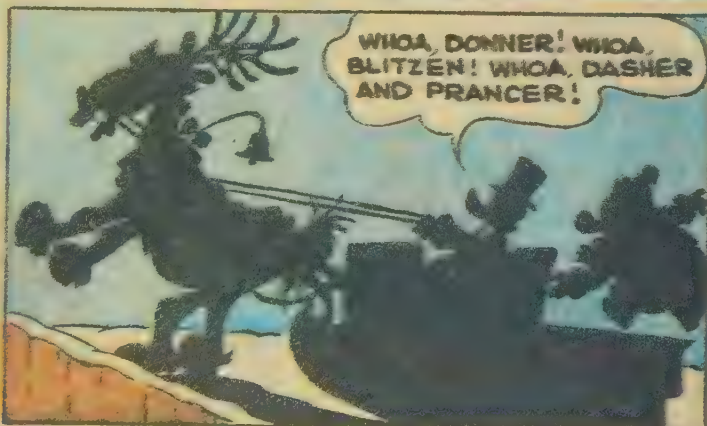
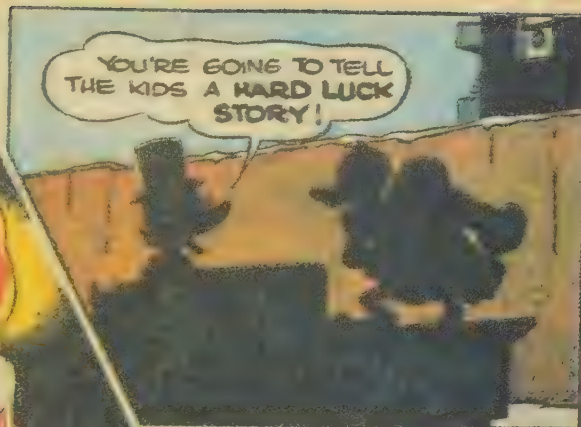




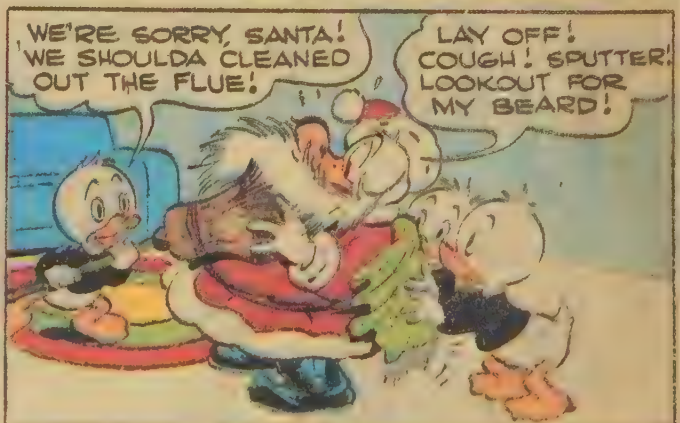
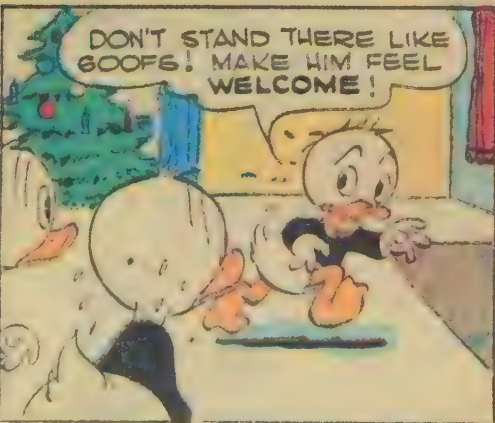
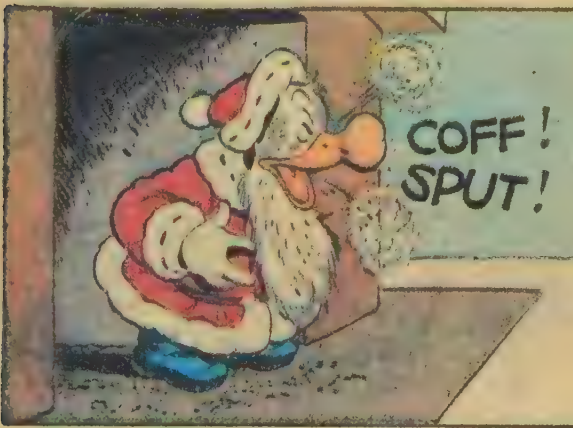
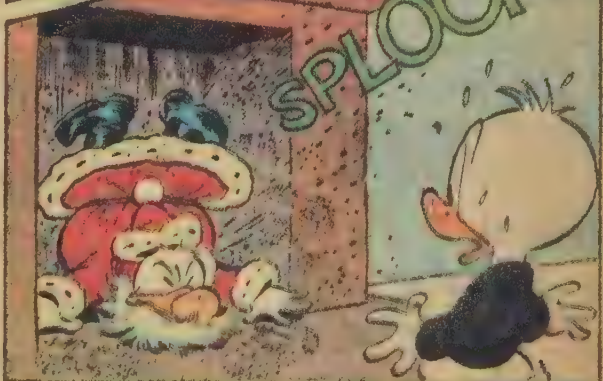
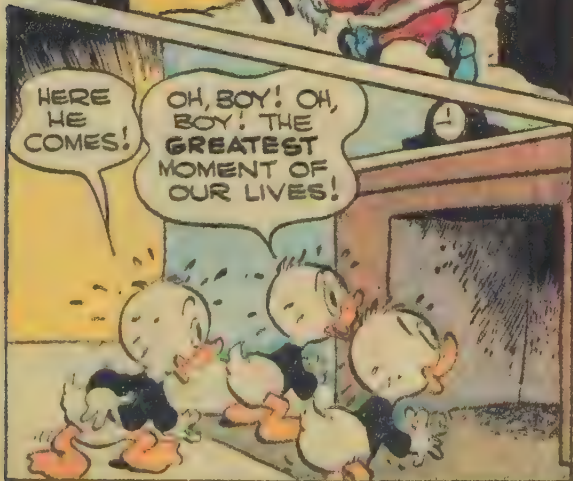
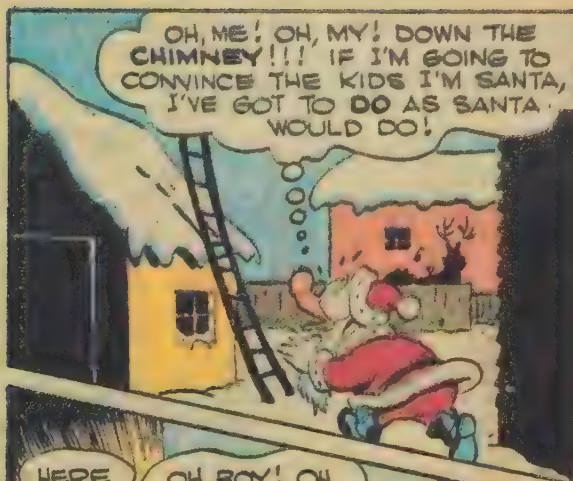




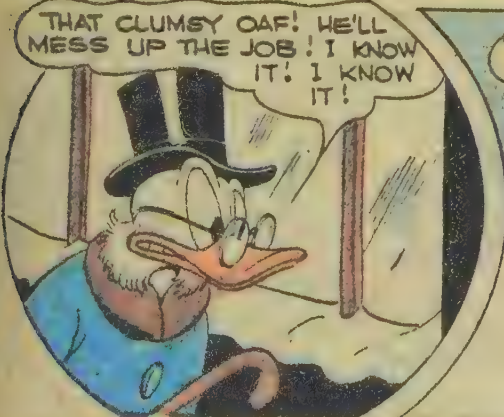
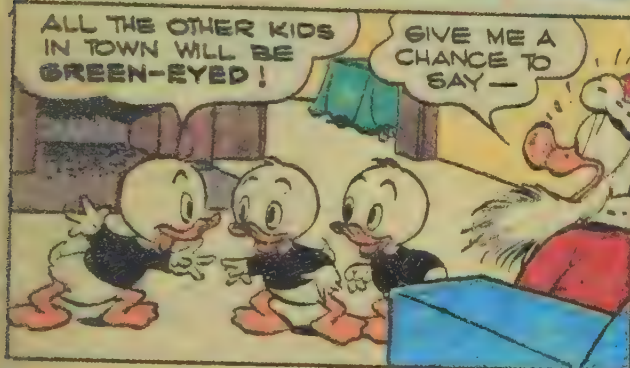
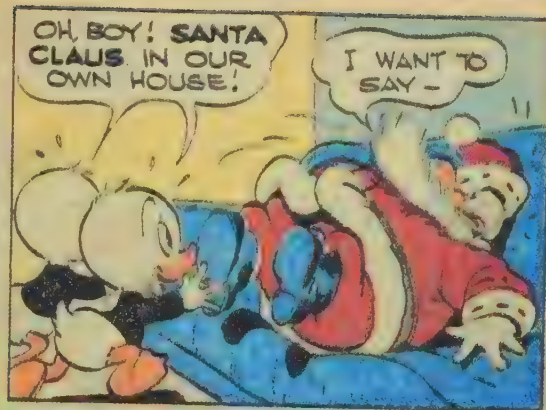




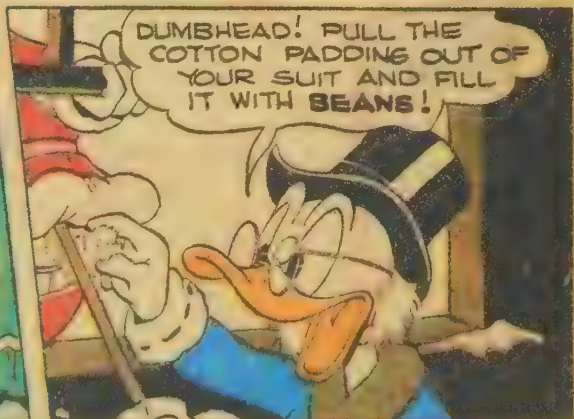
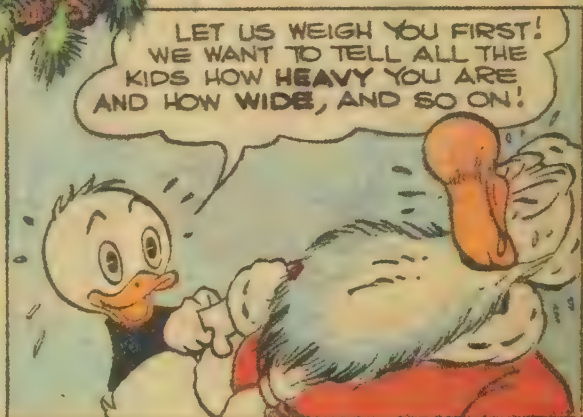
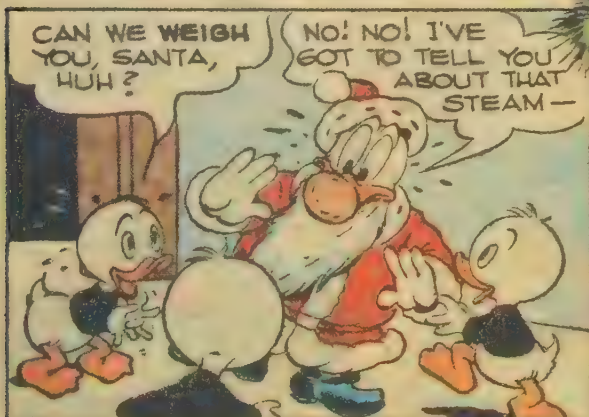




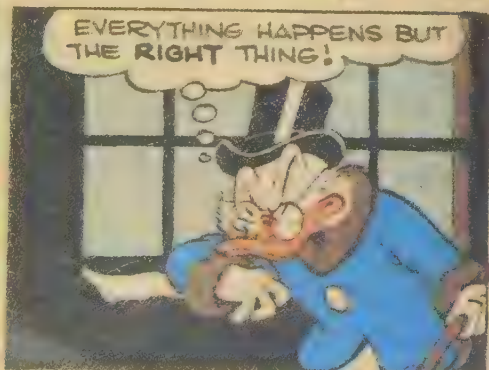
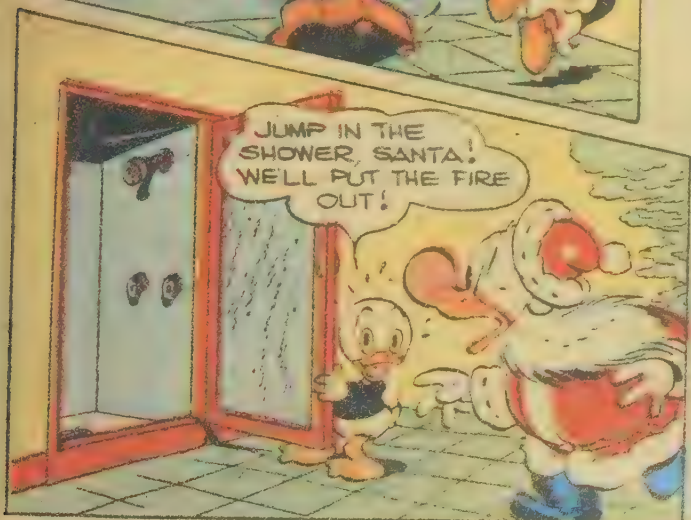
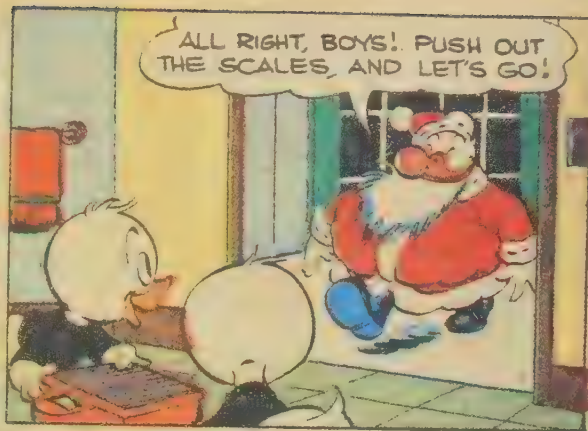




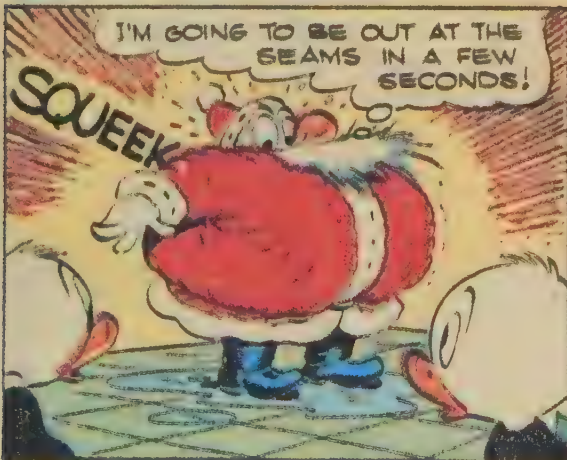
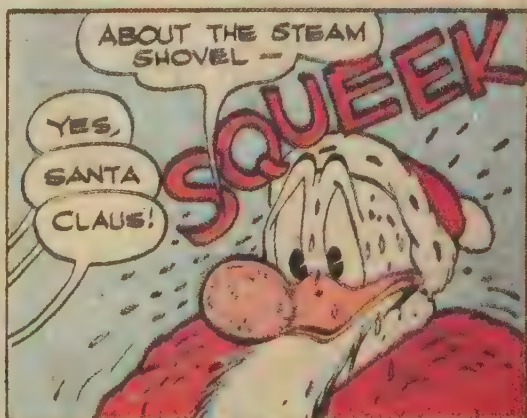




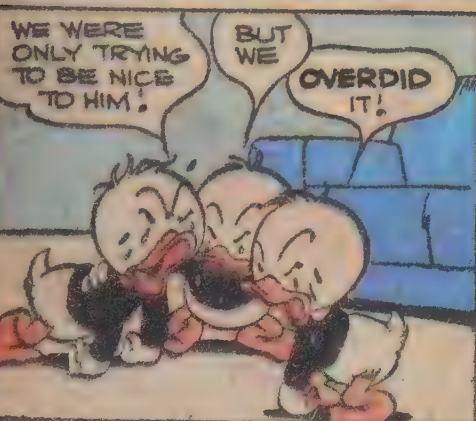
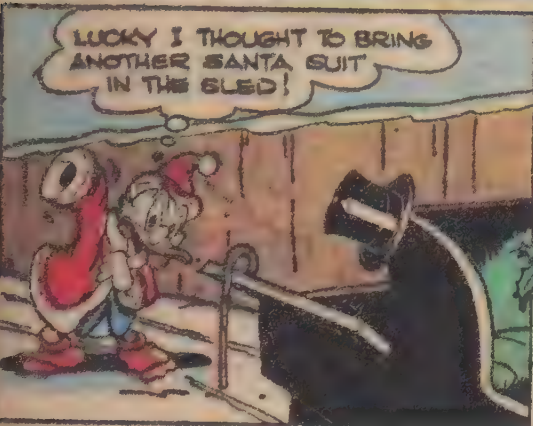
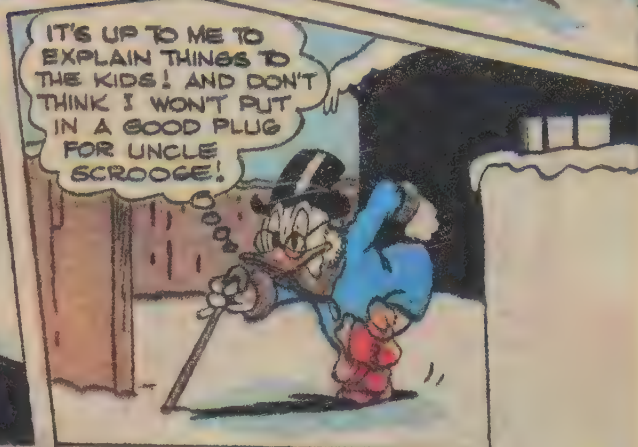
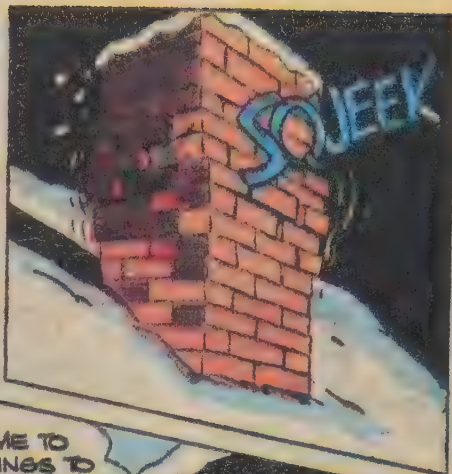




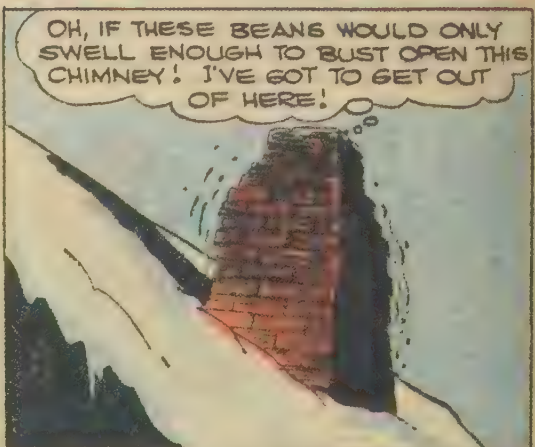
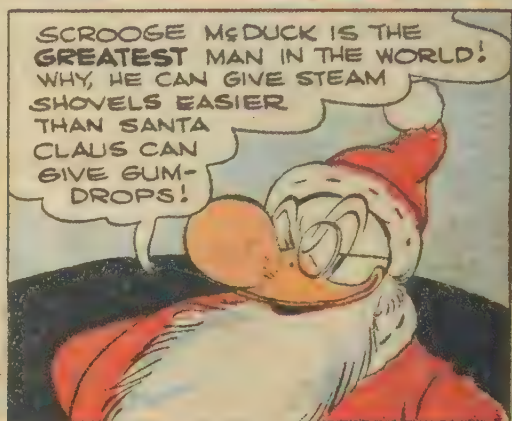
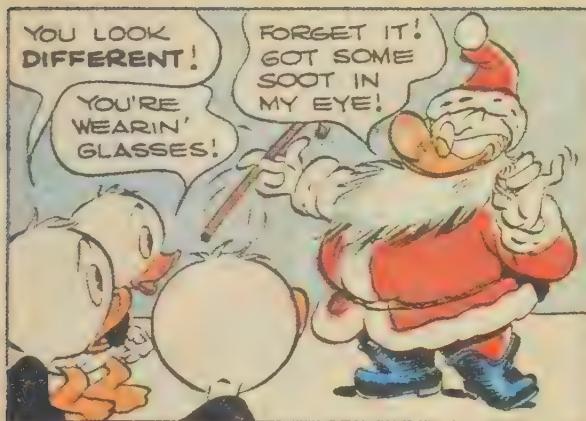




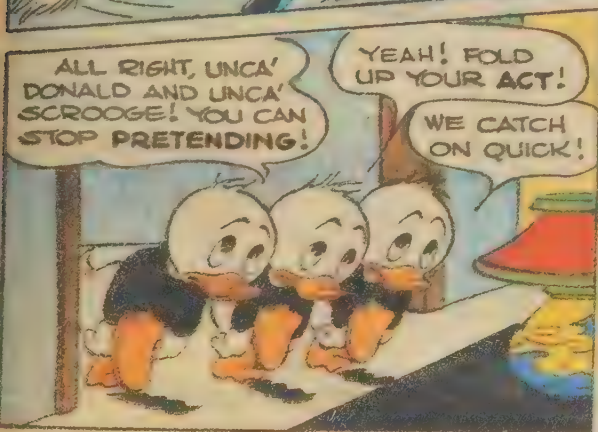
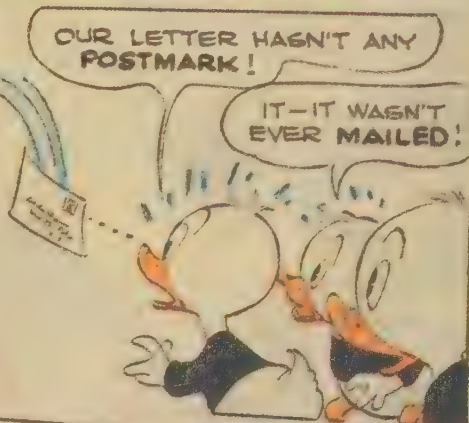
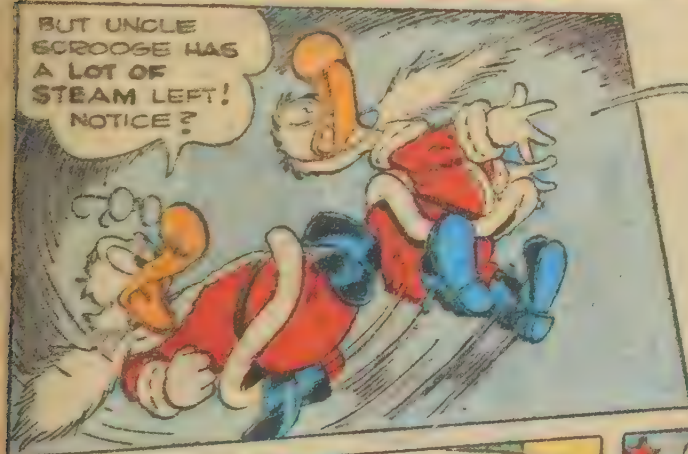
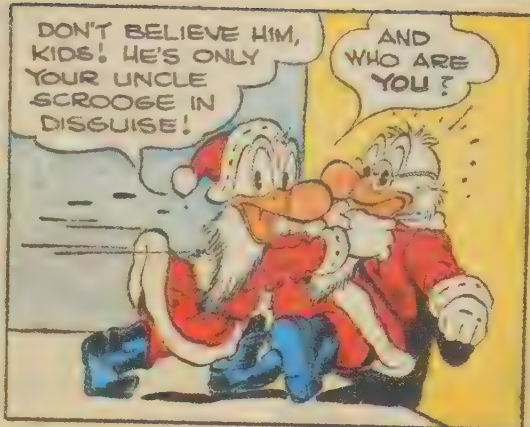




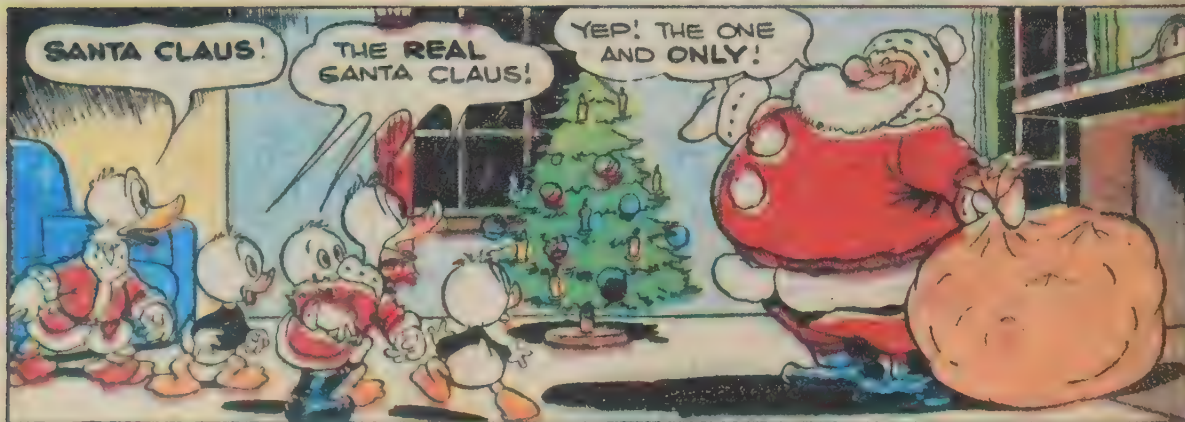
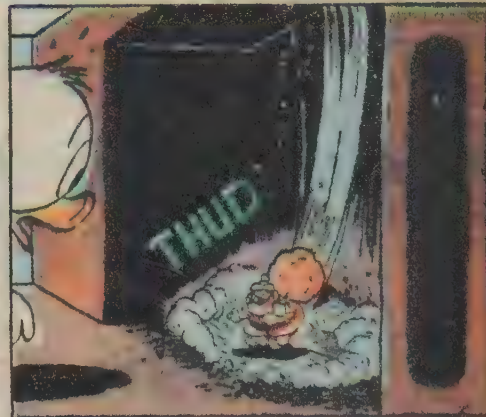
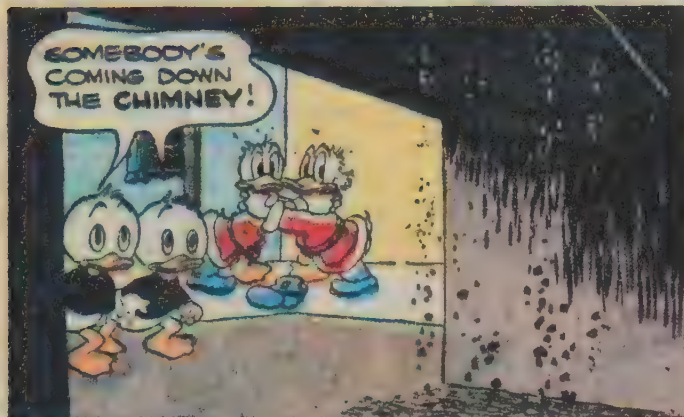
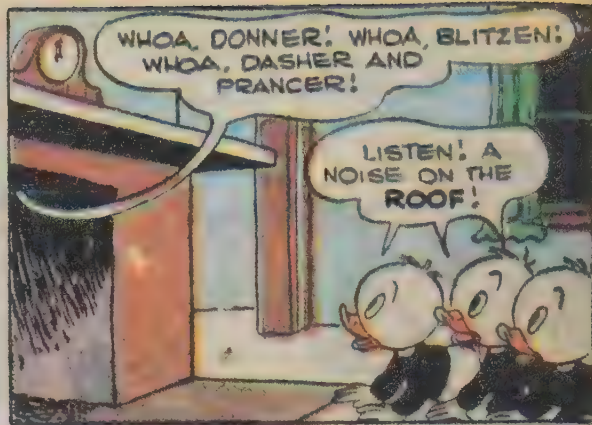
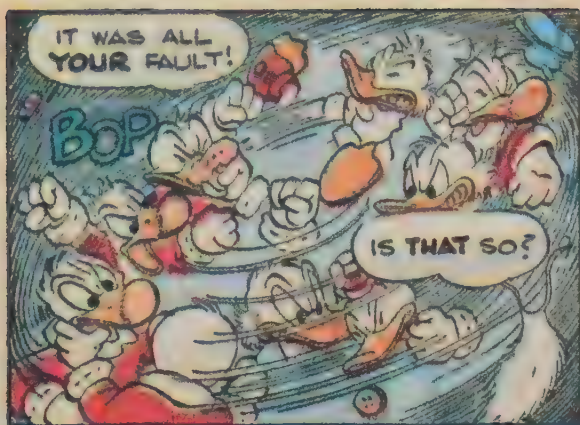




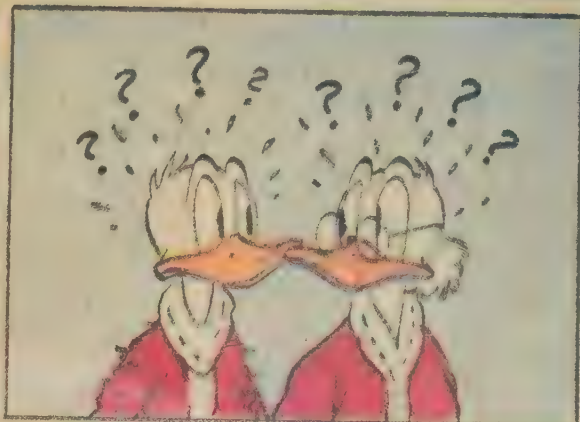
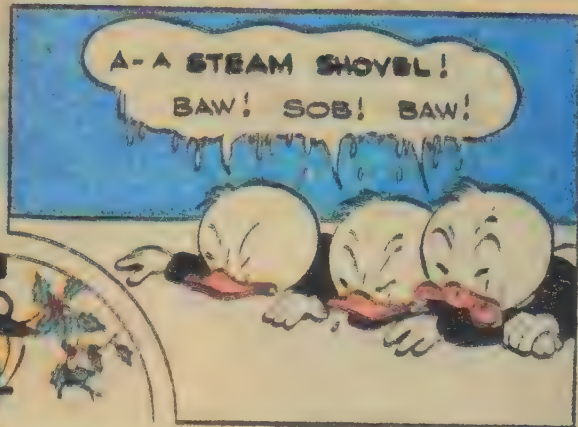
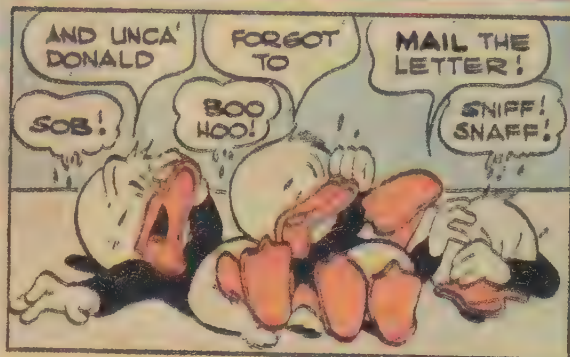
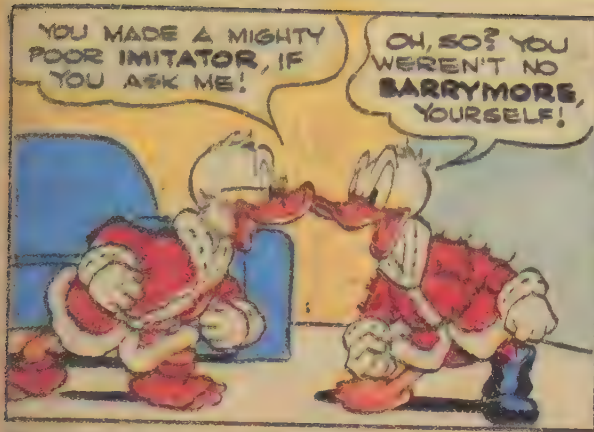




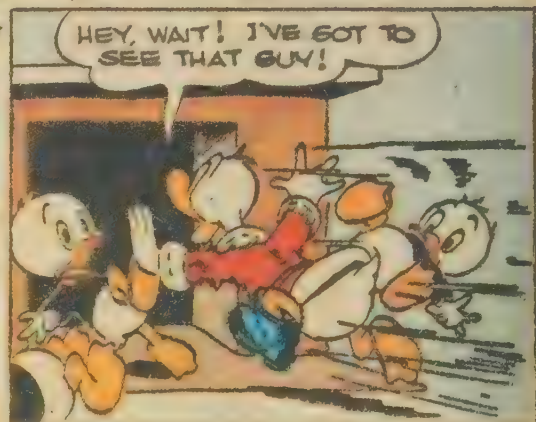
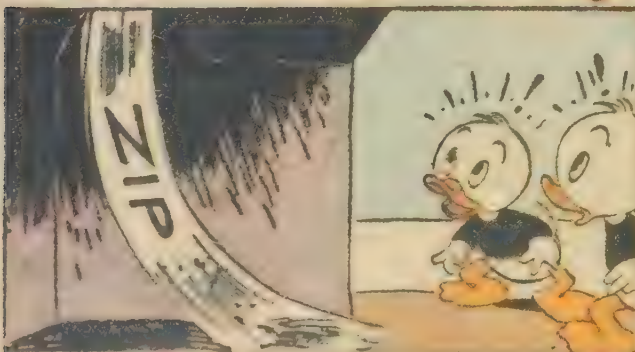
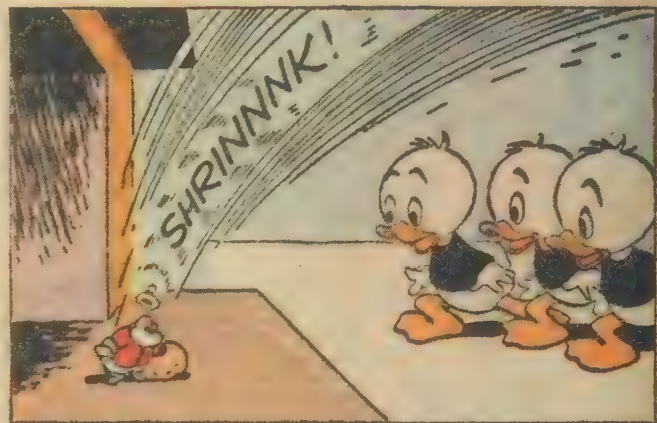
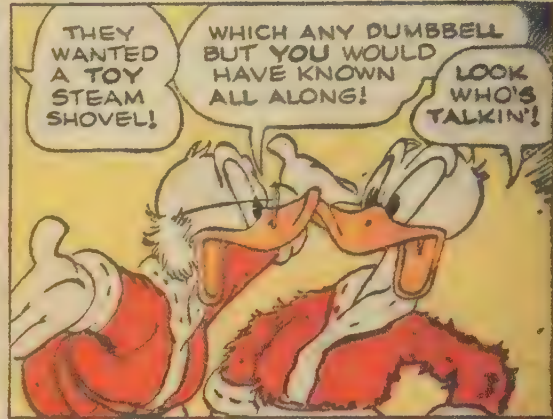
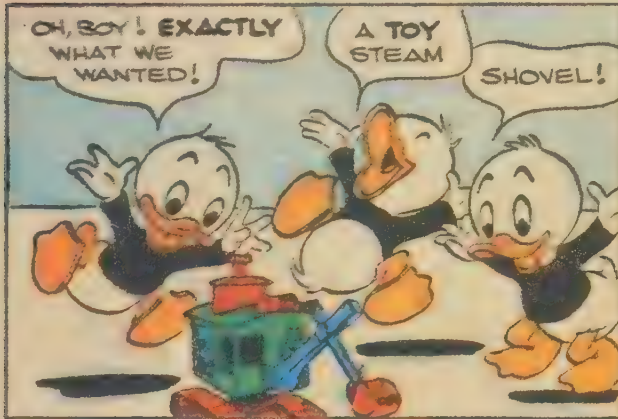
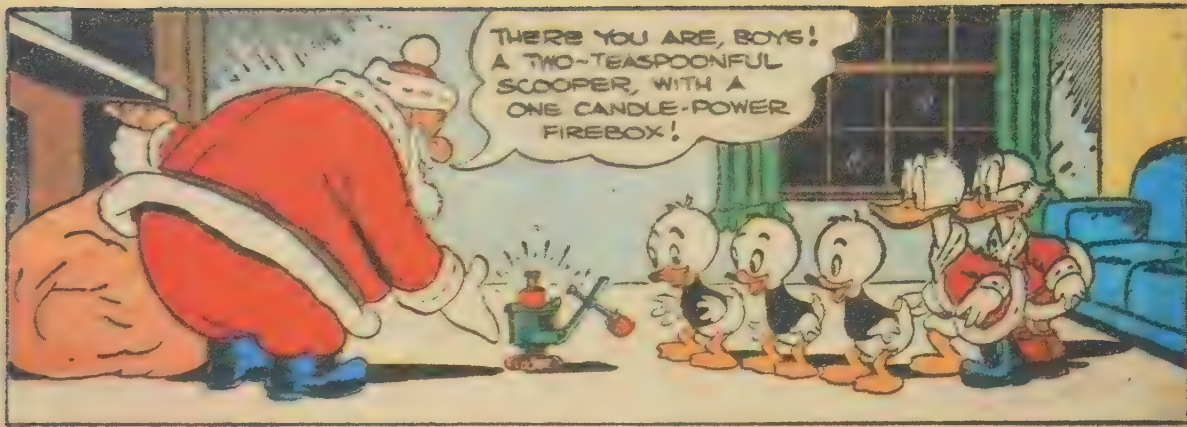




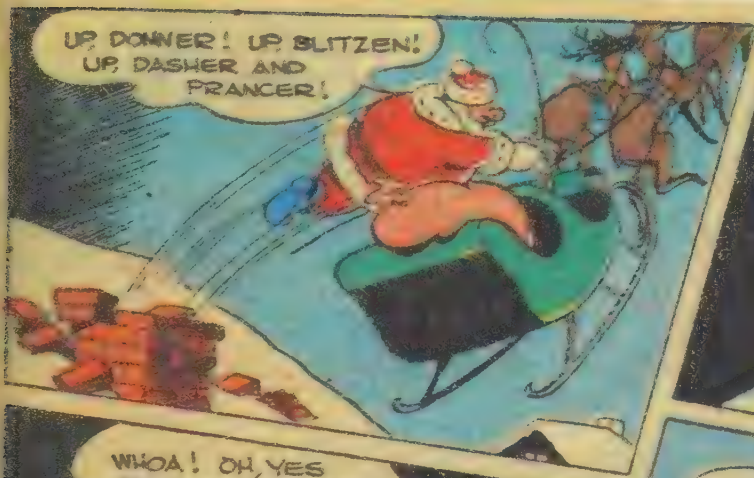


















## About “Pogo” and Walt Kelly

It will probably come as a surprise to some readers to find Pogo and Walt Kelly in this collection. It will probably come as a surprise to more readers to learn that Kelly actually began Pogo as a comic-book character, first in *Animal Comics* from 1942 to 1947, and then in the *Pogo Possum* comic book, which ran for sixteen issues between 1949 and 1954. By the time that the fine, farcical adventures presented here first appeared in *Pogo Possum*, Kelly’s Pogo had already become a widely syndicated, much-loved newspaper feature, and softcover collections of those newspaper strips were best sellers.

In discussing his own past, Walt Kelly sometimes indulged in the same talent for whimsy that he brought to the animal adventures in the Okefenokee. So it has become difficult to be sure of the biographical details. But the main facts seem clear enough. Kelly was born August 25, 1913, in Philadelphia, but his family had moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut, within two years. Kelly on occasion described his father as a painter of theatrical scenery, but that seems doubtful, particularly as the profession of a citizen of Bridgeport in the 1930s. In any case, Walt contributed drawings to his high school newspaper (which he also edited) and yearbook. On graduation, he went to work for the Bridgeport *Post*.

By 1935, Walt Kelly had been hired by the Walt Disney Studios, where he animated parts of *Fantasia* and *Dumbo*. In 1941, Kelly moved to New York, where he worked for Western Printing and Lithographing Company on Dell comic books, chiefly *Animal Comics* and *Our Gang*.

For the former he created a feature that was probably derived to some extent from the Uncle Remus stories. At first it had no continuing title but it centered around a comically ravenous alligator named Albert and a black youngster named Bumbazine who visited with Albert and the animals in a southern swamp. The swamp’s anthropomorphic inhabitants included a Pogo Possum whose role became gradually more prominent as Bumbazine’s waned. (Incidentally, the drawing of Pogo that appears in the collection *Ten Ever-Lovin’ Blue-Eyed Years with Pogo* captioned, “Pogo circa 1943,” is another example of Kelly whimsy, circa 1959. Pogo did look different in his early appearances but he didn’t look like that.)

During World War II, Kelly worked as a civilian employee for the Army, contributing drawings to language manuals. He continued to work for Western Printing, too, contributing to comic books like *Raggedy Ann and Andy*, *Santa Claus Funnies*, and *Easter with Mother Goose*—along with *Animal Comics* and *Our Gang*—well into the postwar



years. The charming illustrated parodies of standard nursery rhymes and nursery tales that were later featured in Kelly's books were first tried out in *Raggedy Ann and Andy* and other comic books.

In 1949, Kelly became art editor for the idealistic enterprise known as the New York *Star*, a newspaper for which he did editorial cartoons and spot drawings, and for which he revived Pogo in a daily comic strip. When the *Star* died, *Pogo* was taken over by the New York *Post* and its Post-Hall Syndicate, then by Field Enterprises. The success of that strip was rapid and book collections of *Pogo* strips quickly followed. Kelly remained the steward of the strip until his death on October 18, 1973.

Walt Kelly's work in *Animal Comics*, with its audience of small children, is particularly interesting in retrospect. The early Albert Alligator was a comic villain who actually intended to make his lunches of the swamp's other inhabitants. That fact gives another dimension to one of the adventures that follows: the one about Albert's accidental cannibalism. Many fine variations on that idea appeared in Kelly's daily and Sunday *Pogo* strips.

Kelly found himself and found the nature of his talent when *Pogo* became a four-panel, daily comic strip. But the *Pogo* Sunday feature gave Kelly's improvisational fancy a larger yard to play in, and the contemporaneous comic book, so unduly neglected as it was, gave him virtually an open field.

The comic-book treatment of *Pogo* was curiously different. Despite more panels and larger panels, the characters dominate the strip and the backgrounds are sparser. (Incidentally, Kelly's comic-book stories, like those of John Stanley's *Little Lulu*, would thus make superb storyboards for cartoons—particularly TV cartoons—just as they are.)

The three vaudeville-like comic-book sketches that follow, with their comic delight in the humanized attitudes and reactions of their characters, their verbal games and fun, and their detached but passionate observations on us all—these *Pogo* sketches suggest that Walt Kelly's sensibility was perhaps closest to that of another gifted and whimsical twentieth-century Irishman, James Joyce.

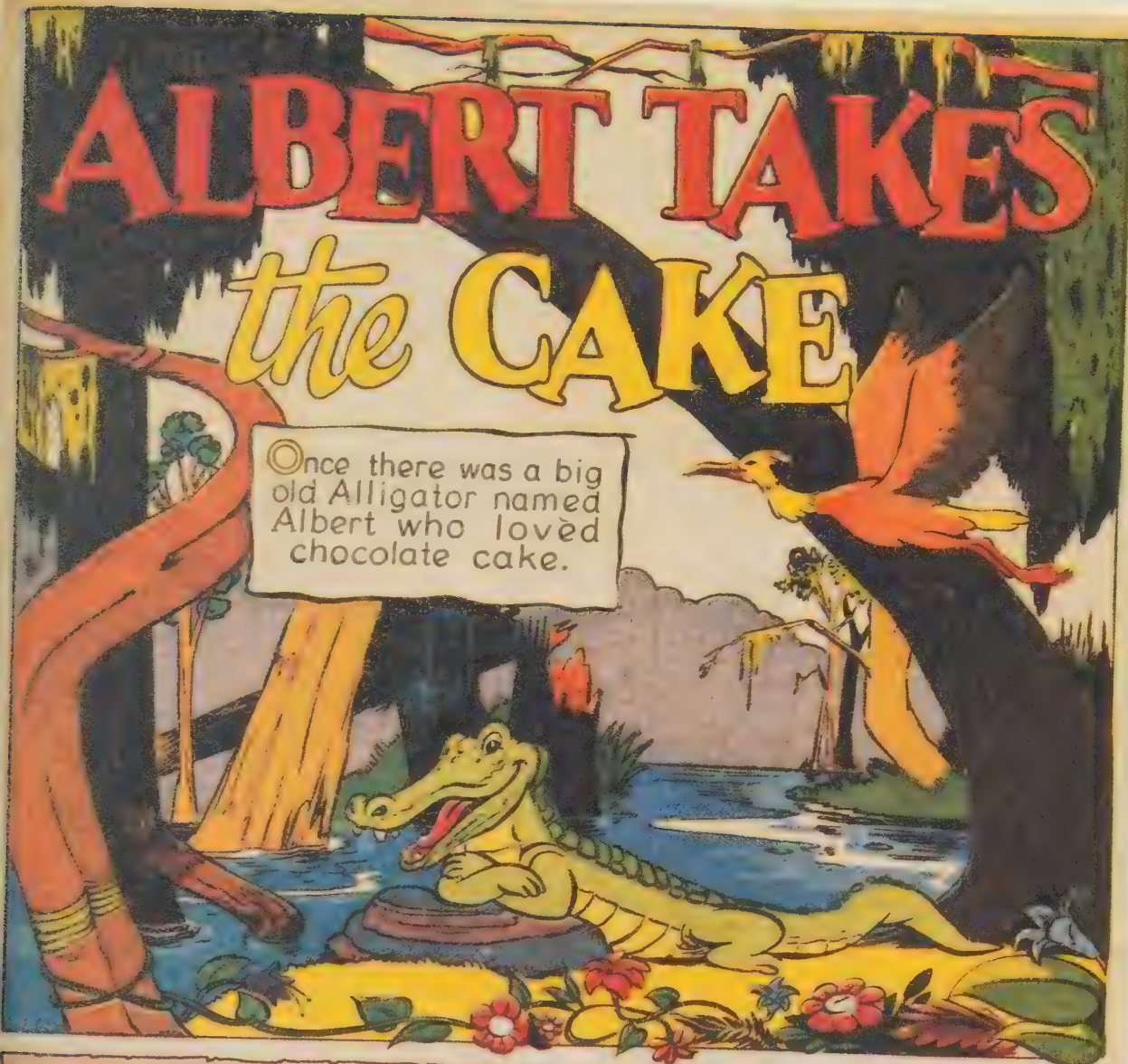
In addition to the three stories from *Pogo Possum*, we have included the very first Pogo story, published in *Animal Comics* in 1942.

M.W.



# ALBERT TAKES *the* CAKE

Once there was a big old Alligator named Albert who loved chocolate cake.

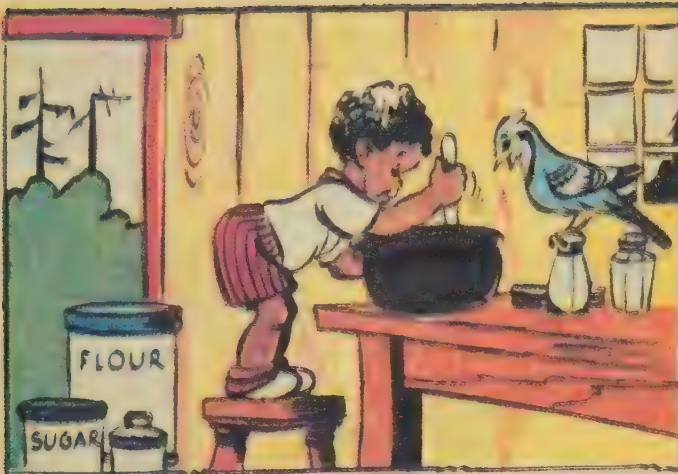


One bright morning Pogo the possum discovered that it was his birthday.

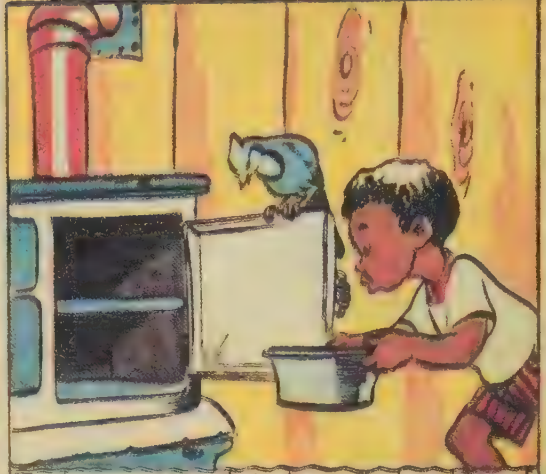


And when Mrs. Jay heard the news, she told Bumbazine, the little boy who lived on the edge of the swamp.

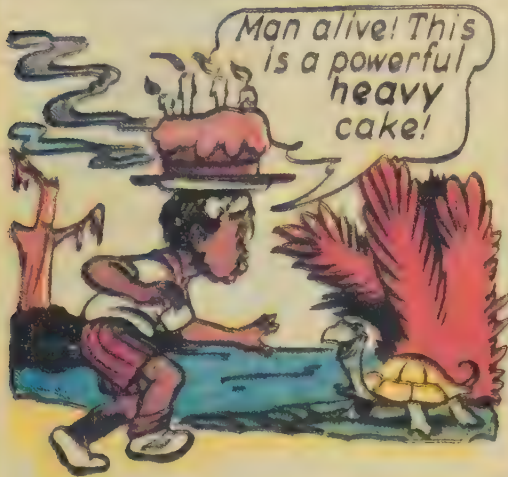




Bumbazine decided to bake a chocolate birthday cake for his friend Pogo. So he took flour and water and salt and pepper and sugar and molasses—



and three chocolate bars and a piece of bacon rind. He mixed them all together and baked the mixture into a cake.

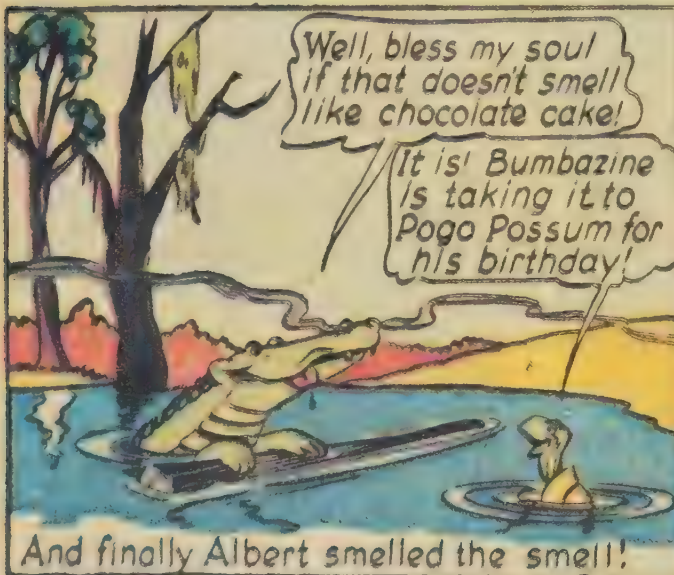


Man alive! This is a powerful heavy cake!



And though it **WAS** a heavy cake, it had the most beautiful smell that the swamp creatures had smelled in a blue moon.

When it was all done, Bumbazine hurried off to Pogo Possum's house.



And finally Albert smelled the smell!







Pogo was receiving greetings from his neighbors—



when he heard Bumbazine hailing him.







Yum-yum!

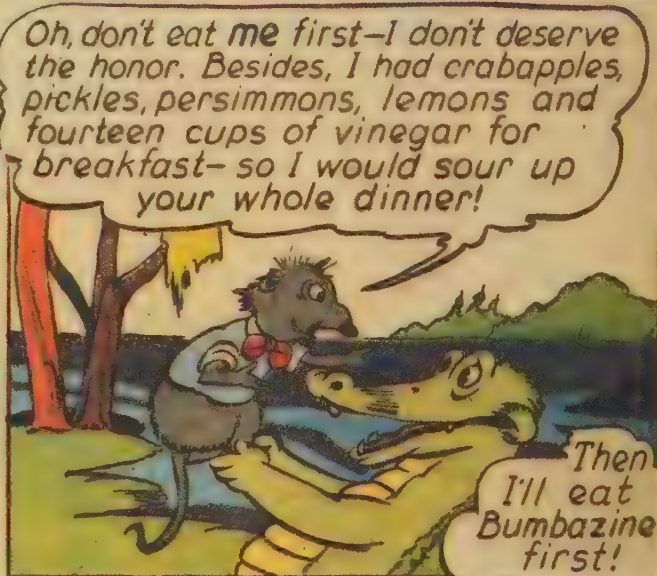
Don't eat Bumbazine because *that is me!*



Now you're caught too, Pogo! Looks like this is going to be quite a meal!



Now, I'll eat Pogo first, then Bumbazine, and for dessert I'll eat this beautiful and delicious chocolate cake with candles!



Oh, don't eat me first—I don't deserve the honor. Besides, I had crabapples, pickles, persimmons, lemons and fourteen cups of vinegar for breakfast—so I would sour up your whole dinner!

Then I'll eat Bumbazine first!

Oh, no, I still have on my winter underwear and I'll just itch up your insides—How would you get in there to scratch?

Waah—but I can't eat the cake first—that's dessert!

But all the best people eat dessert first nowadays, Albert! Don't cry!

Sure—even the Queen of France said "Let 'em eat cake!"



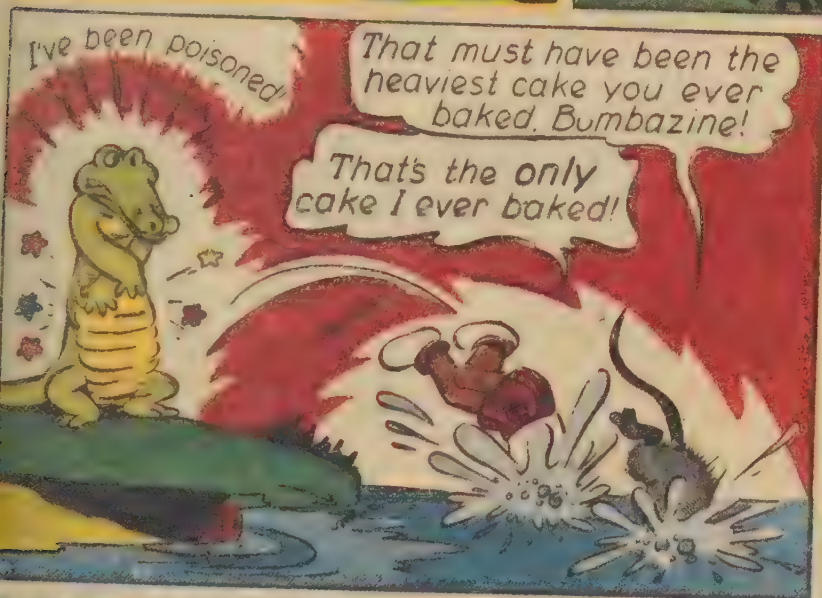


Well, in that case I'll just eat this chocolate cake first!



Man! That cake hit bottom first thing!

I'm gettin out of here!



I've been poisoned!

That must have been the heaviest cake you ever baked, Bumbazine!

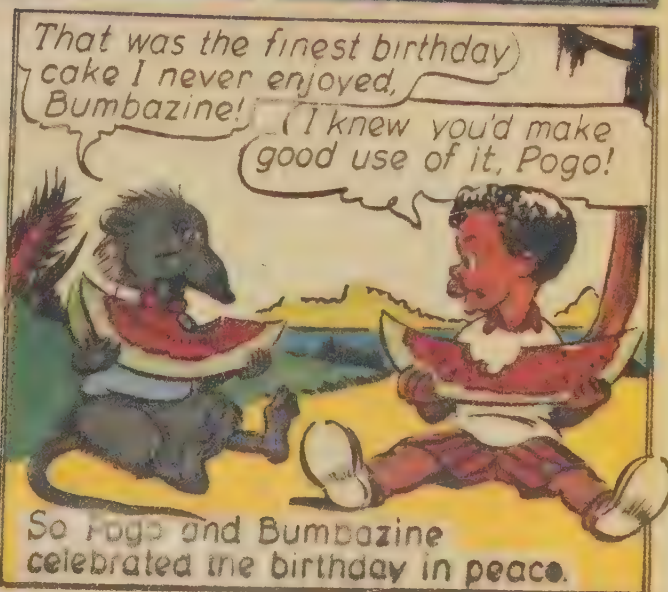
That's the only cake I ever baked!



I'll catch you both! You can't feed me a cake made out of cement!



But the cake was so heavy that it pulled Albert to the bottom and there he stayed for a week.



That was the finest birthday cake I never enjoyed, Bumbazine!

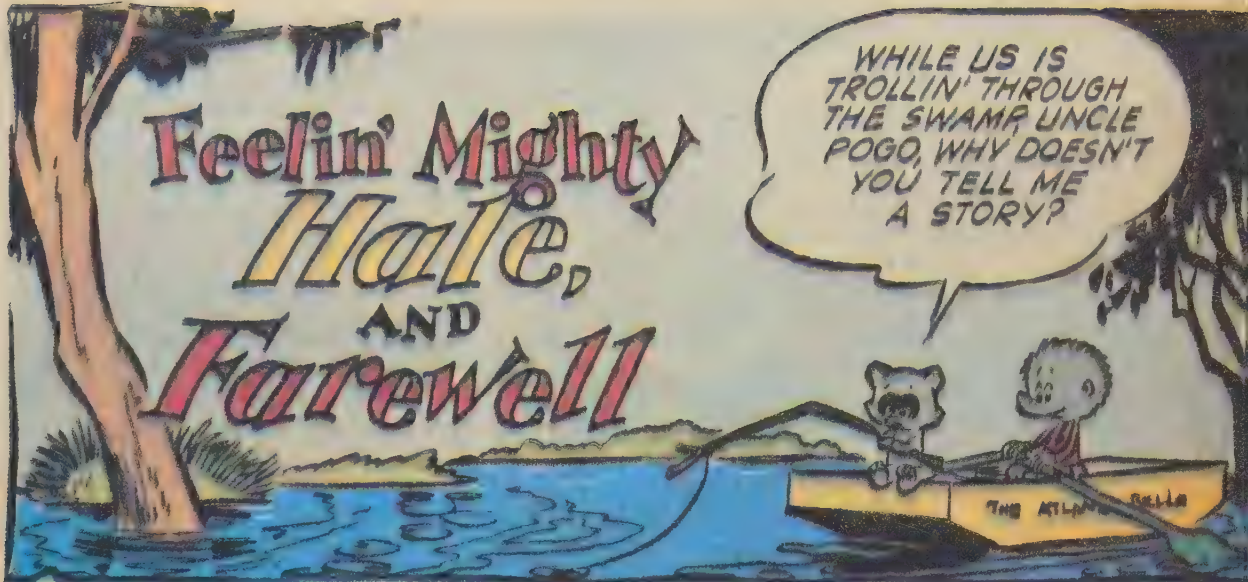
(I knew you'd make good use of it, Pogo!

So Pogo and Bumbazine celebrated the birthday in peace.



# Feelin' Mighty Hale, AND Farewell

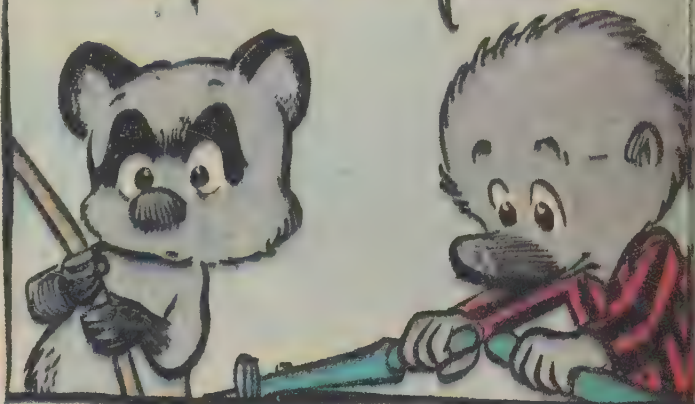
WHILE US IS  
TROLLIN' THROUGH  
THE SWAMP, UNCLE  
POGO, WHY DOESN'T  
YOU TELL ME  
A STORY?



GOOD IDEA...I DON'T THINK  
I IS EVER TOLD YOU 'BOUT  
THE TIME US PUMPED OUT  
UNCLE ALBERT, IS IP

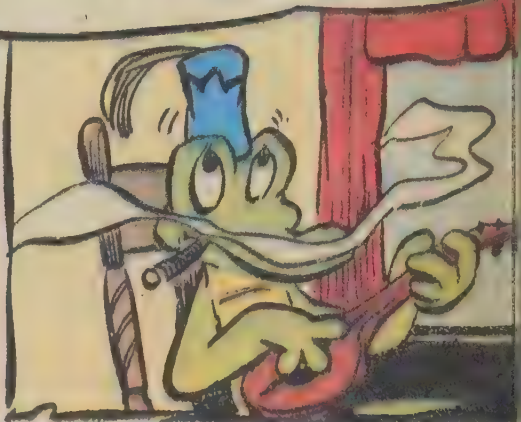
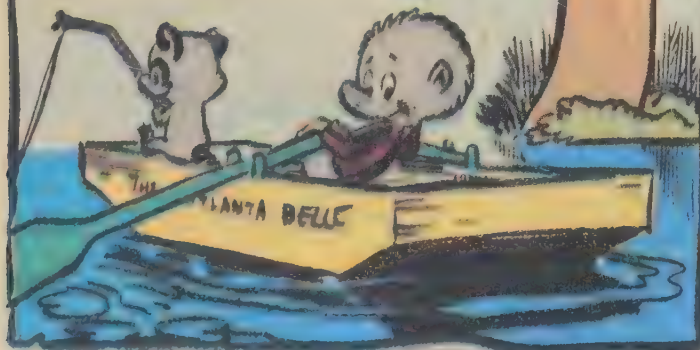
PUMPED OUT  
UNCLE ALBERT?  
WHUFFO?

WELL, HE COMMITTED  
SUICIDE—LONG 'BOUT  
FIVE YEARS AGO.

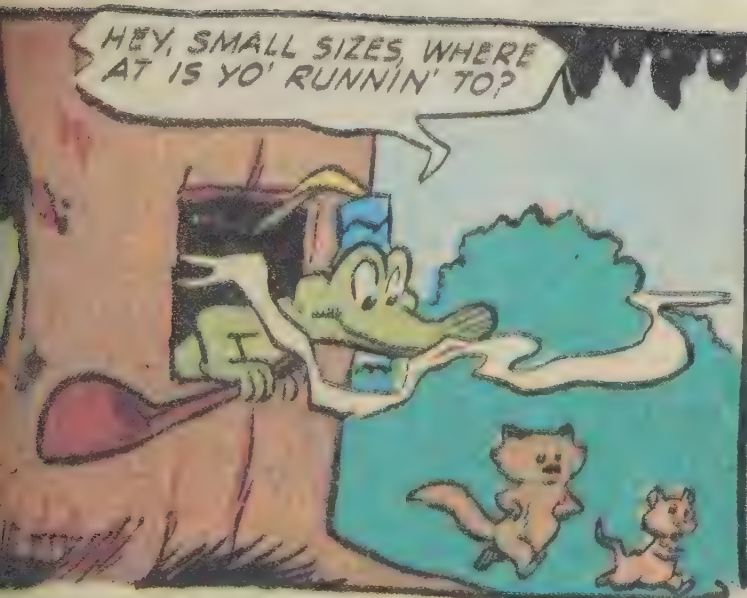


WE TOLD THE STORY ONCE  
BEFORE, BUT WE GOT MAIL  
SAYIN' TELL IT AGAIN—SO  
HERE SHE IS...

ONE DAY, OL' UNCLE ALBERT WAS  
SMOKIN' A SEEGAR TO HISSELF  
WHEN SUDDEN HE GIT A FIERCE  
AROMA OF FRYIN' CATFISHES!











HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?!

THERE!

SPTOO!



WHY, SON, YOU WAS INFESTED WITH A GLOWWORM...IT MIGHT OF CON-SOOMED YOU!



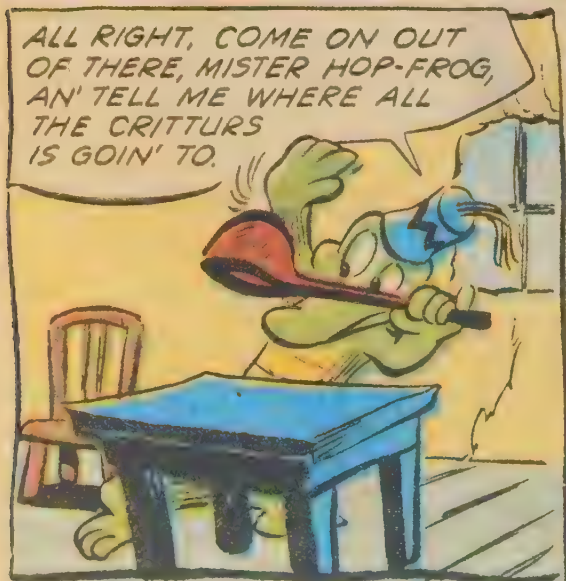
DON'T THANK ME—A VIRTUOSO IS HIS OWN REE-WARD

NEVER MIND THAT! WHERE'S EVER'BODY GOIN'?

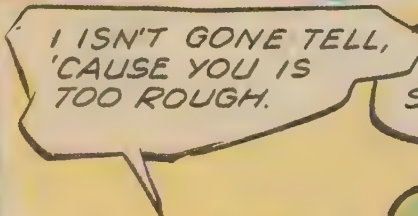


THERE! IS CAUGHT OL' MAN HOPPITY FROG!

SPLOCK



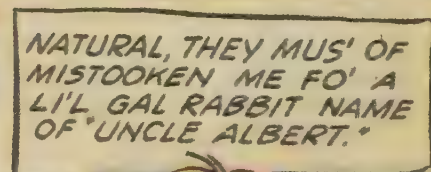
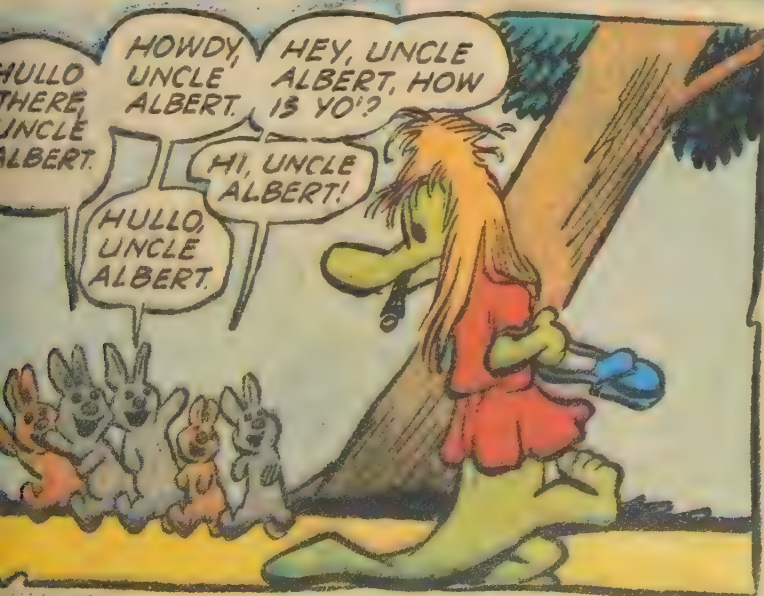
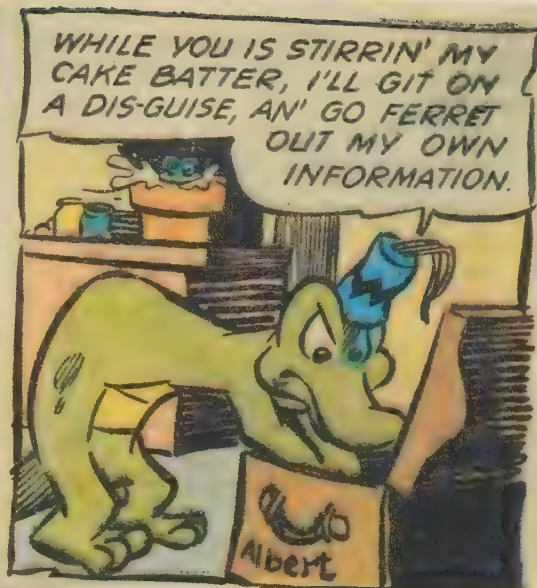
ALL RIGHT, COME ON OUT OF THERE, MISTER HOP-FROG, AN' TELL ME WHERE ALL THE CRITTURS IS GOIN' TO.



I ISN'T GONE TELL, 'CAUSE YOU IS TOO ROUGH.

SO!







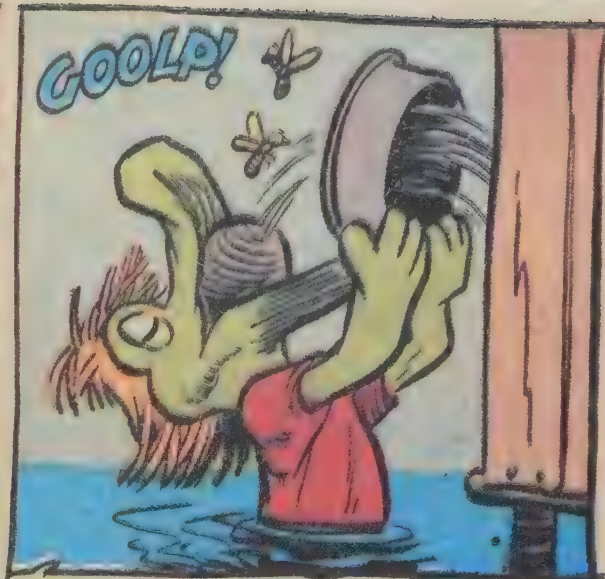




MAN! MIZ MUSHRAT IS  
PUTTIN' OUT A HONEY  
PIE TO COOL—I KNOW  
IT A HONEY PIE  
'CAUSE LI'L BEE  
BUGS IS A-BUZZIN'  
ROUND IT.



GOOLP!



MM—NOT BAD—  
'MUNCH-CRUNCH-  
CRUNCH...)



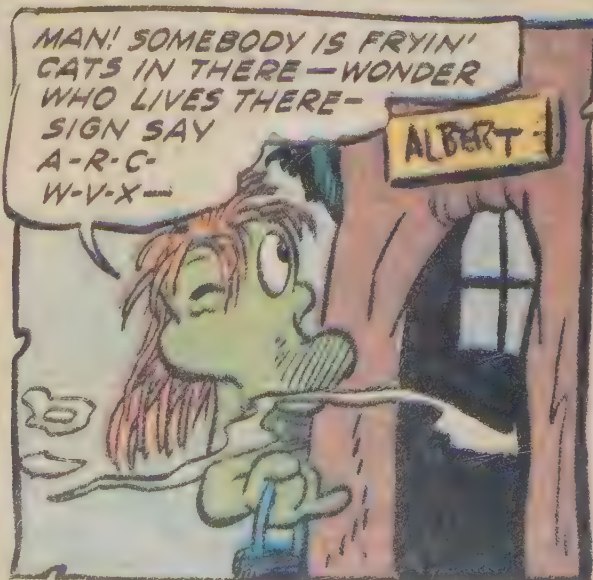
(WOORP! URP)-EXCUSE  
ME. MRS. MUSHRAT  
MUST BE A  
MOXICAN—  
THAT WAS  
A HIGH  
SEASONED  
PIE!



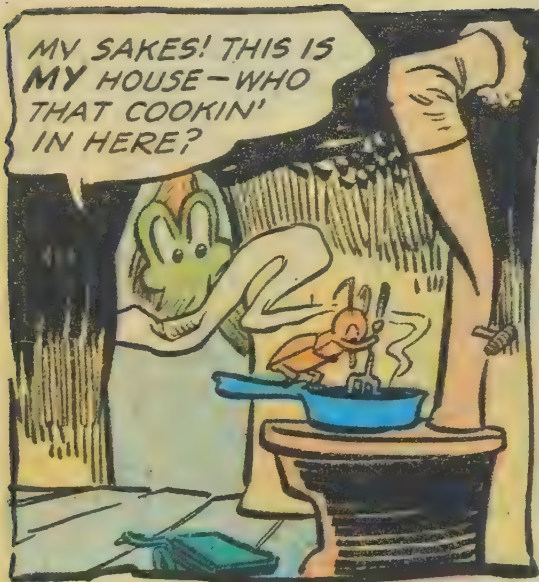
SCUSE—MM—  
EVERYBODY  
'COOKIN'  
TODAY.



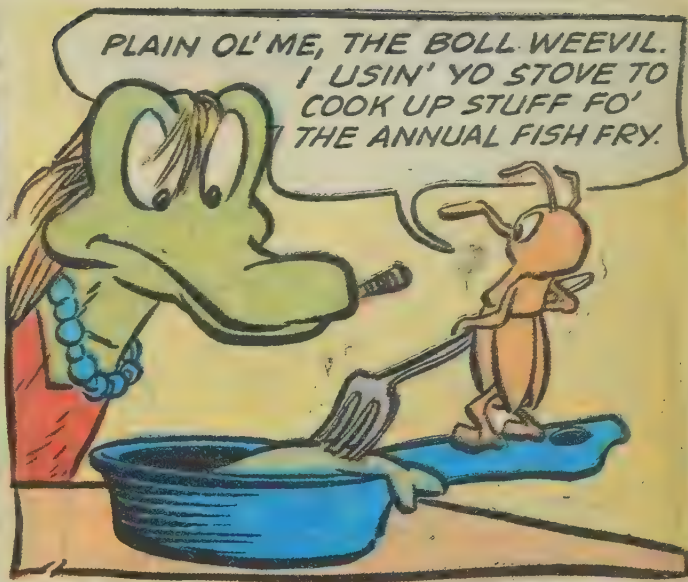
MAN! SOMEBODY IS FRYIN'  
CATS IN THERE—WONDER  
WHO LIVES THERE—  
SIGN SAY  
A-R-C-  
W-V-X—







MY SAKES! THIS IS MY HOUSE—WHO THAT COOKIN' IN HERE?



PLAIN OL' ME, THE BOLL WEEVIL. I USIN' YO STOVE TO COOK UP STUFF FO' THE ANNUAL FISH FRY.



THE ANNUAL FISH FRY! NO WONDER EVERYBODY IS RUSHIN' ROUND AN' COOKIN' STUFF.



HURRY UP AN' GIT FINISH— I IS CONSCIENCE STRUCK.



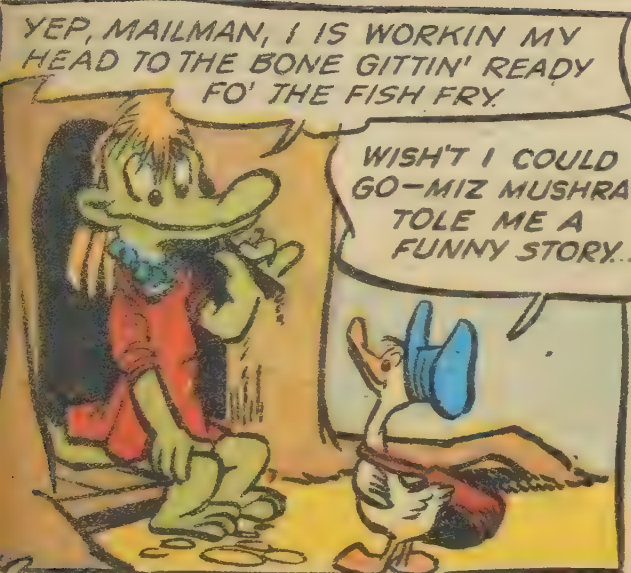
OH WOE—(SNIFF)—I STOLED MIZ MUSHRAT'S PIE—I'LL MAKE UP BY BAKIN' THIS CAKE QUICK.

IT A GOOD OL' SWAMP CUSTOM—A BIG ANNUAL FRY.



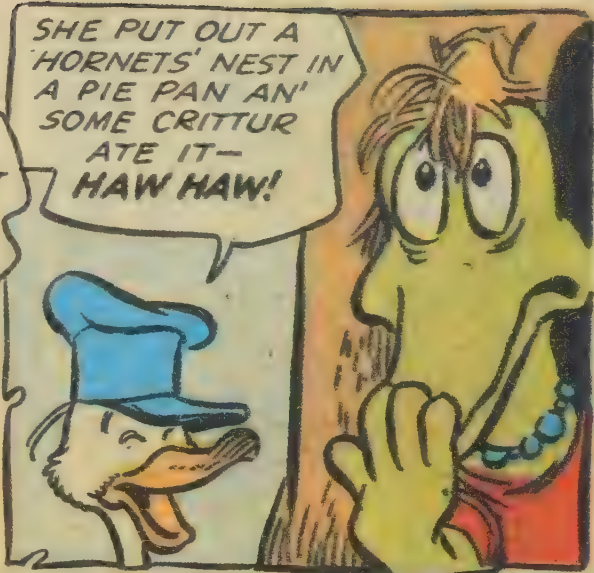
CAKE BE DONE IN A JIFFY! SMELL GOOD IN HERE.



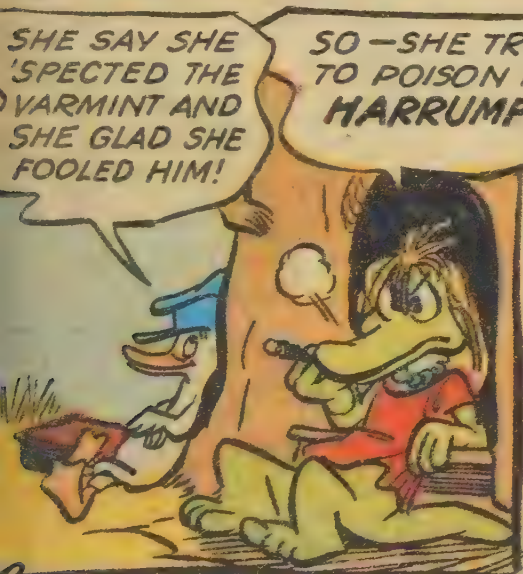


YEP, MAILMAN, I IS WORKIN MY  
HEAD TO THE BONE GITTIN' READY  
FO' THE FISH FRY.

WISH'T I COULD  
GO—MIZ MUSHRAT  
TOLE ME A  
FUNNY STORY..



SHE PUT OUT A  
'HORNETS' NEST IN  
A PIE PAN AN'  
SOME CRITTUR  
ATE IT—  
**HAW HAW!**



SHE SAY SHE  
'SPECTED THE  
VARMINT AND  
SHE GLAD SHE  
FOOLED HIM!

SO—SHE TRIED  
TO POISON ME!  
**HARRUMPH!**



**YOU!?**

YES, ME! COME  
ON IN HERE!



WHAT YOU  
WANTS, SIR?

I WANTS YOU TO WRITE  
A SUICIDE  
NOTE.



NIX! I DON'T  
WANT TO COMMIT  
SUICIDE—GOOD-BYE!  
—WOOP!

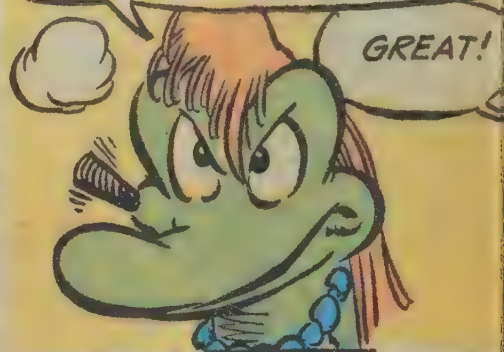
HOLE  
ON!





THIS LETTER IS FROM ME—I DICK-TAKIN' IT TO THE FOLKS AT THE FRY.

SAY: "GOOD-BYE, CRUEL WORLD. I GONE DO WAY WITH MYSELF 'CAUSE YO' DIN'T TELL ME 'BOUT THE ANNUAL FRY AN' YOU TRY TO POISON ME—HAIL AN' FAREWELL."



GREAT!



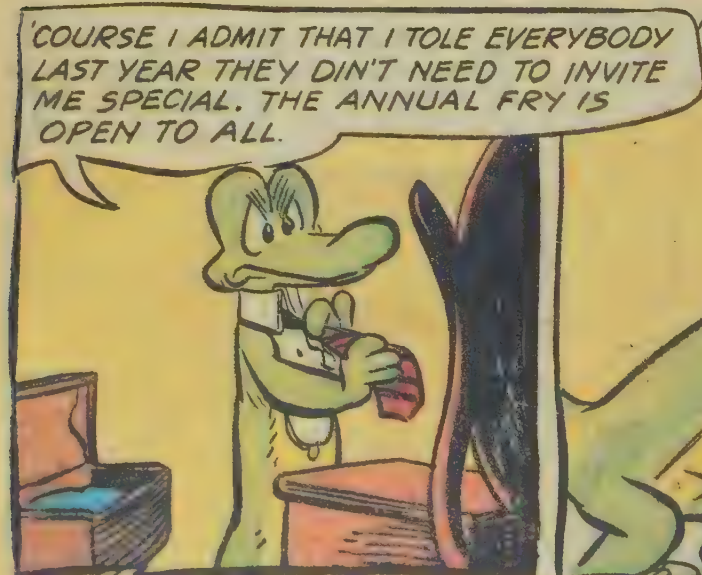
GREAT! WHAT YOU MEAN GREAT—?

I MEAN GREAT HOW YOU FRAMES THE LITERATURE AN' GREAT 'CAUSE NOW OL' MAIL-MAN GOT A REASON TO GO TO THE FRY.



GIT ALONG AN' DEE-LIVER THAT TO POGO POSSUM.

I HOPES YO' PASSIN' IS QUIET, ALBERT.



'COURSE I ADMIT THAT I TOLE EVERYBODY LAST YEAR THEY DIN'T NEED TO INVITE ME SPECIAL. THE ANNUAL FRY IS OPEN TO ALL.



BUT I WISH FOLKS WOULD RE-MEMBER WHAT I MEAN AN' NOT WHAT I SAY—MM-CAKE DONE.



I'LL \*JUST EAT THIS BEFORE  
LEAVIN' THE COUNTRY FO' A  
SPELL AN' PUTTIN A SCARE  
INTO THEM CRITTURS.

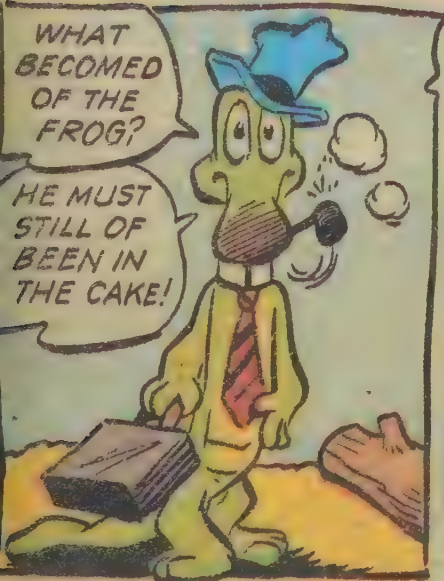


MMMPPH—WONDER IF I REALLY DID  
COMMIT SUICIDE? THAT CAKE WAS  
MOUGHTY SOLID!



WHAT  
BECOMED  
OF THE  
FROG?

HE MUST  
STILL OF  
BEEN IN  
THE CAKE!

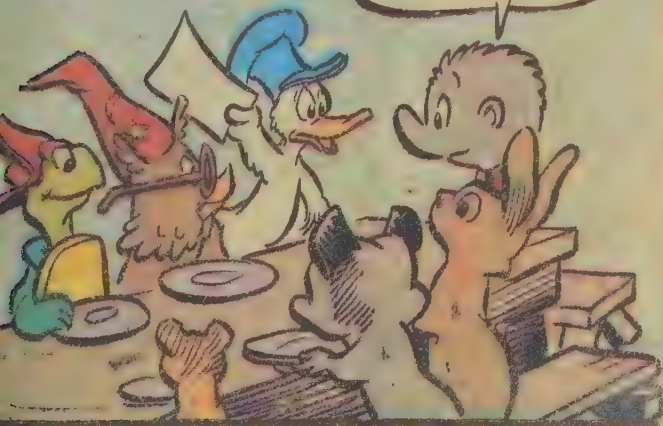


I IS A CANNIBUBBLE!



HERE'S A NOTE  
FROM ALBERT.

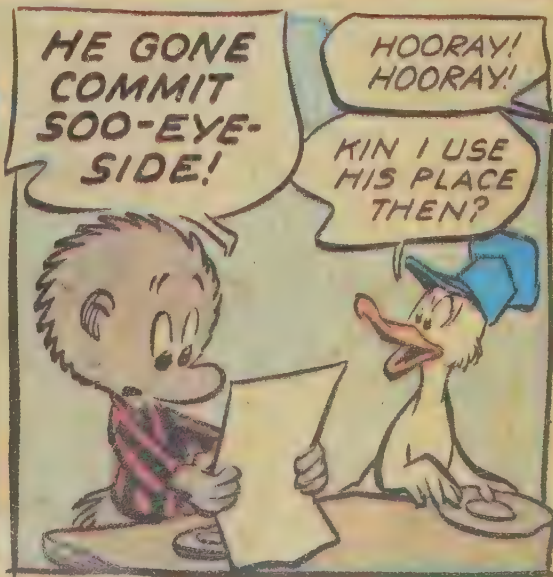
GOOD—I HOLDIN'  
HIS PLACE FO'  
HIM.



HE GONE  
COMMIT  
SOO-EYE-  
SIDE!

HOORAY!  
HOORAY!

KIN I USE  
HIS PLACE  
THEN?





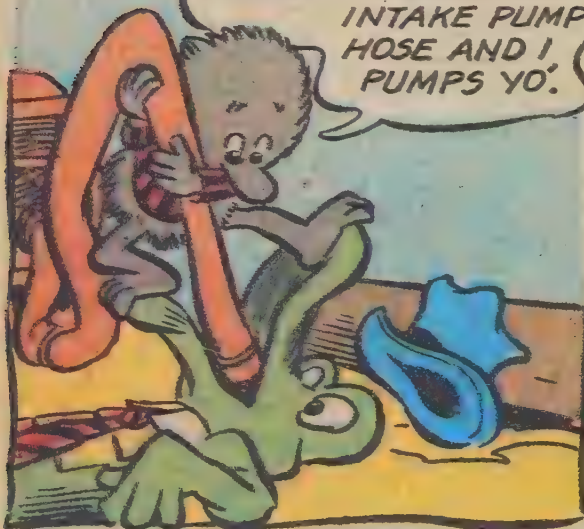
ONLY ONE THING! TAKE THE FIRE PUMP WHAT WE HAD IN CASE THE BONFIRE GIT OUT OF CONTROL.



QUICK, ALBERT! OPEN YO' MOUTH AN' LET THE PULMOTOR WHICH I IS PULLIN' PUMP OUT THE POISON. IT'S YO ONLY CHANCE.

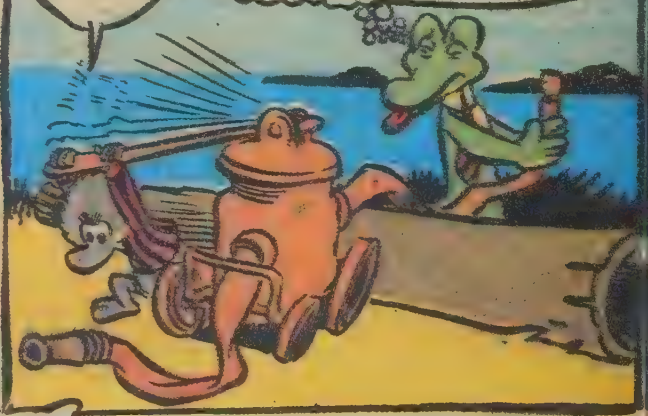


SWALLER DOWN THE INTAKE PUMP HOSE AND I PUMPS YO'.



ONE, TWO, ONE, TWO—

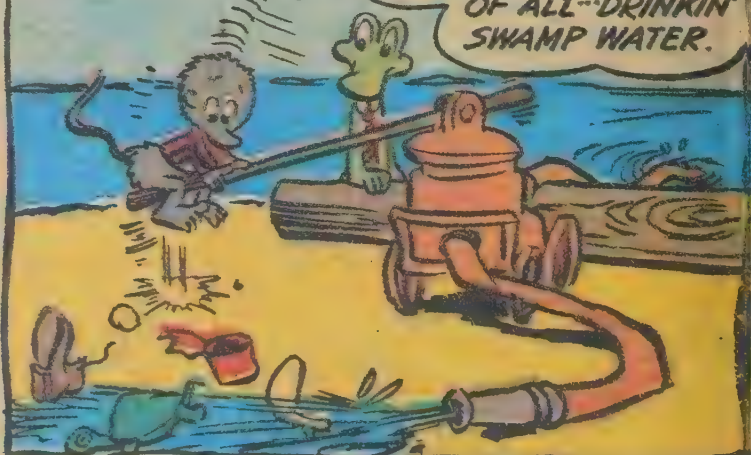
SPOOIE! POGO SURE PICKS OUT UNCOMFORTABLE WAYS TO PROVE HE'S MY BEST FRIEND.



I'LL JUST STICK THIS HOSE IN THE LAGOON AND THAT'LL SATISFY POGO—THEN I CAN BE SICK IN PEACE.



MY SAKES, ALBERT, YOU TRIED THE MOST HORRIBOBLE DEATH OF ALL—DRINKIN' SWAMP WATER.





MAN! YOU IS A VERITABOBBLE  
STOREHOUSE OF TREASURE!  
LOOKY-WE DREDGED OUT A  
GOLE WATCH-PROBLY WORTH  
A QUARTER OR **MORE!**

I IS QUIETLY  
PROUD.

LET'S  
DO ME  
SOME  
MORE.

EASY NOW-US  
DON'T WANT TO  
HAUL YOU INSIDE  
OUT.

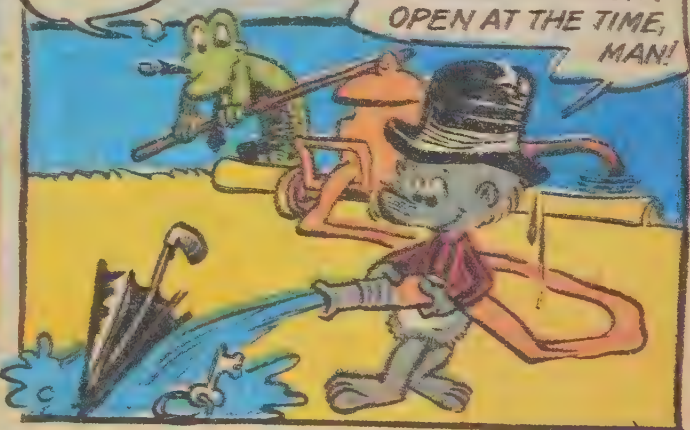


LOOKY! A STERIOPTICAL  
SLIDE VIEW OF WICHITA  
AN' A PLUG HAT-  
YOU SURE WE ISN'T  
GONE TOO FAR?

'COURSE  
NOT!

SEE KIN YOU PICK  
OUT ME A GOOD  
JACK  
KNIFE.

YOU SWALLOWS THE  
MOS' **WONDERFUL**  
THINGS-LUCKY THAT  
BUMBRELLA WASN'T  
OPEN AT THE TIME,  
MAN!

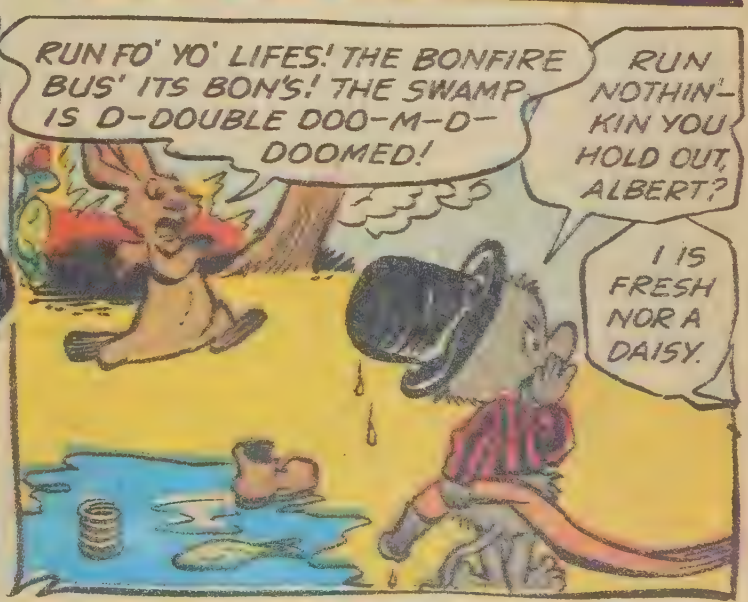


**HALP!**

RUN FO' YO' LIVES! THE BONFIRE  
BUS' ITS BON'S! THE SWAMP  
IS D-DOUBLE DOO-M-D-  
DOOMED!

RUN  
NOTHIN'-  
KIN YOU  
HOLD OUT,  
ALBERT?

I IS  
FRESH  
NOR A  
DAISY.







HOT DOGIES!  
WE IS PUTTIN'  
OUT THE FIRE!

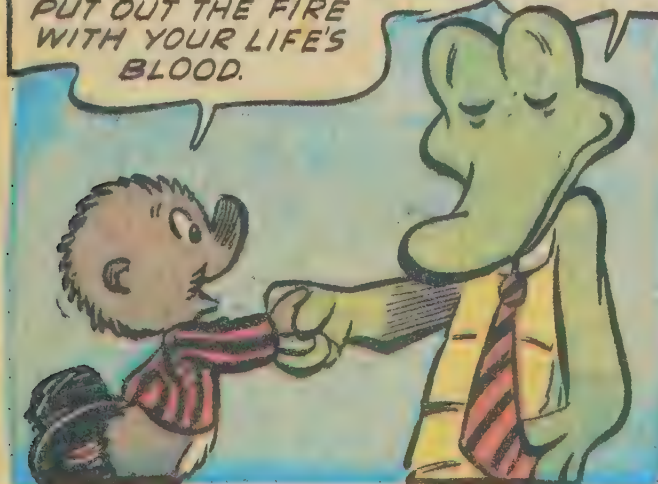
GOOD OL' POGO AND  
GOOD OL' ALBERT!

ALBERT, I GOTTA CONGRATULATE YOU! YOU PRACTICAL PUT OUT THE FIRE WITH YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD.

AW, SHUCKS!

I GOTTA CONFESS—I STUCK THE HOSE IN THE SWAMP—I DON'T LIKE ITS TASTE.

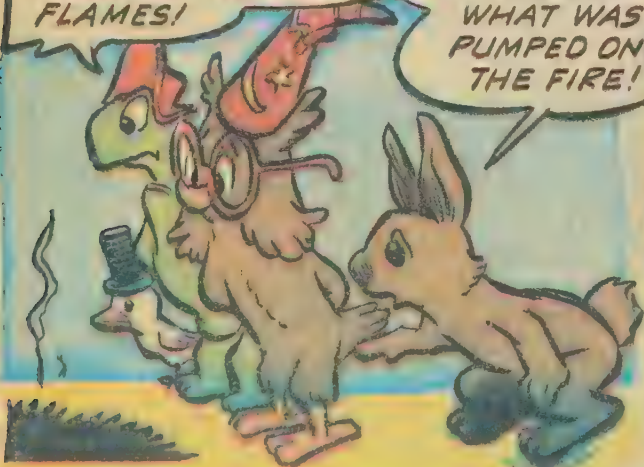
I NEVER NOTICED!



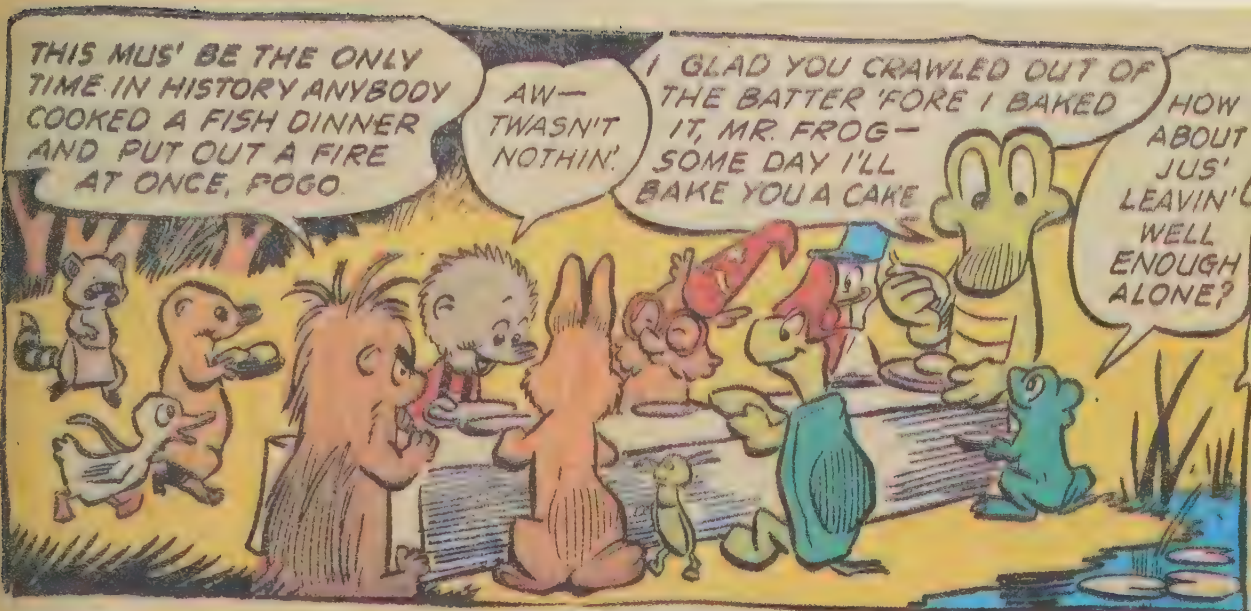
EVERYBODY GOT AWAY SAFE BUT THE LUNCH PERISHED IN THE FLAMES!

SPEAKIN' OF LUNCH, LOOKY AT THEM FISH WHAT WAS PUMPED ONTO THE FIRE!

YOU BETCHA! THESE FISHES IS DONE TO A TURN, AN' TASTY, TOO!





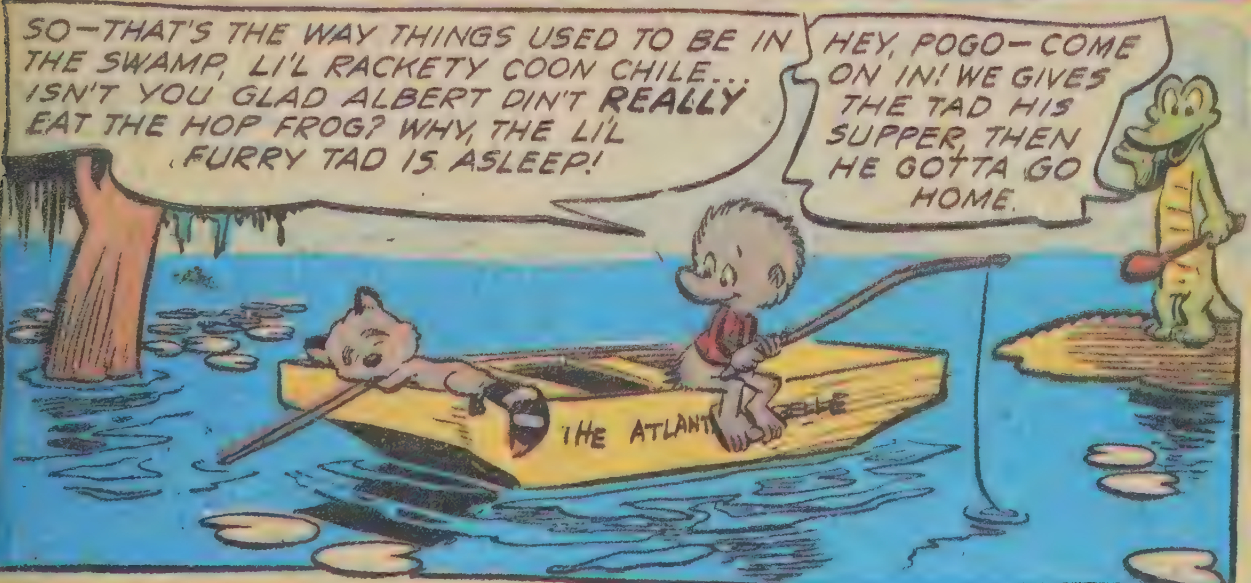


THIS MUS' BE THE ONLY TIME IN HISTORY ANYBODY COOKED A FISH DINNER AND PUT OUT A FIRE AT ONCE, POGO.

AW— TWASN'T NOTHIN'.

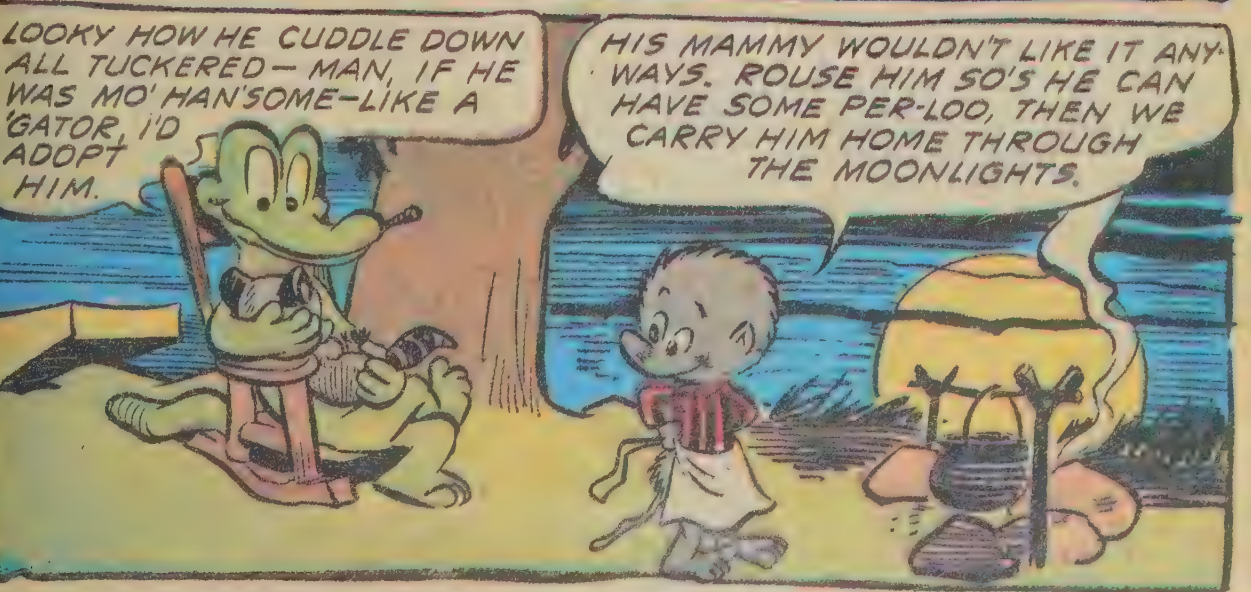
I GLAD YOU CRAWLED OUT OF THE BATTER 'FORE I BAKED IT, MR. FROG— SOME DAY I'LL BAKE YOU A CAKE

HOW ABOUT JUS' LEAVIN' WELL ENOUGH ALONE?



SO—THAT'S THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE IN THE SWAMP, LI'L RACKETY COON CHILE... ISN'T YOU GLAD ALBERT DIN'T REALLY EAT THE HOP FROG? WHY, THE LI'L FURRY TAD IS ASLEEP!

HEY, POGO— COME ON IN! WE GIVES THE TAD HIS SUPPER, THEN HE GOTTA GO HOME.



LOOKY HOW HE CUDDLE DOWN ALL TUCKERED— MAN, IF HE WAS MO' HAN'SOME—LIKE A 'GATOR, I'D ADOPT HIM.

HIS MAMMY WOULDN'T LIKE IT ANYWAYS. ROUSE HIM SO'S HE CAN HAVE SOME PER-LOO, THEN WE CARRY HIM HOME THROUGH THE MOONLIGHTS.



# Cinderella

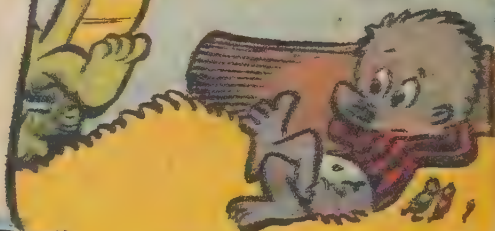
## and the THREE BEARS



WALT  
KELLY

POGO! POGO! DROP  
EVERYTHING! I IS  
GOT A  
STORY  
TO TELL  
YOU!

HUMPH!



HUMPH?

IN OTHER WORDS,  
IS IT A STORY  
WHAT KIN FIT  
THE EAR OF A  
CHILE TYPE OF  
CRITTUR?

WELL, IT'S THE  
STORY OF LI'L  
OL' CINDEROLA.

THAT OKAY WITH YOU  
CHILLUNS?

US DON'T  
RIGHTLY MIND.  
BUT US BETTER  
CONSULT  
LI'L EM'LY.

HEAR,  
HEAR!



EM'LY?  
WHERE'S  
EM'LY?

THERE  
SHE BE,  
PLAIN  
AS PLAIN!

EM'LY  
SAY,  
"SHOOT!"

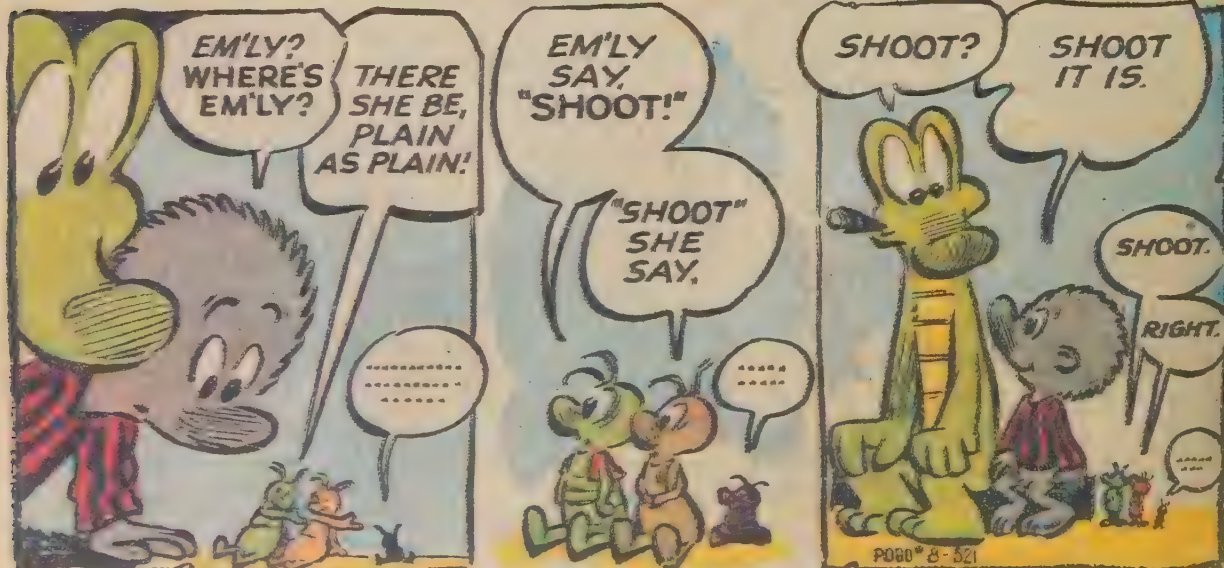
"SHOOT"  
SHE  
SAY.

SHOOT?

SHOOT  
IT IS.

SHOOT.

RIGHT.



POGO® 8-521



WELL, IT SEEM LIKE THEY  
WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG  
GAL GO BY NAME  
CINDEROLA.



SHE LIVE IN A HOUSE WITH HER STEP-  
MOTHERS AN' SISTERS AN' THEY MAKE  
HER SLEEP IN THE CINDERS SO THAT  
HOW SHE GIT THE NAME.



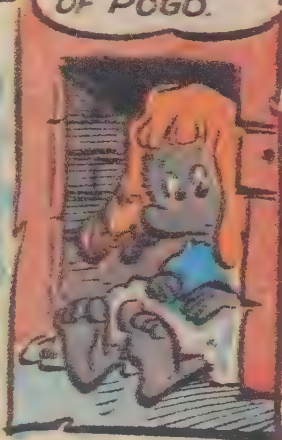
HER MOTHER WAS A MEAN  
OL' FIERCE OL' MAN BEAR  
NAME OF STEPMOTHER.



HER SISTERS WAS A LADY  
MA BEAR AN' A BABY BOY  
BEAR CALLED BIG SISTER AN'  
LI'L SISTER.



WHILST CINDER-  
OLA HERSELF  
WAS A LI'L HE  
POSSUM NAME  
OF POGO.

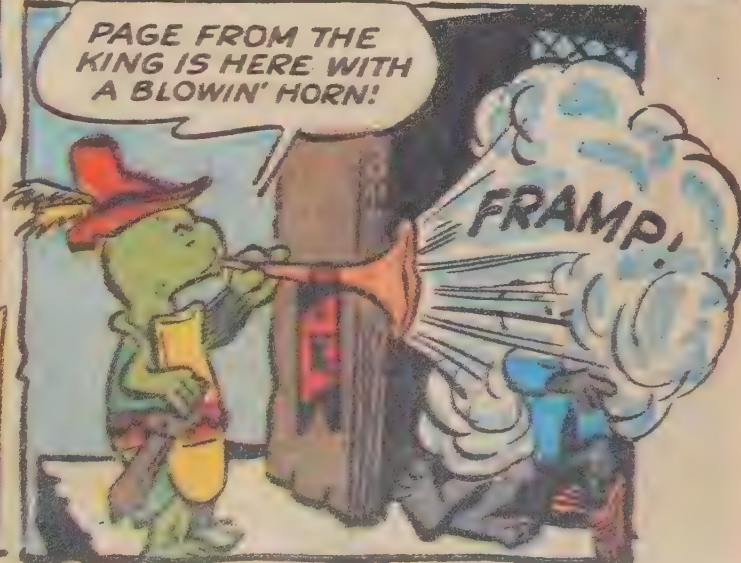


ONE DAY COMES A KNOCK  
AT THE DOOR.

BLESS MY HARD-  
WORKIN' LI'L  
SELF.



PAGE FROM THE  
KING IS HERE WITH  
A BLOWIN' HORN!





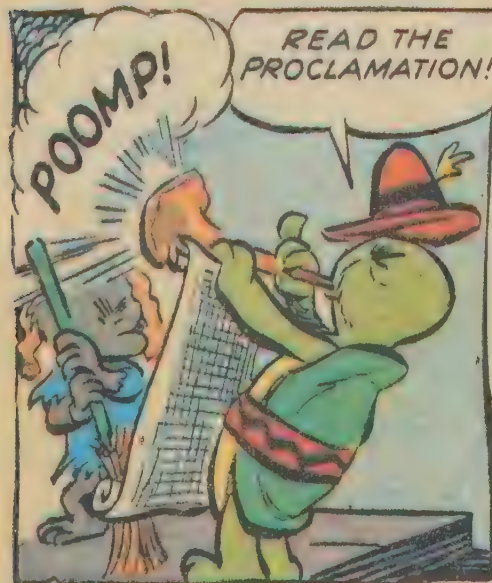
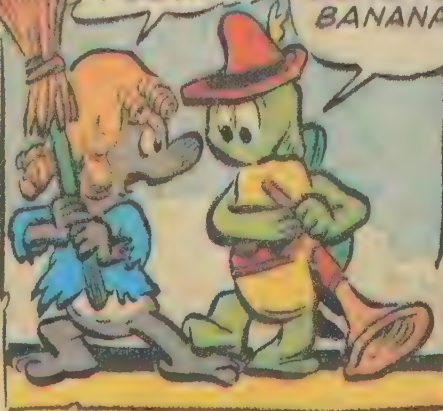
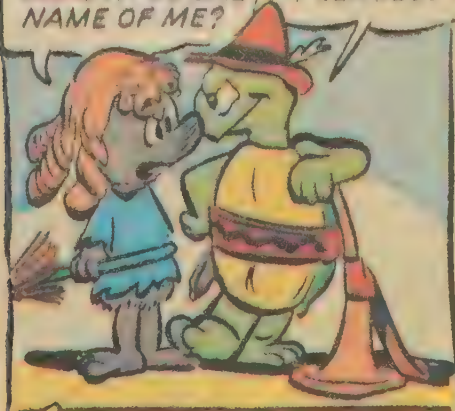
HOW COME YOU BLOWIN' "FRAMP" IN THE FACE OF A BEAUTIFUL GAL NAME OF ME?

US ROYAL SERVANTS BLOWS WHAT AN' WHERE WE PLEASES.

GIT OFFEN MY TOE BONES FORE I SWEEPS YOU OFF MY FEET.

IS THAT A FOOT? I THOUGHT IT WAS A BUNCH OF BANANAS.

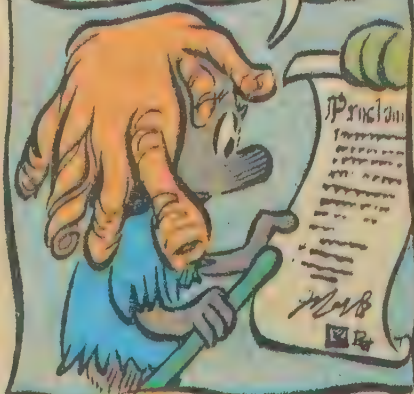
WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE BESIDES A ILL WIND, CHURL?



READ THE PROCLAMATION!

WELL, WELL! IT'S FROM THE KING. HE WANTS ALL BEAUTIFUL GALS TO COME TO A FISH FRY AN' STOMP!

EVER'BODY GOTTA WEAR SHOES.

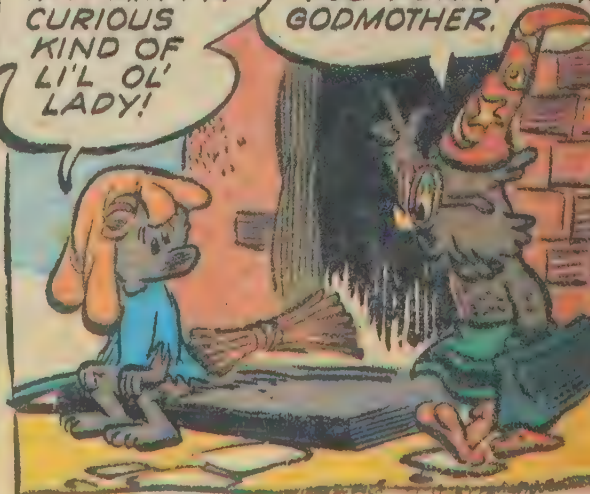


FEARED THAT LEAVES YOU OUT, BROWN EYES,

FEARED IT DO-I GOT NO MORE SHOES NOR A TOADIE FROG!

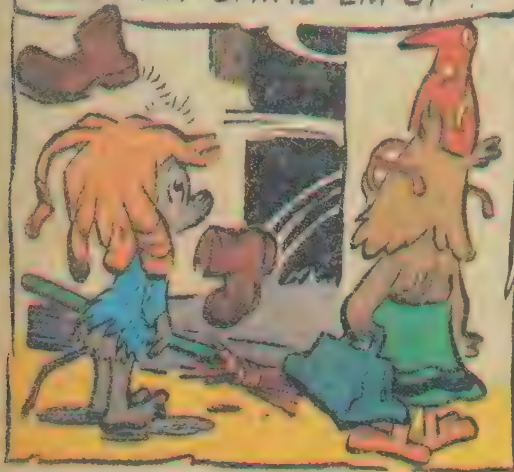
BLOW ME DOWN, IF IT AIN'T A CURIOUS KIND OF LI'L OL' LADY!

CINDEROLA, I IS YOU FURRY GODMOTHER.





MEBBE YOU AIN'T GOT SHOES, CINDEROLA, BUT I IS! SO GET BUSY AN' SHINE 'EM UP!



THAT WAS MY BEAUTIFUL BUT UGLY STEPSISTER...LOOKY HOW DAINTY...WISHT I HAD SHOES LIKE THEM.



ANY WISH YOU GOT, CHILE, I GONNA GRANT YOU ON ACCOUNT OF I IS A TOP CLASS FURRY GODMOTHER.



HURRY UP WITH 'EM! BIG KIND SISTER AIN'T GONE WAIT LONG.

JES' LEMME WORK THIS MAGIC SPELL ON 'EM... PERTY SOON YOU'LL HAVE A PAIR.



BIG KIND SISTER GONE FRY YOUR EARS DO SHE KETCH YOU BREAKIN' EGGS IN THEM.

WHY YOU CALLS HER "BIG KIND"? IS SHE KIND?

WELL— SHE'S A BIG KIND OF SISTER.



NOTHIN'S HAPPENIN'.

US'LL TRY A LI'L TABASCO SAUCE.

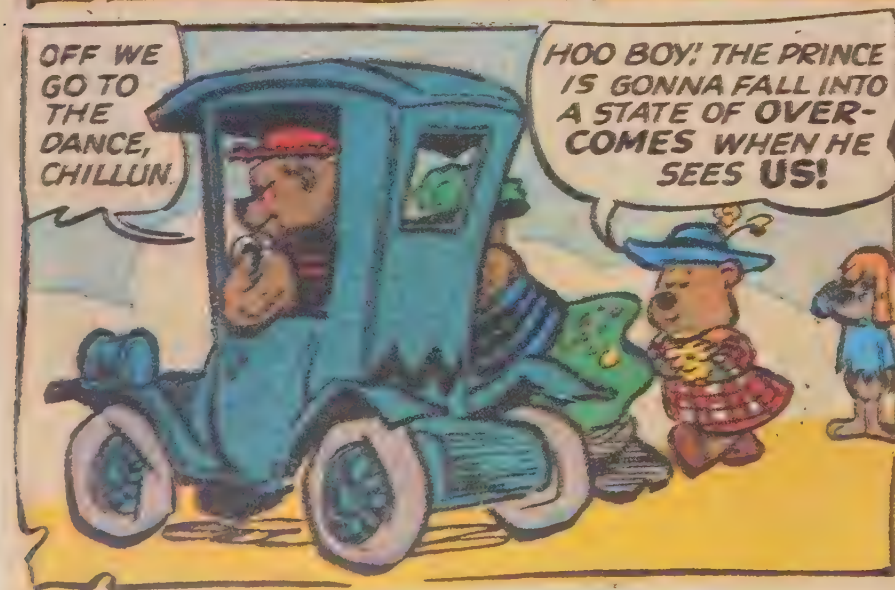


THEM IS MERE SLOPPED UP—AN' THEM EGGS WERE NONE TOO FRESH.

TAKE 'EM INTO THE BIG SISTER AN' WATCH! YOU'LL GIT A PAIR, PRESTO!







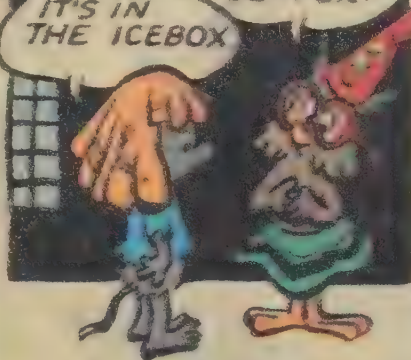


BY JING, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS PROBLEM! NO BUNCH OF BEARS CAN GIT THE BEST OF US FURRY GODMOTHERS!



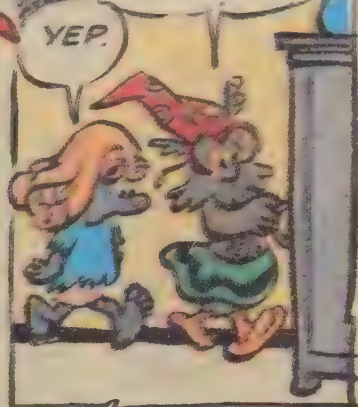
NOW, THE FIRST THING... WE GOTTA BUILD UP OUR STRENGTH. WHAT DID THEY LEAVE FOR SUPPER?

IT'S IN THE ICEBOX



AH, A LITTLE SOMETHING COLD, I PREE-SUME?

YEP.



HMMP—IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH.

IS IT COLD?



YOU'RE DING STABBIN' BLOO BANGED RIGHT I'M COLD!

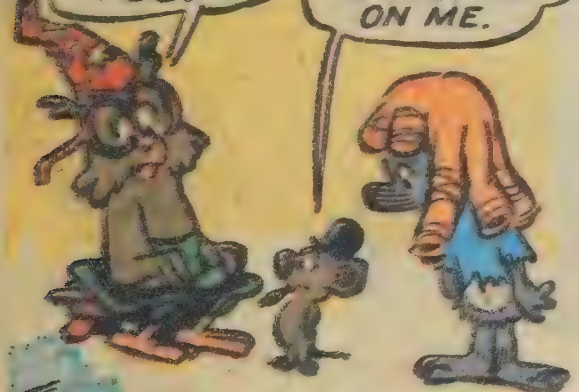


THAT'S THE LAST TIME I EVER CRACK INTO A ICEBOX!



PHOOOPH! I GUESS THERE'S NOT MUCH TO EAT ON YOU.

FRIENDS, I AIN'T EVEN GOT A CUP OF COFFEE ON ME.

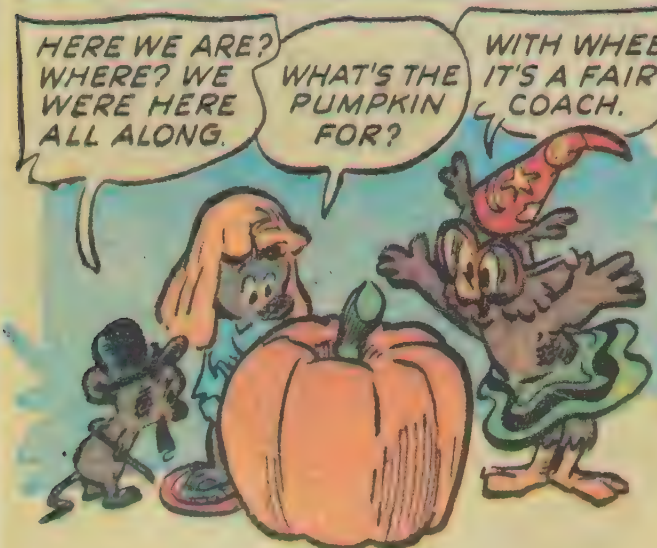
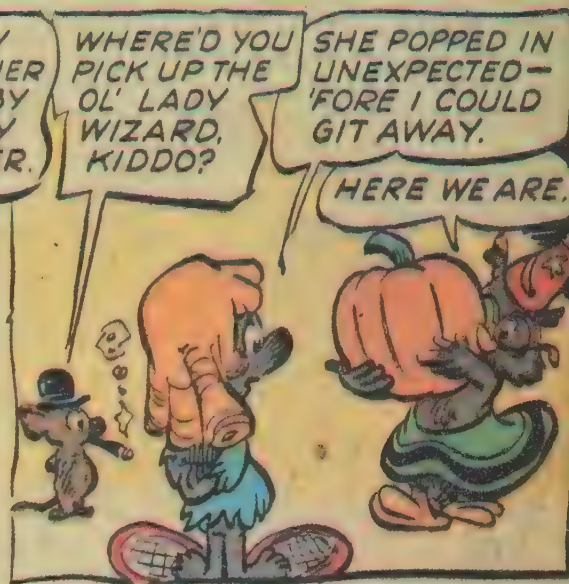
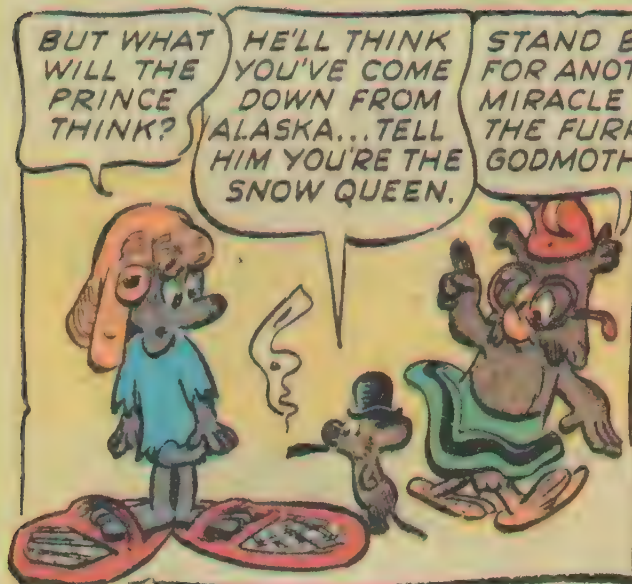
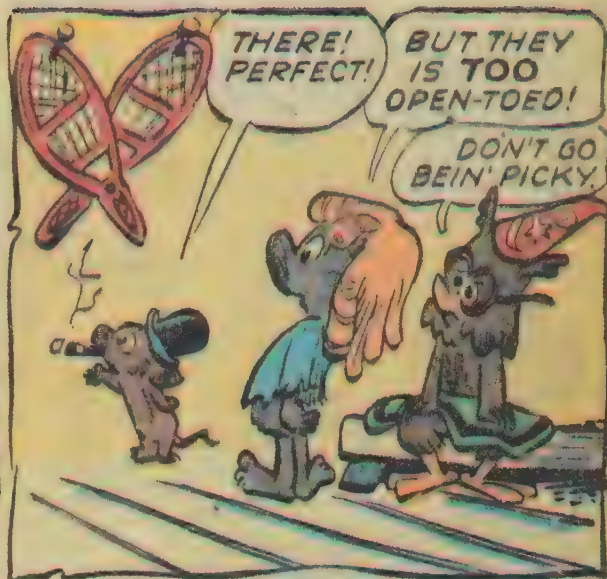


HEY, YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SLEEP ON MY WICKED STEPMOTHER'S BED! HE'LL WHOP YOU!

CINDEROLA IS ANXIOUS TO GO TO THE STOMP.





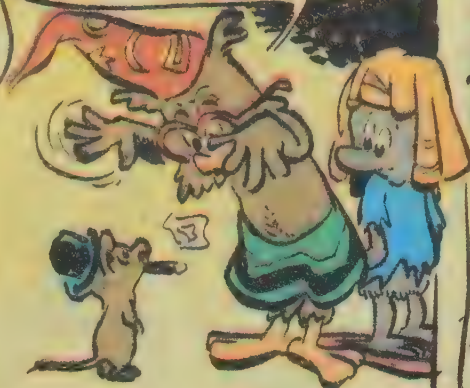




MOOM? WHY, YOU GOGGLE-GAITED OL' GULL, I COULDN'T PULL A GNAT'S TOOTH, LET ALONE A PICNIC-SIZE PUMPKIN FULL OF PASSENGERS.



ALA-GA-ROO-GA-ZAM! THERE! YOU'RE A HORSE!



IF I'M A HORSE, HE'S SETTLES A BEAUTIFUL THAT. GAL!

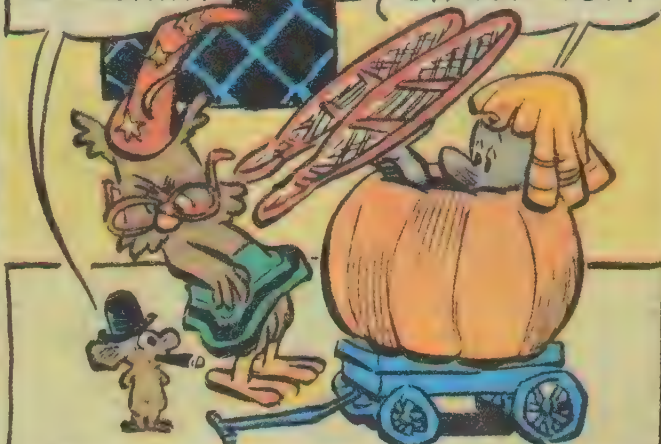


IN JUS' A WUFFY THIS COACH WILL BE READY FOR YOU, CINDEROLA.



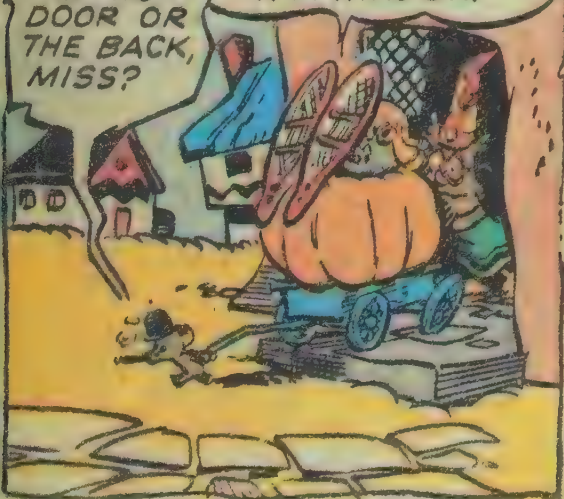
IF I'M PULLIN', LADY, YOU IS PUSHIN'!

THINK ANYBODY WILL NOTICE MY SHOES IS STICKIN' OUT?



YOU WANT THE FRONT DOOR OR THE BACK, MISS?

LET'S TRY TO SNEAK IN A WINDOW.



POORADE! POO-RADE!

YOU SHOULD BE HOME IN BED!

ME, TOO.







AH, THE  
PALACE!  
LISTEN TO  
THE HOOTIN'  
AN' SINGIN'  
INSIDE!

MAN! I'M  
GONNA TAKE  
A PEEK.



WOW!

OH, SLAP YO' SHOE  
ON THE RAW FLOORBOARD  
AN' HOLLER AS LOUD  
AS YOU CAN AFFORD!



WOP! YIP-YOP!  
YIP-YIP!



WHOO BOY!  
THEY IS  
REALLY  
LIVIN'  
IN THERE!

LIVIN'?!  
YOU CALL  
THAT  
LIVIN'?



WHAT ELSE?  
THEY AIN'T DYIN',  
IS THEY?



ONE POOR CRITTER  
LOOKS LIKE HE'S  
DYIN'... HE GOT A  
SICKLY GREEN  
COLOR ON  
HISSELF!





HA!

THAT MUST BE  
THE PRINCE, AN'  
YOUR DISMAL  
STEPSISTERS  
IS GETTIN' READY  
TO POUNCE ON  
HIM.



RUSH IN, CHILE,  
YO' FURRY  
GODMOTHER  
KNOWS BEST.



HELLO, PRINCEY, I IS READY TO  
MARRY YOU!

ME,  
TOO!



BUT I IS UNDECIDED WHICH OF  
YOU IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL!



COME  
BACK,  
HON!

HALP!

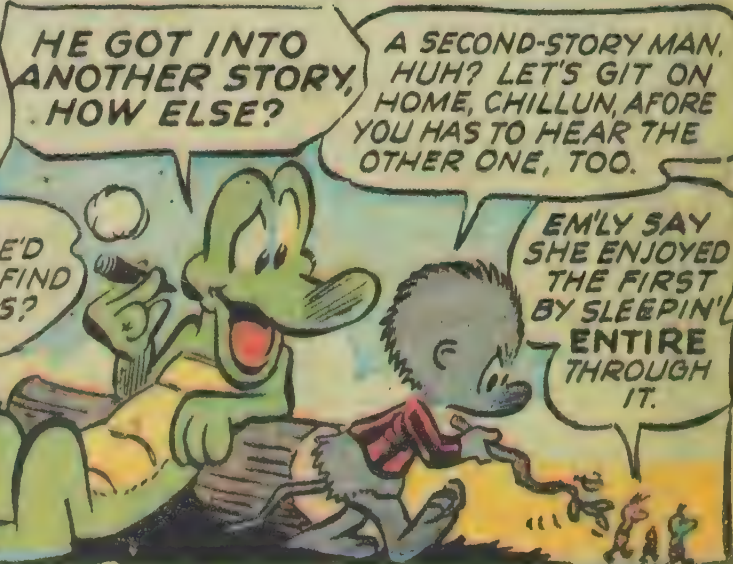
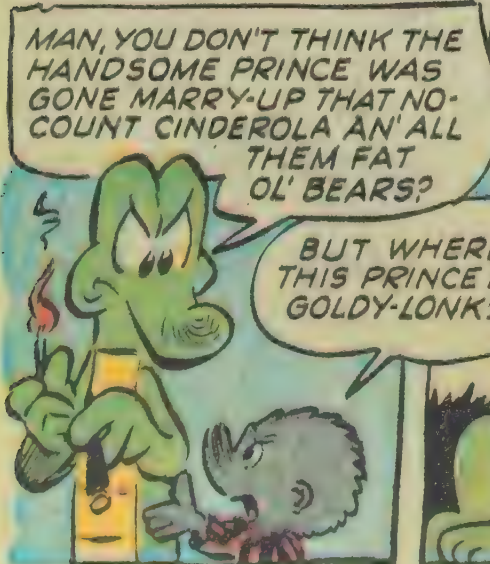
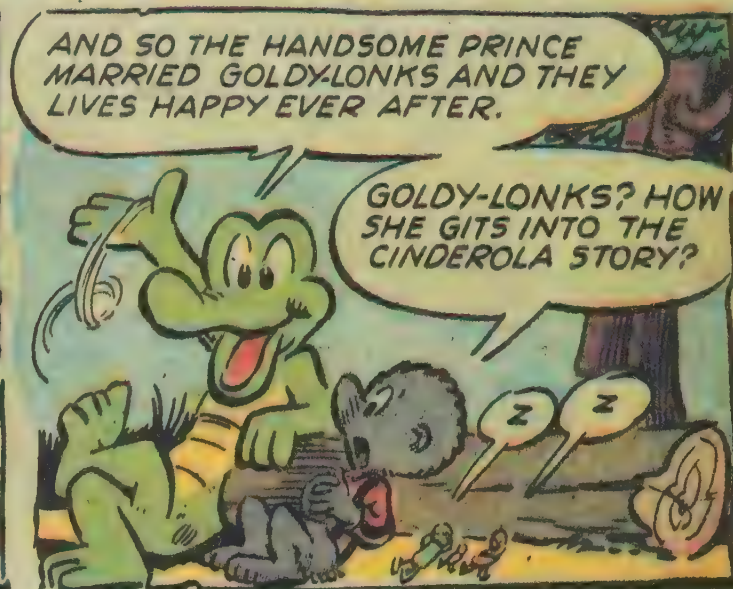
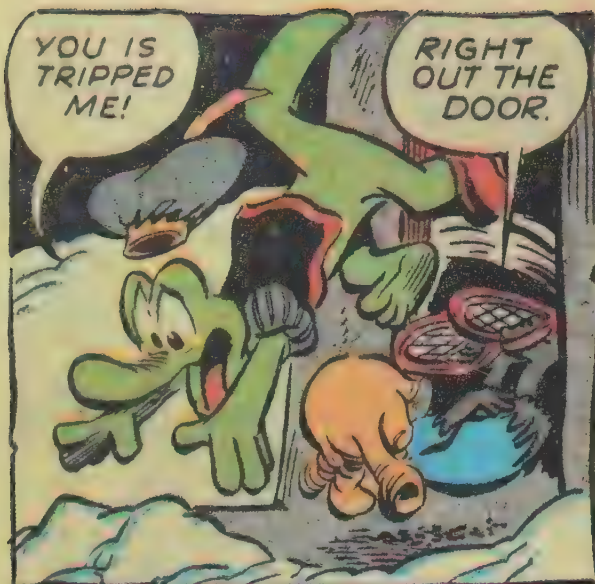


GANGWAY,  
YO' RAGABONES!

PHOO!  
WHAT A  
PRINCE!





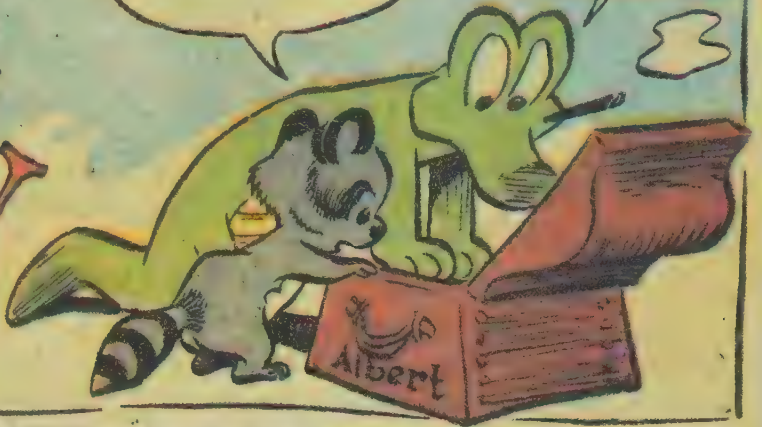




# THE BIG Rock Candy quarry

WHAT'S THIS  
OL' CHEST  
YOU KEEPS,  
UNCLE ALBERT?

THIS HERE IS  
KNOWED AS A  
HOPE CHEST.



HOPE CHEST? THAT'S  
A KIND OF THING  
WHAT GAL TYPES  
KEEPS DOILIES  
AN' TOWELS AN'  
STUFF IN—  
HOPIN' THEY'LL  
GIT MARRIED.

WELL, GALS ISN'T  
THE ONLY ONES  
WITH  
HOPES.

WELL,  
WHAT SORT  
OF HOPES AN'  
JUNK IS YOU  
STORED  
AWAY?

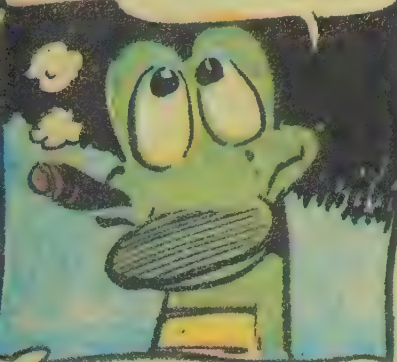
ALL KINDS OF KEEPSAKES,  
CURIOS —



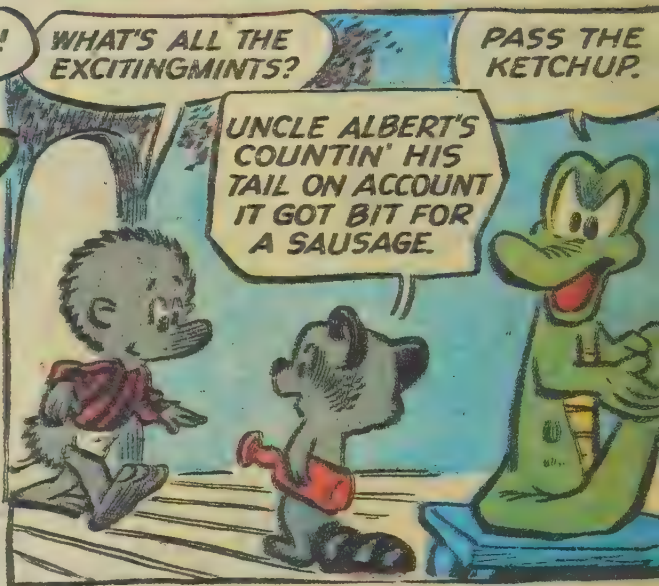
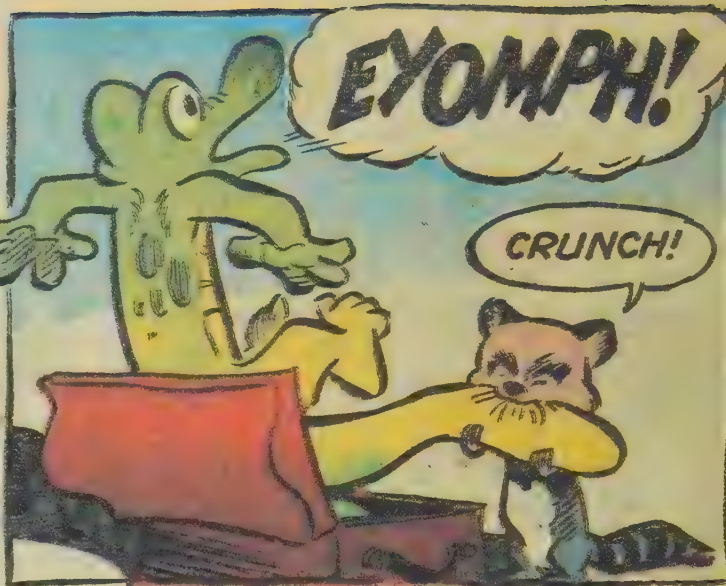
AN' MEDALS GUV AT ME BY  
KINGS AND QUINGS AN'  
CROWNED HEADS—MEMENTOS  
OF MY GLORIOUS PAST, WHEN  
I WAS A HERO IN TWELVE AN'  
A HALF LANGUAGES.

HOW 'BOUT  
THIS UGLY  
GREEN  
SAUSAGE?  
WHAT WAS  
IT GUV YOU'  
FOR?

GREEN SAUSAGE? MUST OF  
BEEN GUV ME FOR SOME  
HEROIC DEED LIKE RESCUIN'  
A ARMY OR FIGHTIN' OFF A  
FEW  
GIANTS.









DON'T LAY ALL YOUR EGGS IN ONE SEQUENCE...US GOT A COUPLE MILES OF JOLLITY TO ROMP THROUGH BEFORE US IS CLEAR OF THIS COMIC BOOK.

DON'T YOU STRIKE US, SIR, OR YOU WILL RUE IT!



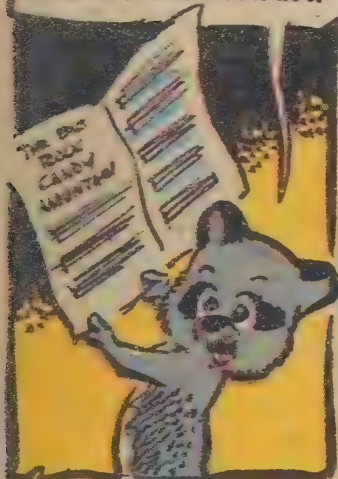
GETTING BUSILY BACK TO WORK, WHAT DO WE FIND IN THE TRUNK WHICH IS OF FURTHER INTEREST?

THIS!



A SONG CALLED THE BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN.

WHAT'S SO FOUR-PLYED FASCINATIN' ABOUT THAT?



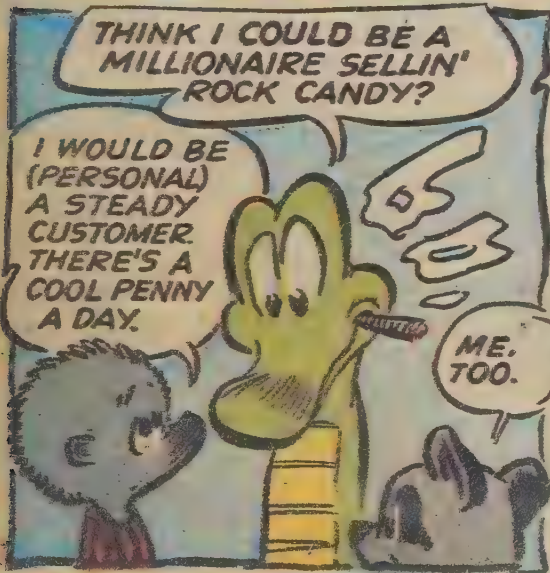
MAN! IF ANYBODY EVER FOUND A ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN, THEY COULD SET UP A QUARRY AND BE MILLIONAIRES!



THINK I COULD BE A MILLIONAIRE SELLIN' ROCK CANDY?

I WOULD BE (PERSONAL) A STEADY CUSTOMER. THERE'S A COOL PENNY A DAY.

ME, TOO.



THE BRAIN REELS AT THE THOUGHT OF THIS VAST WEALTH!

STOP REELIN' YO' HEAVY OL BRAIN ONTO ME!





LOOKY! THERE ON  
THE BACK OF THE  
SHEET MUSIC!  
A MAP!

RIGHT! IT LOOKS  
LIKE A MAP  
TO FIND THE  
ROCK CANDY  
MOUNTAIN.

FORTUNATELY, I IS  
GOT A FULL LINE  
OF EQUIPMENT  
FOR 'OUTFITTIN'  
SUCH A  
EXPEDITION.

ONLY PLACE  
I'M GOIN'  
IS HOME!  
TO BED!



YOU CAN'T DESERT NOW! WE IS  
ALL GONNA BE MILLIONAIRES,  
AN' YOU GOTTA  
TAKE THE BITTER  
WITH THE SWEET.

ONCE AGAIN YO'  
UNCLE ALBERT  
LEADS YOU ON THE  
ROADS TO FAMES  
AN' FORTUNES.

GONNA NEED  
DOCTORS, NURSES  
AND APLENTY  
BANDAGES.



SO FAR NO ROCK CANDY  
MOUNTAIN IS IN SIGHT.

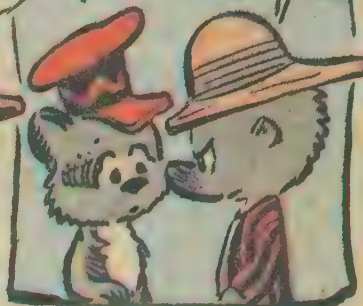
WE  
BETTER ASK  
DIRECTIONS  
OF A NATIVE.

IS YOU A  
NATIVE  
OF THESE  
PARTS?

YEP, AN'  
WATCH OUT,  
'CAUSE US  
NATIVES  
MISTRUSTS  
THE BIG WHITE  
FATHER.

LOOKY!  
A REAL  
NATIVE!

IF YOU ASKS  
ME, I'LL  
MISDIRECT  
YOU.





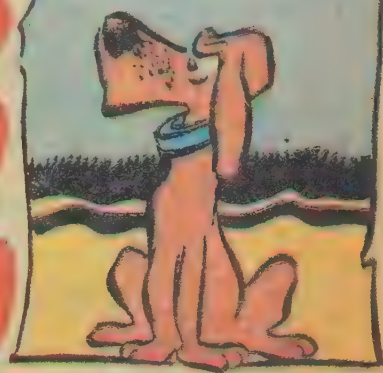
NOW WHICH WAY DID THAT  
RABBIT GO WHI 'H THE  
NOBLE DOG WAS CHASIN'?  
...DON'T TELL ME MY  
QUARRY HAS ESCAPED!



I LEFT ONE  
QUARRY IN  
THE HILLS—  
THE EASYGOING  
DOG IS TOO  
GENEROUS.



I SHOULD OF  
PURSUED HIM  
RELENTLESSLIKE.



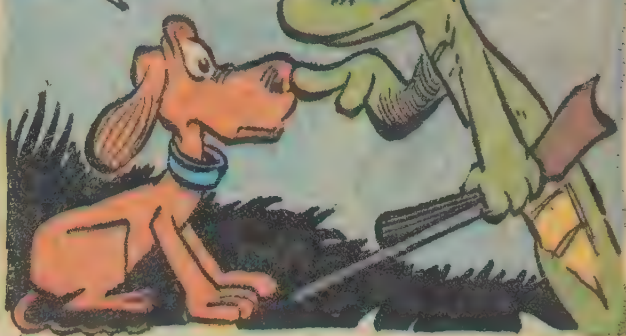
HO THERE, NATIVE!  
WHICH WAY TO THE  
BIG ROCK CANDY  
MOUNTAIN?

GADZOOKS, A  
BIG GIBBER!  
TALKING  
GIBBERISH!



PLEASE,  
SIR, I  
DON'T  
QUITE  
UNDERSTAND  
YOU.

THE ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN.  
WHICH WAY?  
WHICH WAY  
TO THE  
QUARRY?



OH, THE QUARRY?  
I LEFT IT UP  
IN THE HILLS!

GREAT!  
A BIG ONE?

BIGGEST  
OL' QUARRY  
YOU EVER  
LAID A  
PEEPER  
ON!

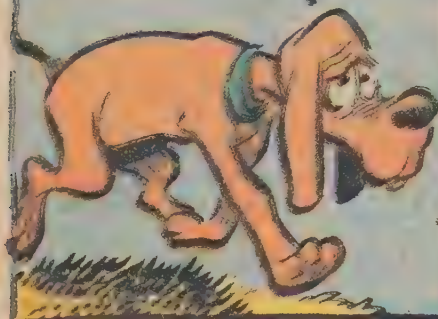


THIS WAY TO FAME  
AN' FORTUNE, SIRSI!





HOW CAN ANYBODY GET RICH CHASING ROODOLPH, THE RABBIT? MEBBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO RABBIT HUNTING THAT HAS EVADED MY KEEN EYE.



MEANWHILE

WELL, WELL, MY GOOD FELLOW! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO INTO THE GARBAGE GAME?



EXCEPT, I TRUST YOU AND HAVE LONG ADMIRERD YOU, TURTLE, I WOULDN'T MAKE THIS OFFER TO YOU—HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE AN EASY FORTUNE BY BEING A GARBAGE MAN?



YOU CAN GO FROM DOOR TO DOOR SELLING GARBAGE—IT'S SCARCE THESE DAYS.

IS THAT GARBAGE OVER THERE?



YES—MY PRIVATE COLLECTION, I'M WILLIN' TO LET IT GO FOR A SONG.



OH, WHISPER ME A WHISPER, DEAR, WHISPER, WHISPER WOO? FOR FRILLING IS THE FROGLING KING. ♪ WHAT'S NEW IN KINKAJOU? ♪



THAT WAS A SONG?

DO I GET THE WHOLE PILE?

YOU DESERVE IT—BUT THE PRICE WAS JUST A FIGURE OF SPEECH.







FIGURE OF SPEECH  
MY ROYAL AMERICAN  
EYEBALL! GIVE  
ME BACK  
MY SONG!



I CAN'T REMEMBER  
IT! IT DISAPPEARED  
INTO THIN AIR.



A  
LIKELY  
STORY!

I DEMANDS  
MY SONG  
OR MY  
GARBAGE!



JUST AS A GESTURE OF GOOD  
WILL, I'LL GIVE YOU A DOUBLE  
ARMFUL OF OL'  
POTATO PEELS,  
CHICKEN FEET  
AN' WATER MELLY  
RINDS.



AN' THAT'S VINTAGE  
STUFF, SON!

I'LL GIT IT  
ASSAYED AN' IF  
IT'S NOT A-1, I'LL BE  
BACK WITH THE BET-  
TER MONKEY BUSINESS  
BUREAU.



STOP! THE BEAUTY OF  
THE FULSOME APPARITION  
MIGHT BLIND AND  
DEEFEN YOU.



THAT ISN'T NO ROCK  
CANDY MOUNTAIN.  
THAT'S A GARBAGE  
DUMP!





IT'S THE ALTITUDE  
HAS AFFECTED  
YOU, SON—YOU  
IS IN A  
STATE OF  
DELERIUMS.



HOWDY, SIR,  
THAT'S A  
MIGHTY FINE-  
LOOKIN' MESS  
OF ROCK  
CANDY.

ROCK  
CANDY?



I'M GOIN'  
HOME AN  
COUNT  
SUGAR.

DON'T GO! MAYBE  
A WITCH HAS  
CONJURED UP  
A SPELL TO  
MAKE THIS HERE  
OL' CANDY LOOK  
LIKE GARBAGE.



WELL, THAT  
SOUNDS MORE  
REASONABLE.

SURE!



US GOT A  
MAP WHAT  
POINTS OUT  
THIS SPOT AS  
A ROCK CANDY  
MOUNTAIN.

IT DOES?  
OH, YES!  
WHY, IT  
DOES  
INDEED!



YOU OWN IT?

YEP, BUT I IS WILLIN'  
TO SELL.

I SEE YOU GOT IT  
DISGUISED AS A  
PILE OF GARBAGE.

YEP—OTHER-  
WISE FOLKS  
WOULD STEAL  
IT.



I'LL TRADE THIS EVEN  
TO YOU FOR THAT NEW  
SKIFF OF YOURS.

DONE!

WOW!  
BEST BARGAIN  
I EVER MADE!

LOOKY AT THE  
NICE OL' FISHIN'  
BOAT I GITS FOR  
A PILE OF  
GARBAGE.

WROP THESE VINES  
ROUND THE  
ROCK CANDY  
SO'S WE CAN  
CARRY IT.

IT'S HARD  
TO BELIEVE  
THAT'S ROCK  
CANDY AND  
NOT GARBAGE.

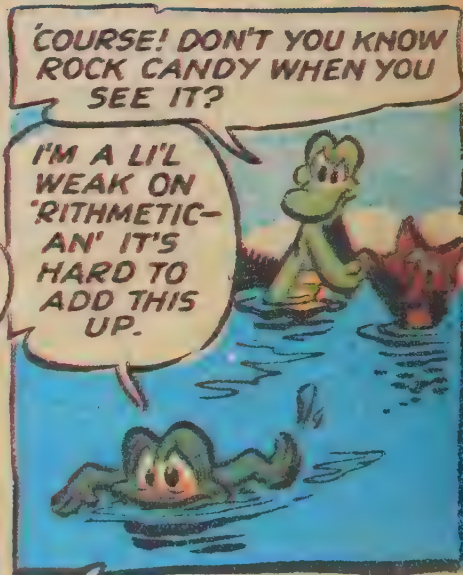
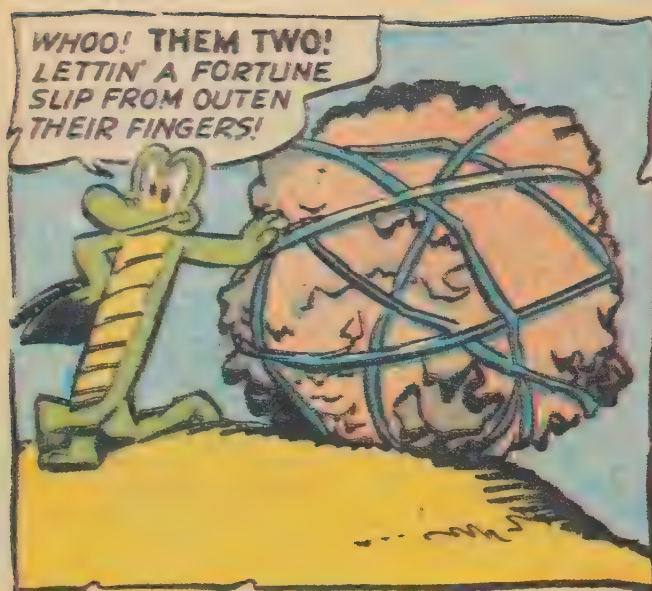
IT'S GITTIN' HARDER  
THE HOTTER THE SUN  
GITS.

THE MORE I THINKS OF IT, THE  
MORE I IS CONVINCED THAT  
THIS IS THE WRONG SEASON  
FOR ROCK CANDY. YOU  
COME ON HOME, CHILE.

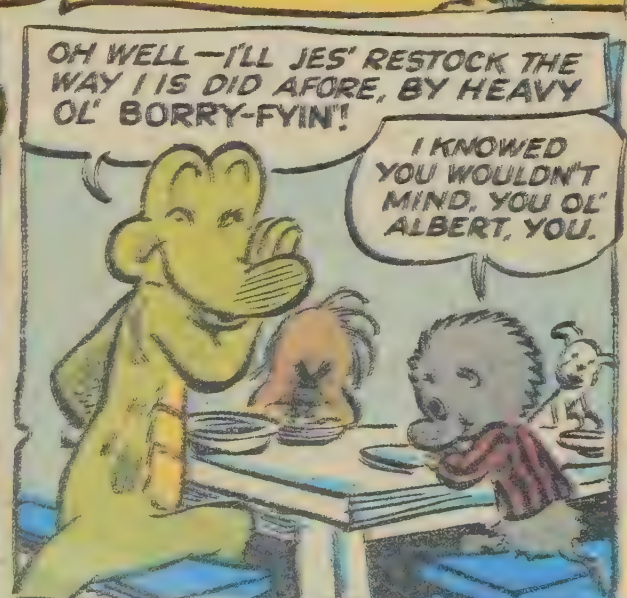
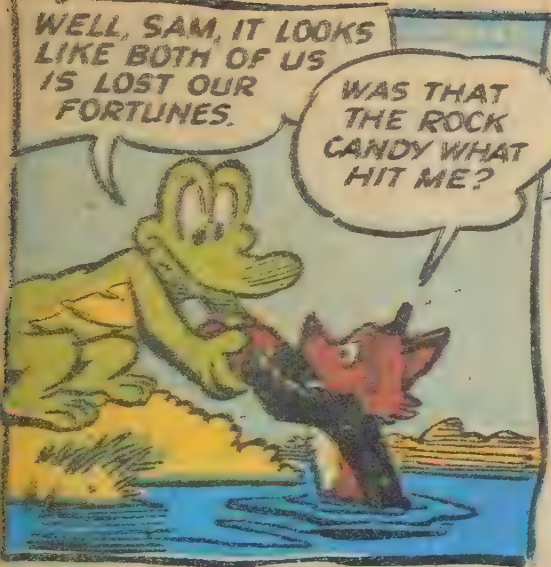
AW!

THERE WE IS! ALL SET TO CART HOME  
THE MOUNTAIN! HEY-WHERE'D EVERY-  
BODY GO?















## About “The Spirit” and Will Eisner

As comic books boomed in the prewar years, some newspaper syndicates began trying to take advantage of their popularity. The Register and Tribune Syndicate of Des Moines offered a sixteen-page (later eight-page) comic book that newspapers could distribute along with their Sunday comics sections. The comic book first appeared on June 2, 1940, and ran for a little more than twelve years, until October 5, 1952; it appeared in relatively few newspapers, mostly in large eastern cities.

The comic book's lead feature, *The Spirit*, was written and drawn by Will Eisner (with some help from other writers and cartoonists). Eisner was one of the principals in the small firm that assembled the comic book every week; unlike most comic-book creators, Eisner has always owned at least part of his feature.

Eisner, who was born in New York City on March 6, 1917, had already spent several years producing comic books—complete packages, ready to print—for several publishers by the time he started *The Spirit*. A number of well-known features, like *Sheena*, *Queen of the Jungle*, had been originated by Eisner and the men who worked for him. As Eisner told John Benson, “I was running a shop in which we made comic-book features pretty much the way Ford turned out cars. So perhaps the reason that the Register and Tribune consented to distribute *The Spirit* in the first place was because I had demonstrated my ability as a producer....” Throughout his career in comic books, Eisner remained that rare combination: an artist who was also a capable businessman.

*The Spirit* himself was a hero from the vigilante mold. His costume, however, amounted to nothing more than a mask and gloves. Eisner resisted pressure from his business partners to make the Spirit a costumed hero of the Batman variety, and so the Spirit remained a cross between a superhero and a pulp-fiction detective. He was a criminologist named Denny Colt—supposedly dead, but actually living in a hideout in Wildwood Cemetery.

*The Spirit*, in its first year or so, was not far removed from conventional comic-book stuff of the period. But in 1941, Eisner started making very free and inventive use of the comics medium, as in the first of the three stories included here, and the emphasis began to shift away from the title character.

More than most comics creators, Eisner had the freedom to strike out in new directions; his partners and his syndicate made few demands on him, except that he meet his deadlines. Eisner explained the evolution of *The Spirit* to Benson: “I began to realize who I was writing for”—that is, an



audience dominated by adults, rather than children—and “I suddenly found an opportunity to do what I had really always wanted to do, which was to write ‘seriously’ or write good material, and at the same time stay within the medium I knew and had developed skills for.”

Eisner was drafted in 1942, and *The Spirit* was left in the hands of other cartoonists during the war. When Eisner returned to *The Spirit*, he became pre-eminently a short-story writer who wrote mostly with pictures instead of entirely with words. Probably no other cartoonist has ever made such fluent use of his medium. John Benson, writing in *Panels* magazine, speaks of Eisner’s “effortless visual narrative style, which is so unlabored that most readers are unaware of how much more his pictures tell us than do the pages of most comic books. Like Alfred Hitchcock, Eisner *shows* his stories instead of telling them. And Eisner’s pictorial sense, like Hitchcock’s, is so integral to his sense of narrative that it’s often overlooked: the type of story favored by the artist is more likely to be recognized—the ‘Hitchcock story’ or the ‘Eisner story’.”

Eisner is, for one thing, a master of the “silent panel” (a panel without dialogue or captions), placing each such panel at the point where its dramatic effect is greatest. And Benson cites as an example of Eisner’s virtuosity his use of “indirect portrayal: we are shown a reaction, or the aftermath of an action, rather than the action itself—and are thereby forced, usually without being aware of it, to imagine bits of action and story elements that Eisner has not actually shown.”

The “Eisner story” could be playful, or serious, or sentimental—or all three at once, like the 1948 story about Gerhard Shnobble that we have included here. But it was always a big-city story (in its atmosphere if not in its setting) and, like city life, it was always flavored with the grotesque.

The other postwar episode that follows originated in a script by Jules Feiffer, who was one of Eisner’s assistants before beginning his own highly successful career as a newspaper and magazine cartoonist; Feiffer told John Benson that the script was “an autobiographical fantasy based on my Bronx upbringing.” (It is also one of the many comic-book stories that shows the influence of radio drama; Feiffer cites *Suspense* as a source.) Eisner always remained the dominant partner in such collaborations, of course, often rewriting a script until it was mostly his own work.

*The Spirit* himself is not much to be seen in the two postwar stories we have included, and that is true of many of the best postwar *Spirit* stories. Sometimes Eisner had to shoehorn the *Spirit* into what could have been complete and



satisfying short stories without him. Although Eisner depicted his hero in an appealingly tongue-in-cheek manner, the Spirit remained a conventional character in many ways (he was, for example, preternaturally resilient when shot or beaten), and the postwar stories tended to be more interesting the less of the Spirit himself there was in them. Richard Kyle has said of Eisner, "He remained bound to a hero smaller than the truth he had to tell."

Eisner gave less and less of his time to *The Spirit* in the early 1950s, finally abandoning the feature to produce comics for the educational market. But in recent years *The Spirit* has been revived in a bimonthly magazine, now published by Kitchen Sink Enterprises. *The Spirit* magazine includes new material by Eisner as well as reprints of old stories.

M.B.



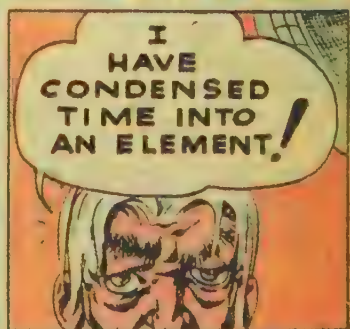
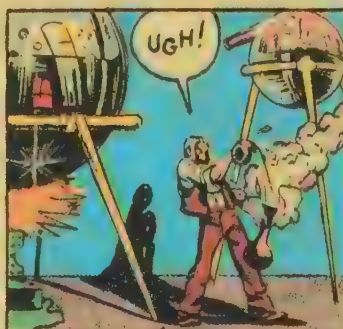
SUNDAY, AUGUST 10, 1941



"...To condemn a thing false or impossible is to assume unto himself the advantage and the power of our common mother nature ----

If we term those things monsters or miracles to which our reason cannot attain, how many such do daily present themselves into our sight ???"

Montaigne



BY WILL EISNER

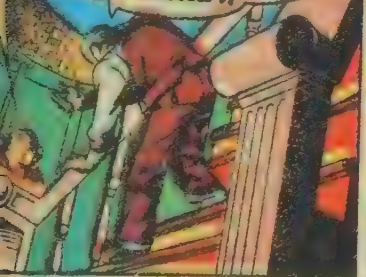


IF AT SOME TIME YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN CENTRAL CITY AND YOU PERCHANCE WALK BY THE OLD MANSION ON CARVEL STREET, PAUSE A SECOND AND SEE IF THE LIGHT BURNS IN THE THIRD STORY WINDOW.. FOR, IF IT DOES, THEN YOU MAY BE SURE THAT OLD PROFESSOR CORDA IS STILL WORKING.. WORKING TO CREATE A NEW ELEMENT ... **TIME!!**



YOU MEAN LIKE CONDENSED MILK..??

BAH.. YOU'VE A PSASANTS MIND.. LOOK AT THIS VIAL!! SEE THIS LIQUID ?? THAT IS TIME!!! OH, HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND?... LIKE.. WELL, LIKE MILK..MILK GIVES YOU CALCIUM... THIS WILL GIVE ONE **TIME!!**



I DON'T GET IT !!

IT WAS ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT THAT PROFESSOR CORDA FLUNG OPEN HIS LABORATORY AND ABOVE THE ROAR AND FLASH OF THE THUNDER STORM, SCREAMED ...



MRS. LEARY!!  
MRS. LEARY!!  
I'VE GOT IT!!



DO YOU REALIZE THE POTENTIAL POWER OF THIS ELEMENT ?? TIME IS THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD...WITH IT MAN CAN CONTROL THE UNIVERSE!!

?

GLORY BE... WHAT IS WRONG? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

MRS. LEARY, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A MAN WHO HAS JUST CONDENSED TIME INTO AN ELEMENT !!!



HOW OFTEN HAS MAN SAID, "IF ONLY I HAD THE TIME..." WELL, I CAN GIVE IT TO HIM ... HA..HA..HA.. NOW.. DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN ??!

?



HOW DOES IT WORK?... HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT IT DOES WORK? HAVE YOU TRIED IT OUT ON SOMEONE...? FAITH, WHIN I MAKE STEW, I LET SOME-ONE TASTE IT A FORE I CALL IT STEW!!

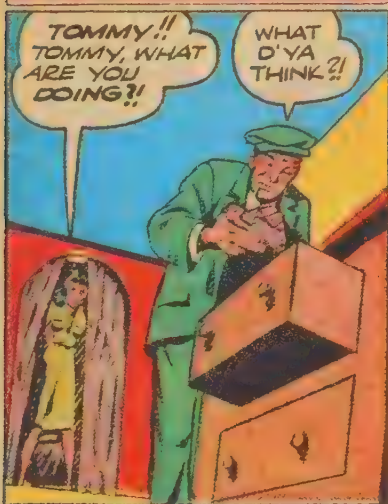
AH...YES!



I WILL TRY IT ON SOMEONE... THIS VERY NIGHT .. YES, I MUST KNOW !!!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...



**TOMMY!!**  
TOMMY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

WHAT D'YA THINK?!

**TOMMY!!..PLEASE..**  
NO MORE CRIME..  
YOU'RE ON PAROLE NOW... IF THEY CATCH YOU AGAIN.. IT'LL BE JAIL FOR LIFE..  
PLEASE, TOMMY!!!

**NICK ENNIS**  
SQUEALED ON ME AND HE'S GONNA PAY FOR IT!!!!



**NO..NOT MURDER!**  
TOMMY, THINK OF ME!! THE BABY!!  
YOU'LL BE CAUGHT!!

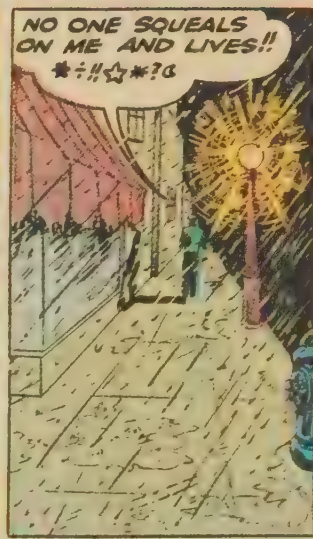
**THEY WON'T GET ME.**  
I'VE GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT GIT OUTA MY WAY!!



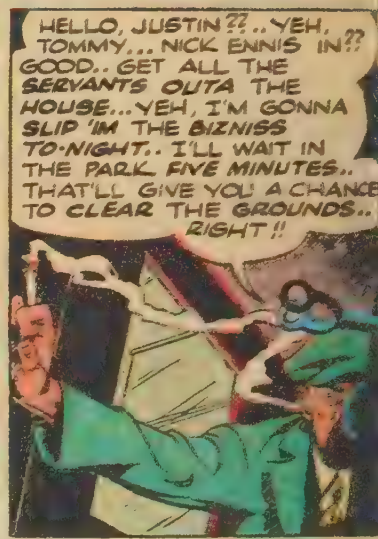
**NO!!**  
I WON'T!!



**GIT OUTA MY WAY I SAID !!**



**NO ONE SQUEALS ON ME AND LIVES!!**  
\*~\*~\*~\*



**HELLO, JUSTIN??..YEH,**  
TOMMY... NICK ENNIS IN??  
GOOD.. GET ALL THE SERVANTS OUTA THE HOUSE...YEH, I'M GONNA SLIP 'IM THE BIZNISS TO-NIGHT.. I'LL WAIT IN THE PARK FIVE MINUTES.. THAT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO CLEAR THE GROUNDS..  
RIGHT !!



THIS, ON SUCH THIN COINCIDENCES, THE WEB OF LIFE IS SPUN...

AH, THE PARK.. I'LL FIND SOMEONE THERE TO TEST MY ELEMENT..  
AH.. THERE!! I SAY, MY GOOD MAN...

!?



I WILL PAY YOU THIS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO INJECT 4 CENTIMETERS OF THIS FLUID INTO YOUR VEINS... IT'LL ONLY TAKE 5 MINUTES TO WEAR OFF!!

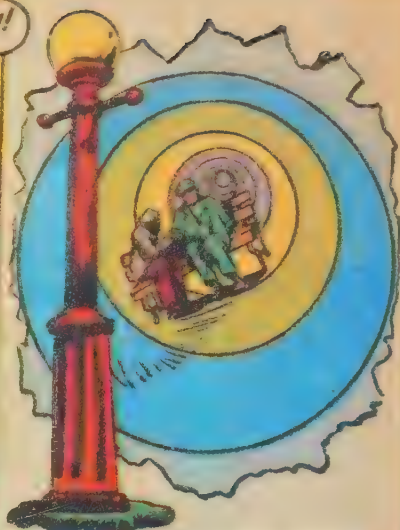


**5000 BUCKS!!!**  
WHEW! I COULD MAKE MY GETAWAY WITH THAT MUCH..  
YEH.. WHAT A BREAK !!



**YEAH, SURE MISTER.**  
I'LL TAKE Y'R OFFER!!







HA..HA..HA..NO ONE AROUND..  
DIS IS A CINC..GOOD OL'  
JENKINS... I'LL GET MARY  
AND HOP A FREIGHT FOR  
FRISCO .. DIS MURDER  
RACKET AIN'T SO TOUGH..  
MAYBE I CAN WORK FOR  
WINKEY'S MOB!

HA..HA.. IT WAS  
GOOD TO HEAR  
NICK YELP... YEAH,  
DAT'LL TEACH 'IM ...

HAW HAW WWWW... ?

HELLO  
TOMMY..

THE SPIRIT!!  
I HEARD ABOUT  
YOU UP AT THE  
BIG HOUSE!!  
HOW DID YOU..  
??

THERE'S ONE  
THING THOSE  
OLD TIMERS IN  
JAIL DIDN'T TELL  
YOU ... YOU CAN'T  
BEAT THE LAW!!

YOU SEE, I KNEW  
YOU'D TRY TO KILL  
NICK ... SORRY I  
COULDN'T STOP  
YOU BEFORE YOU  
GOT TO HIM!!

KEEP  
BACK!!  
YOU'LL NOT  
GET ME!!

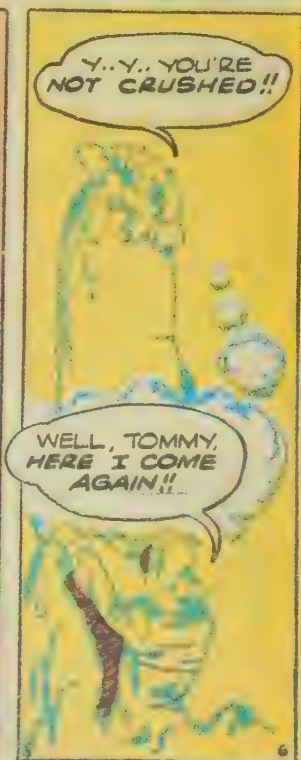
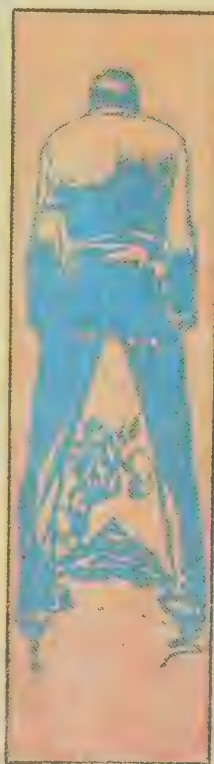
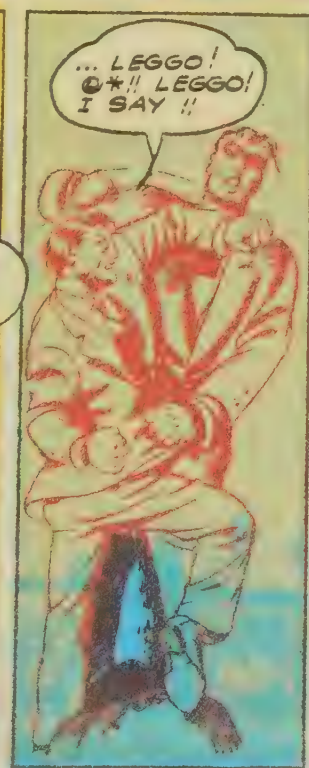
BANG!

HA..HA..THAT SPIRIT  
GUY'S OVERRATED!! TOMMY  
MORAN'S TOO TOUGH  
FOR HIM!! HAW..HAW..

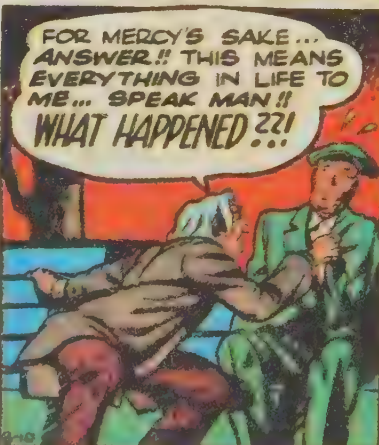
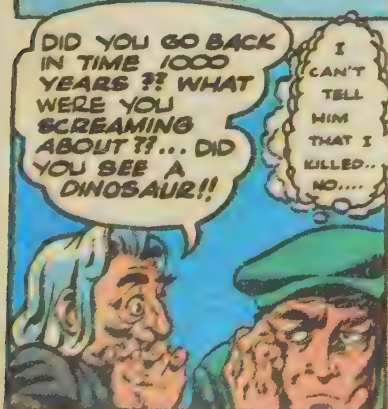
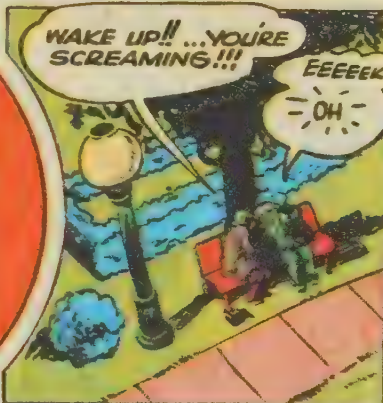
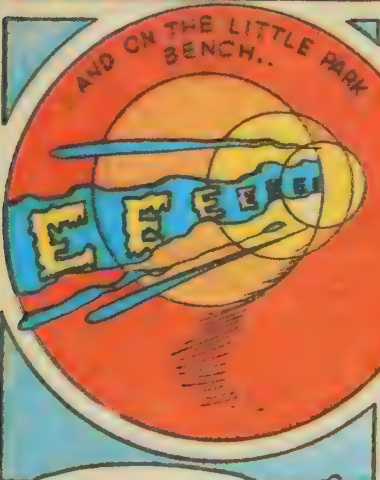
..??!! YOU  
AGAIN ??

YES, TOMMY, THAT  
BULLET ONLY  
NICKED ME!!  
GIVE UP, BOY!!  
I'LL ONLY GET  
YOU IN THE  
END!!













THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF SWEAT AND WORK FOR NOTHING!

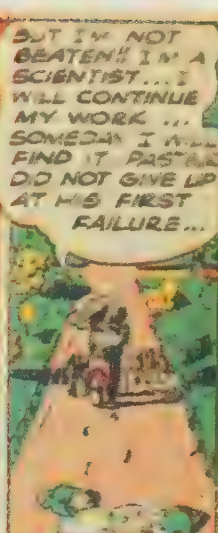


HEY! WHAT ABOUT MY DOUGH??

OH YES HERE!



BAH!

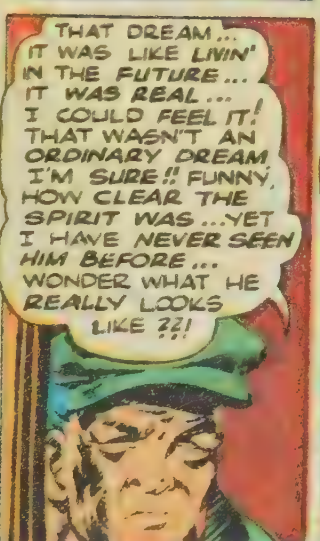


BUT I'M NOT BEATEN! I'M A SCIENTIST... I WILL CONTINUE MY WORK ... SOMEDAY I WILL FIND IT. PASTOR DO NOT GIVE UP AT HIS FIRST FAILURE...

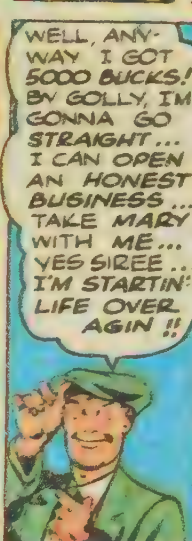


A FEW FEET AWAY...

FIVE MINUTES ARE UP... I.. GOSH... SOMEHOW I DON'T WANNA KILL NICK NOW!



THAT DREAM... IT WAS LIKE LIVIN' IN THE FUTURE... IT WAS REAL... I COULD FEEL IT! THAT WASN'T AN ORDINARY DREAM, I'M SURE!! FUNNY, HOW CLEAR THE SPIRIT WAS... YET I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE... WONDER WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE ??!



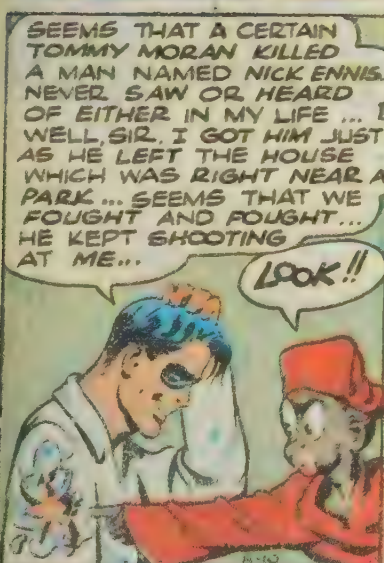
WELL, ANYWAY I GOT 5000 BUCKS! BY GOLLY, I'M GONNA GO STRAIGHT... I CAN OPEN AN HONEST BUSINESS... TAKE MARY WITH ME... YES SIREE... I'M STARTIN' LIFE OVER, AGIN!!



AT THAT MOMENT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY...

WAKE UP, MIST' SPIRIT BOSS.. YO IS TALKIN' IN YO' SLEEP!!

WHY..?! OH.. OH EBONY... YAWWWW... WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM I HAD!!



SEEMS THAT A CERTAIN TOMMY MORAN KILLED A MAN NAMED NICK ENNIS. NEVER SAW OR HEARD OF EITHER IN MY LIFE ... WELL, SIR, I GOT HIM JUST AS HE LEFT THE HOUSE WHICH WAS RIGHT NEAR A PARK ... SEEMS THAT WE FOUGHT AND FOUGHT... HE KEPT SHOOTING AT ME...

LOOK!!



YO' DONE HAVE BLOOD ON YO SHOULDER! YO' BEEN WOUNDED!!!

BY GOD, FREY!! A BULLET WOUND!!







# THE SPIRIT

ACTION  
Mystery  
ADVENTURE



BY WILL EISNER

BEFORE WE BEGIN THIS STORY WE WANT TO  
MAKE ONE POINT VERY CLEAR..

**THIS IS NOT A FUNNY STORY!!**

...AND WHILE THE AUTHOR DOES NOT EXPECT  
YOU TO BELIEVE ALL OF THIS..HE FEELS BOUND  
TO ASSURE YOU THAT HE CANNOT GUARANTEE  
A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF RESEMBLANCE  
BETWEEN PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD AND THE  
CHARACTERS HERE PORTRAYED.

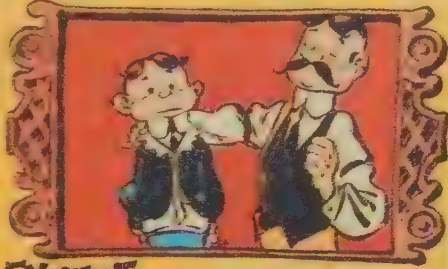
WE MEAN TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE ACCOUNT OF  
GERHARD SHNOBBLE... BEGINNING AT THE POINT  
WHEN HE FIRST DISCOVERED HE COULD FLY. .



PLEASE.... NO LAUGHTER.....



GERHARD SHNOBBLE WAS BORN IN THE BIG CITY OF ORDINARY PARENTS...AND GREW UP TO BE AN ORDINARY BOY...



**EXCEPT** FOR ONE LITTLE THING...

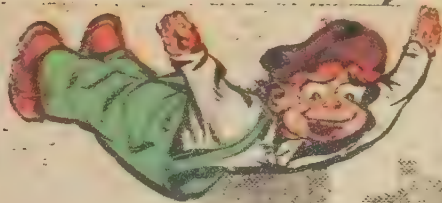
ONE DAY...ON HIS EIGHTH BIRTHDAY, TO BE EXACT... YOUNG GERHARD SLIPPED AND FELL OFF A ROOF.

OF!

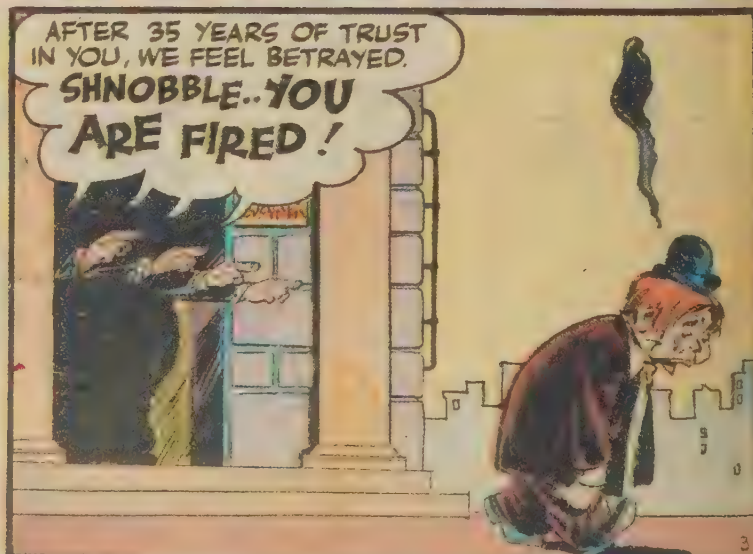
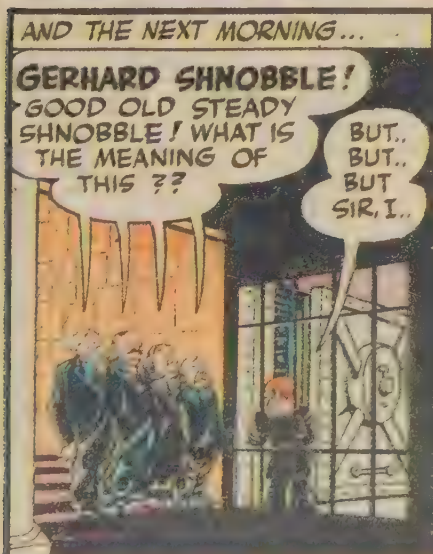
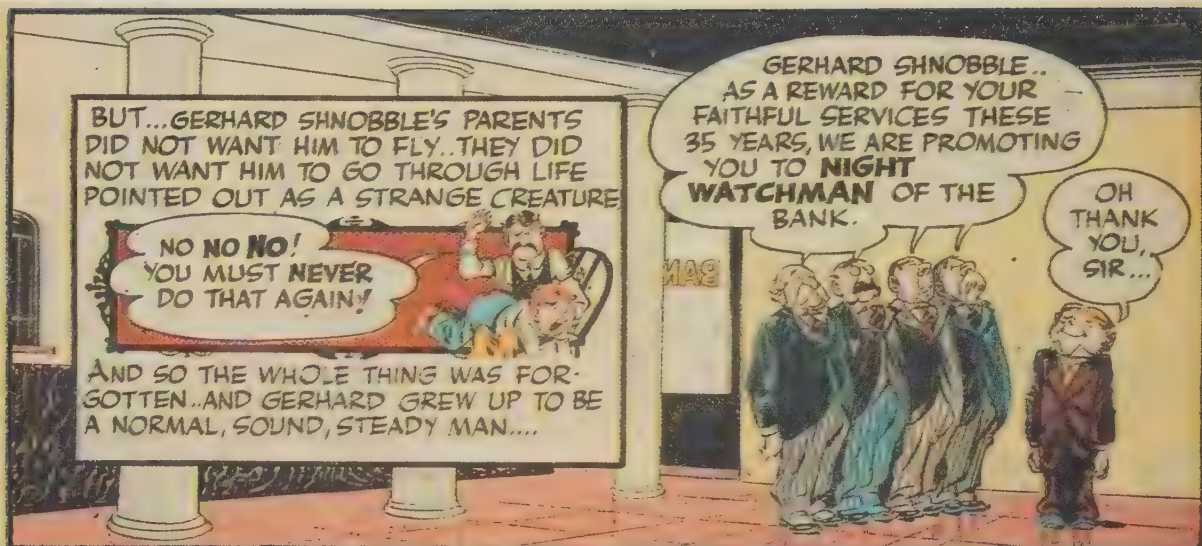
IN MIDAIR HE TWISTED IN AN EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF **SUDDENLY**

...INSTEAD OF FALLING, HE **FLEW** GRACEFULLY TO EARTH.

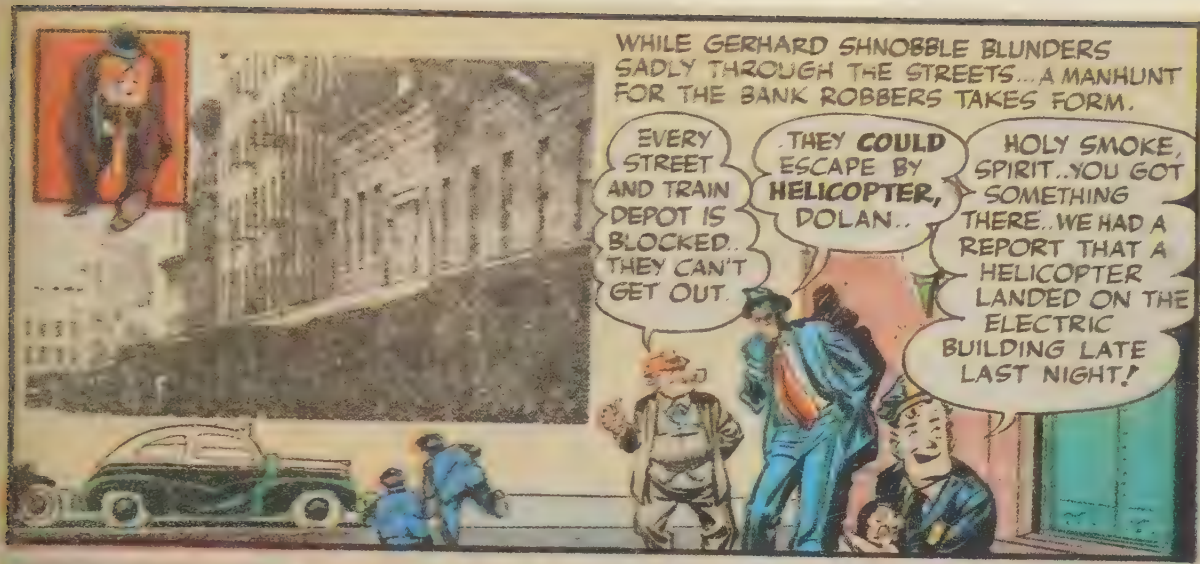
HEY, MA.. **LOOKA ME... I'M FLYIN'!**











WHILE GERHARD SHNOBBLE BLUNDERS SADLY THROUGH THE STREETS...A MANHUNT FOR THE BANK ROBBERS TAKES FORM.

EVERY STREET AND TRAIN DEPOT IS BLOCKED. THEY CAN'T GET OUT.

THEY COULD ESCAPE BY HELICOPTER, DOLAN..

HOLY SMOKE, SPIRIT..YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE..WE HAD A REPORT THAT A HELICOPTER LANDED ON THE ELECTRIC BUILDING LATE LAST NIGHT!



WELL..WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GET THERE AT ONCE!!

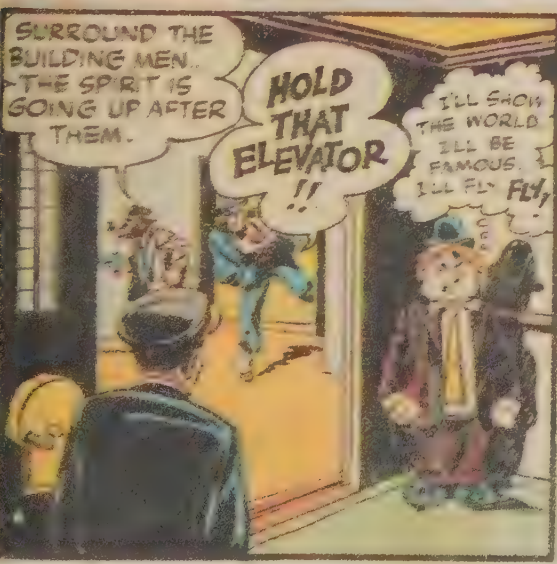


EEEEEEEEEE  
A FAILURE... THAT'S WHAT I AM.. A NOBODY WITH NO TALENT.. IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING BIG.. THAT'D SHOW THEM!



EEO...

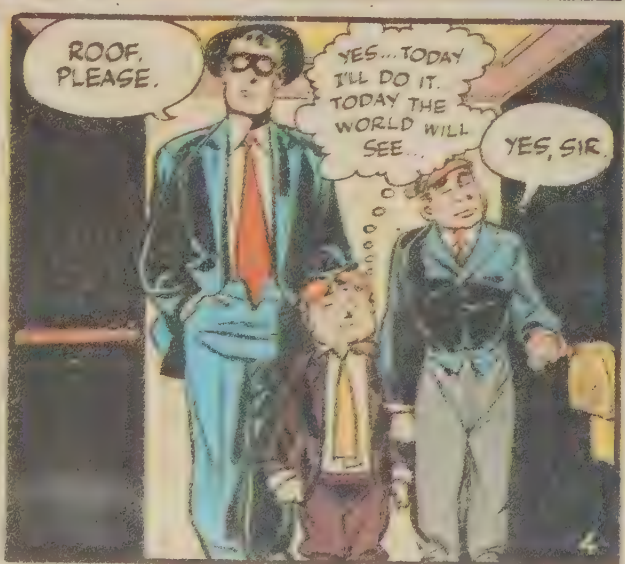
DO SOMETHING.. HMF..IF ONLY..IF ONLY I COULD.. I YES..WHY NOT? I CAN FLY... NOW IT COMES BACK TO ME.. I CAN FLY !!



SURROUND THE BUILDING MEN.. THE SPIRIT IS GOING UP AFTER THEM.

HOLD THAT ELEVATOR !!

I'LL SHOW THE WORLD I'LL BE FAMOUS.. I'LL FLY FLY

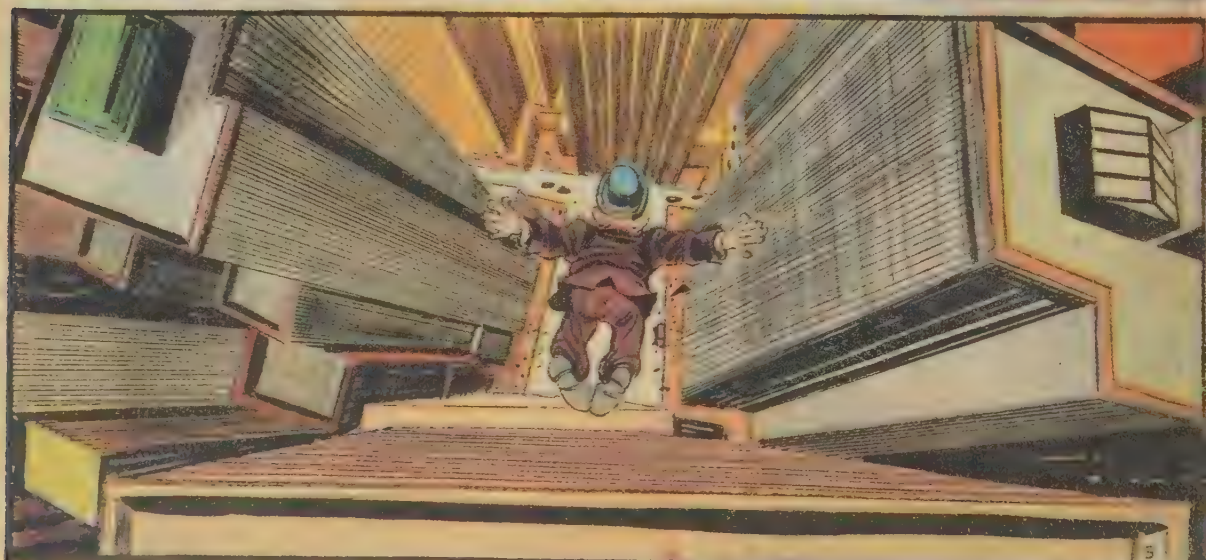
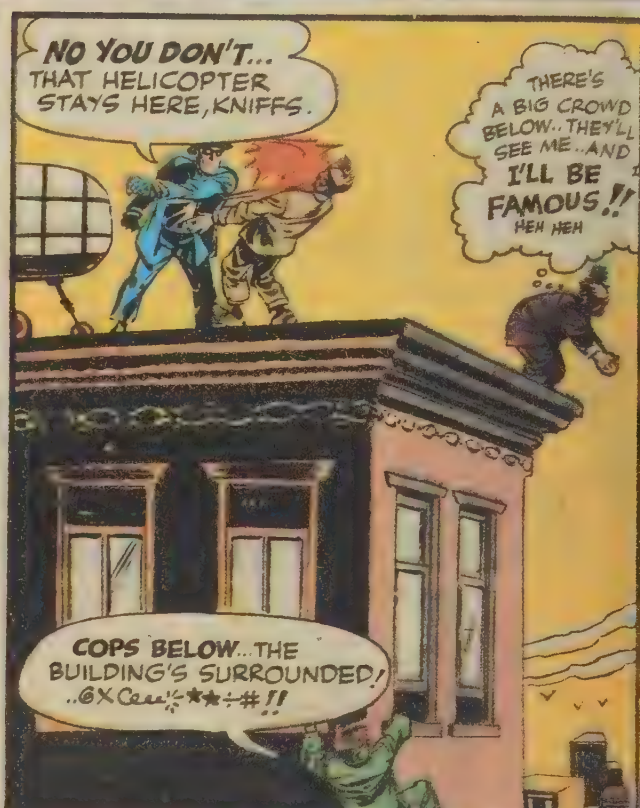
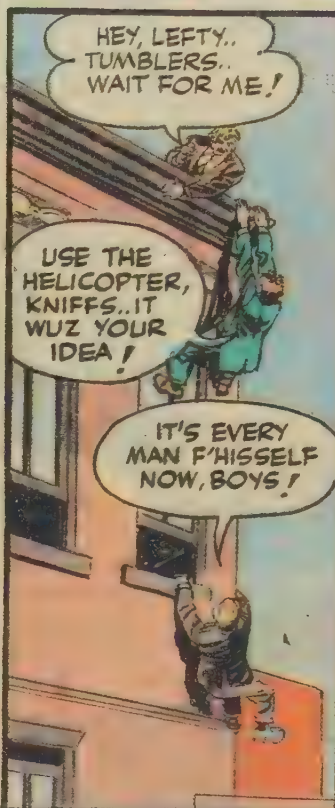
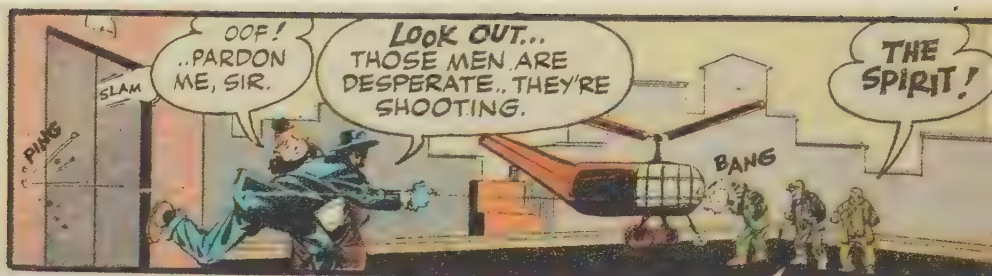


ROOF, PLEASE.

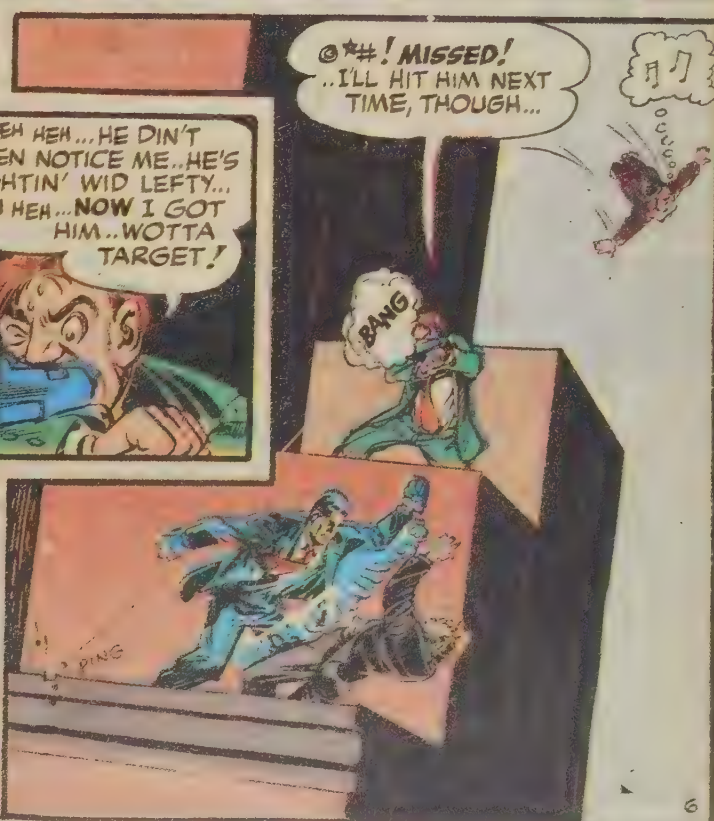
YES...TODAY I'LL DO IT. TODAY THE WORLD WILL SEE...

YES, SIR.

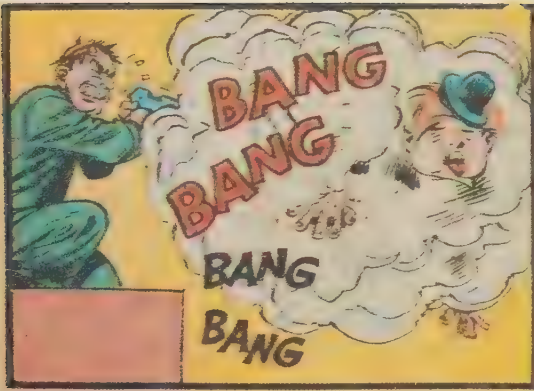












**AND SO... LIFELESS...GERHARD SHNOBBLE FLUTTERED EARTHWARD..BUT DO NOT WEEP FOR SHNOBBLE...**



**R**ATHER SHED A TEAR FOR ALL MANKIND...

FOR NOT ONE PERSON IN THE ENTIRE CROWD THAT WATCHED HIS BODY BEING CARTED AWAY... NOT ONE OF THEM KNEW OR EVEN SUSPECTED THAT ON THIS DAY GERHARD SHNOBBLE HAD FLOWN.





# THE SPIRIT

**ACTION  
Mystery  
ADVENTURE**

It will take you ten minutes  
to read this story...

... a very short time in any man's  
lifetime.



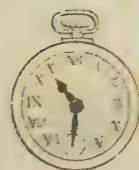
But these ten minutes that you will  
spend here are an eternity for one man.

For they are the last ten minutes  
in Freddy's life.





The time is now  
10:31



TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK

...AND THAT'S THE BALL GAME! FOR THE BADGERS, FOUR RUNS, TEN HITS, AND NO ERRORS... FOR THE ORIOLAS, ONE RUN, SIX HITS, AND ONE ERROR... THERE WERE CHICKS!

**NUTS!**  
I GOT THE ORIOLAS THIS WEEK, SO ALL THEY GET IN SIX DAYS IS THREE RUNS!

**MAX'S CANDY**

BELIEVE ME, FREDDY, Y'CAN'T WIN ON THESE POOLS! ALWAYS I SAID FREDDY IS A SMART BOY... HE DON'T GAMBLE! **HMM... STILL PLAYIN' THE PIN-BALL MACHINE?**

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOIN'?

A CHOCOLATE SUGAR CONE, MAX.

SO DON'T GET SORE! IN THIS HEAT Y'DON'T WANNA EXERT Y'SELF! **WHEW... IMAGINE... IN SEPTEMBER, HEAT LIKE NOW!**

**Excuse! TILT!**

**TILT... TILT!**  
ON AND OFF LIKE NEON LIGHTS... FREDDY'S LIFE STORY... ONE BIG TILT!

GIMME AN EGG CREAM, MAX! I'LL PAY YA TUESDAY.

HEY, LOOK! TH' LATEST TRUE HORROR ROMANCES!

OH BOY! LOOKA THIS TRUE LOVE STUFF!

FREDDY... THE GOOD BOY... THAT'S ME! "LOOKIT FREDDY... SEE, HE TAKES CARE OF HIS FAMILY... A NICE BOY!"

BING BING

I'M BURNIN' UP! I'M **CHOKIN'**! I CAN'T TAKE THIS NO MORE! I DON'T HAVE TO... AND... **I WON'T!**

HELLO...

RING RING

BINK

YEH... O.K... HOLD THE WIRE..

HEY, YOU KIDS... GET MRS. SCHMIDT IN THE NEXT HOUSE.. SHE'S WANTED ON THE PHONE!

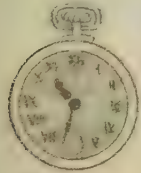
WE'RE ALL ALONE NOW... IT'LL TAKE 'EM FIVE MINUTES TO GET MRS. SCHMIDT...

IT'S TIME, MAX... THIS IS IT, MAX!!

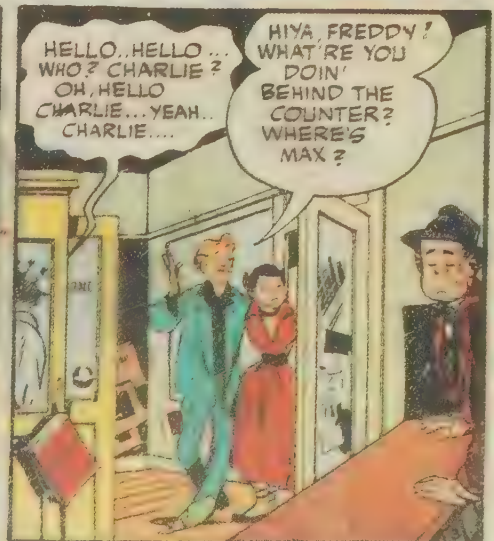
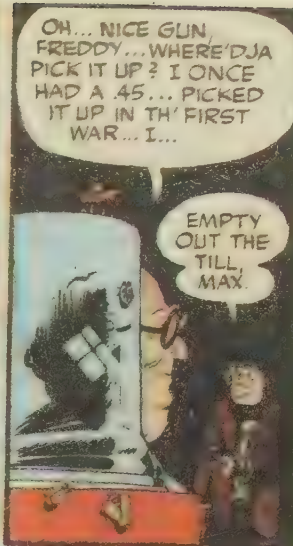
MOVE OVER, HUH, FREDDY? I WANNA SWEEP...



The time  
is now  
10:33



TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK

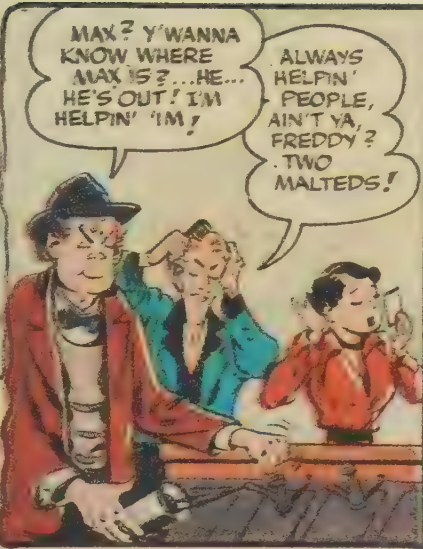




The time  
now is  
10:35



TICK TICK  
TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK  
TICK



MAX? Y'WANNA  
KNOW WHERE  
MAX IS?... HE...  
HE'S OUT! I'M  
HELPIN' 'IM!

ALWAYS  
HELPIN' PEOPLE,  
AIN'T YA,  
FREDDY?  
TWO  
MALTEDS!



I ALWAYS  
SAID  
FREDDY  
WAS  
SWEET!

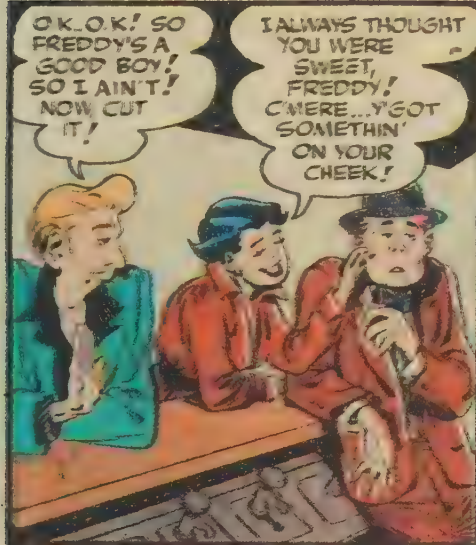
WHAT  
FLAVOR?



CHOCOLATE.

TEE HEE...

WHY AIN'T YOU  
SWEET LIKE  
FREDDY, MILTY?



OK, OK! SO  
FREDDY'S A  
GOOD BOY!  
SO I AIN'T!  
NOW CUT  
IT!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT  
YOU WERE  
SWEET,  
FREDDY!  
C'MERE...Y'GOT  
SOMETHIN'  
ON YOUR  
CHEEK!

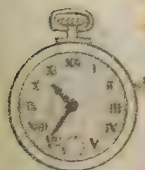


LOOKS LIKE  
BLOOD... LET ME  
WIPE IT OFF...





The time  
is now  
10:37



TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK TICK



MAX!

HOW AWFUL

WHO DID IT?

MA... I WANNA  
SEE...



THERE HE  
GOES...

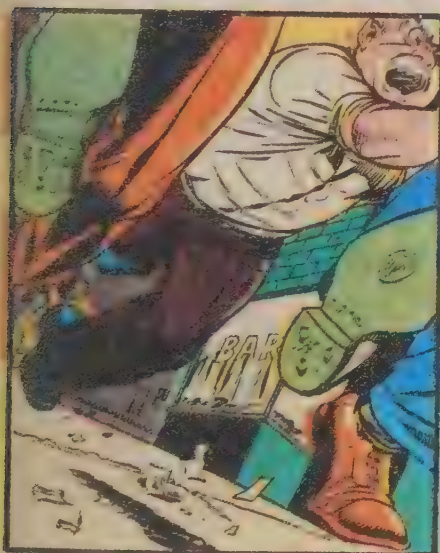
STOP!

MURDERER!



IT'S  
FREDDY...

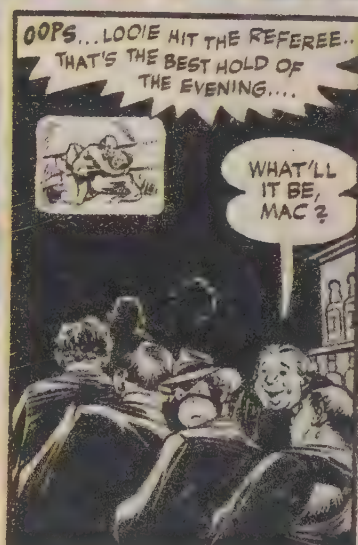
STOP  
HIM!



THAT'S A HAMMERLOCK THE  
TIGER HAS ON LOVELY LOOIE...

CRUNCH...

OH, MOTHER...



OOPS... LOOIE HIT THE REFEREE...  
THAT'S THE BEST HOLD OF  
THE EVENING...

WHAT'LL  
IT BE,  
MAC?



FORGET IT!



WHAT HAPPENED?

A MURDER!

NOT AGAIN!

R... MY NAME  
IS RENEE AND  
MY SISTER'S  
NAME IS  
RACHEL AND...

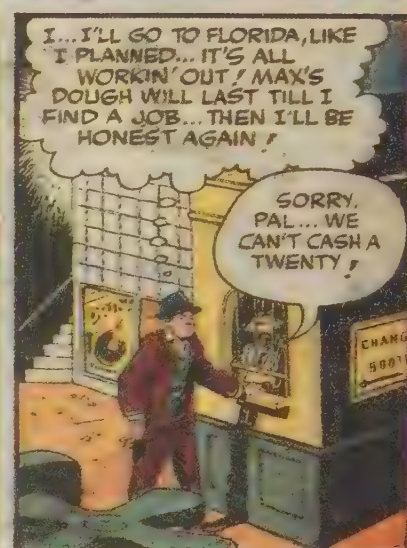
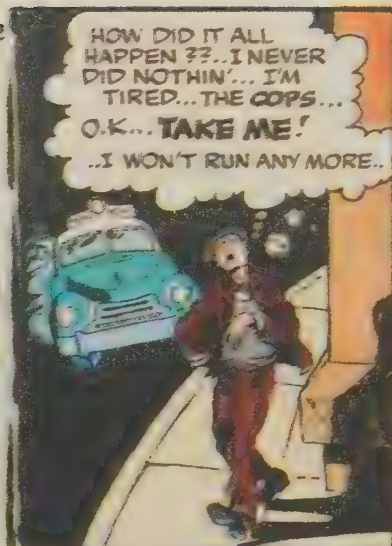
WHAT A  
'CRAZY  
THING...  
WHAT A  
'CRAZY  
THING...



The time  
now is  
10:39



TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK





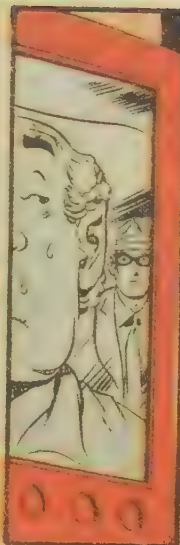
The time  
now is  
10:40



TICK TICK  
TICK TICK  
TICK  
TICK  
TICK

THAT WAS THE  
SPIRIT... HE'S  
PROBABLY  
CHECKIN' THE  
STATIONS... HE SAW  
ME BEFORE! HE  
CAN'T SUSPECT  
NOTHIN'!

13<sup>TH</sup>  
STREET



I'D LIKE TO  
TALK TO YOU...  
**FREDDY!**



THERE HE GOES!

OPEN  
THE DOOR...  
OPE...

LET GO,  
MISTER!

**EEEEK!**

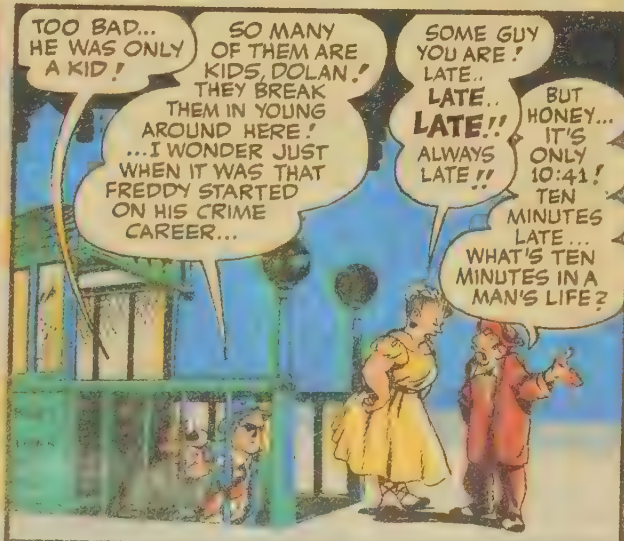


TOO BAD...  
HE WAS ONLY  
A KID!

SO MANY  
OF THEM ARE  
KIDS, DOLAN!  
THEY BREAK  
THEM IN YOUNG  
AROUND HERE!  
...I WONDER JUST  
WHEN IT WAS THAT  
FREDDY STARTED  
ON HIS CRIME  
CAREER...

SOME GUY  
YOU ARE!  
LATE...  
**LATE!!**  
ALWAYS  
LATE!!

BUT HONEY...  
IT'S  
ONLY  
10:41!  
TEN  
MINUTES  
LATE...  
WHAT'S TEN  
MINUTES IN A  
MAN'S LIFE?









## About E.C.

The initials "E.C." on comic-book covers stood at first for "Educational Comics." When M. C. Gaines started E.C. in the mid-1940s, the company was indeed "educational," publishing comic-book versions of the Bible and American history. After Gaines died in a boating accident in 1947, his son William M. Gaines took over the company and shifted its emphasis toward more commercial fare—westerns, romance comics, and crime titles (E.C. came to stand for "Entertaining Comics"). In 1949, horror stories—told by the Vault Keeper and the Crypt Keeper—edged into E.C.'s crime comics, and in 1950, E.C. began publishing three unabashed horror titles. The success of these comic books spawned the flood of horror comics, from many publishers, in the early 1950s.

Also in 1950, E.C. began publishing two science-fiction comic books, *Weird Science* and *Weird Fantasy*. Earlier science-fiction comics were "space operas," along the lines of *Buck Rogers*, but the E.C. comic books tried to approximate, in comics form, the work of serious science-fiction writers. The science-fiction comic books did not sell well, but William Gaines kept them alive with the profits from the horror comics—a rare and probably unique instance of a publisher's supporting comic books because he cared about them.

Al Feldstein was the principal editor of the horror and science-fiction comic books. Unlike the editors of most comic books, Feldstein and the other E.C. editors wrote most of their own stories—and illustrated some of them, too. Like Will Eisner, they worked in the short-story form (E.C.'s stories were only six to eight pages long), but unlike Eisner, the E.C. editors had no need to incorporate continuing characters into their stories; except for the "hosts" of the horror comics, very few E.C. characters made more than one appearance.

Feldstein relied on literary models: he adhered to the idea that short stories had to have surprise endings, and he used captions to tell his stories, rather than to add meaning to the drawings that the captions accompanied. Harvey Kurtzman, the other major E.C. editor, did not lean on literary devices to the same extent. More important, he brought to his work as editor and writer a particularly valuable trait: in a field dominated by fantasies, he tried never to lose sight of reality.

Kurtzman, who was born in Manhattan in 1924, illustrated a number of science-fiction stories for E.C. before he began editing E.C.'s war comic books, *Two-Fisted Tales* and *Frontline Combat*. In the war comics, Kurtzman tried to depict the life of men in combat with a realism that was missing from other comic books. He engaged in orgies of



research, spending countless hours in the New York Public Library. In one of the most famous examples of Kurtzman's desire for authenticity, he sent his assistant Jerry De Fuccio down in a submarine so that the onomatopoeic words he would use to represent the sounds made by a submerged submarine would be accurate.

Kurtzman relied heavily on such artists as Jack Davis and John Severin, but he illustrated some of his best war stories himself. His drawings were never slick, but his brushwork was flowing, direct, and energetic—qualities that were perfect for the subject matter—and the two war stories we have chosen for this book, *Air Burst* and *Corpse on the Imjin*, were illustrated as well as written by Kurtzman. *Air Burst*, published while the Korean war was still being fought, is notable for its sympathetic depiction of the Chinese enemy. *Corpse on the Imjin* gives war a psychological as well as a physical reality (in a caption, the American soldier's mind returns to childhood and "dunking" as he struggles in the water with the enemy soldier).

The war comics required so much work that they wore Kurtzman out, and in 1952, while recovering from a bout with jaundice, he decided he wanted to try something less demanding. This turned out to be *Mad*—which was, in its original incarnation as a comic book, a vigorous satirical assault on popular culture.

In *Mad*, Kurtzman spoofed movies, comic strips, and even "classic" popular fiction like *Frankenstein* and the Sherlock Holmes stories, but he may have felt a little uneasy about poking fun at artifacts that were more widely accepted as worthwhile than comic books were. In any case, Kurtzman was probably at his best when he was going after other comic books and "kiddie" TV shows like *Captain Video* and *Howdy Doody*. In *Superduperman*, Kurtzman ridicules the idea that within our unimpressive exteriors there lurk "supermen"—that one day those who scorn us will see our true worth and confess their error. (And along the way, he points out that an all-powerful hero's altruism cannot be taken for granted.) Similarly, Kurtzman bears down on *Howdy Doody*, where he finds a veneer of patronizing jollity that cannot camouflage a hard sell to a particularly vulnerable audience. On *Mad*, Kurtzman collaborated with several fine artists, two of whom, Wallace Wood and Bill Elder, are represented here. Wood and Elder themselves invented many of the bizarre details that enriched *Mad*'s panels.

All of the E. C. artists were encouraged to work freely in their own styles (some publishers wanted their artists to squeeze themselves into an anonymous "house style"), but



the editors always remained firmly in control. For example, when an artist named Bernard Krigstein was assigned by Al Feldstein to a story called *Master Race* in 1954, he was given six sheets of illustration board with the captions and the dialogue already lettered and in place; his job was to provide illustrations that matched this script. Instead, he expanded the story to eight pages (with the wary approval of Feldstein and William Gaines), by cutting up the lettering and pasting it on new boards. E.C.'s stories typically had six or seven panels per page; Krigstein added panels not just by making the story longer but by using more panels per page. Krigstein told John Benson and Bhub Stewart in an interview that where the script called for three panels, "I might have put in nine panels. Because it's what happens between these panels that's so fascinating." As Krigstein revised and expanded *Master Race*, he created one of the most interesting and admired of all comic-book stories.

Krigstein, who was born in Brooklyn in 1919, came late to E.C. (his work first appeared in issues with 1954 dates) after free-lancing for other comics publishers. He was greatly intrigued by the comics form, and particularly by the way stories are broken down into panels. More than most comic-book illustrators, he was aware of the effects possible by changing the shapes and arrangements of panels. In *Master Race*, Krigstein sometimes seems to be borrowing from film techniques, as many other cartoonists did, but he is up to something different. In the panels on the last page of *Master Race*, Krigstein has not imitated the flurry of images in a film with rapid cutting. He has instead dissected the action, giving his drawings a dreadful clarity that film could not match. His work has a cool objectivity that is unique in the work of the leading comic-book creators. Compare, for example, the death in the subway that comes on the last page of *Master Race* with the one that occurs on the last page of the 1949 *Spirit* story earlier in this book.

In 1954, a public outcry against comic books drove E.C.'s best sellers—the horror and crime comics—from the newsstands, and *Master Race* was published in the first issue of *Impact*, one of a half dozen "New Direction" titles that E.C. introduced late in 1954 and early in 1955 to take their place. The "New Direction" titles grasped desperately for a mature audience (one of the new titles was *Psychoanalysis*) and could not find it. The E.C. line—caught between declining sales and the new Comics Code—struggled for a year, until Gaines finally gave up and discontinued all of his comic books.

*Mad* survived. Gaines and Kurtzman had converted it into a twenty-five-cent, black-and-white magazine; as such,



it was not subject to the Comics Code. Kurtzman and Gaines quarreled and Kurtzman left *Mad* after a few issues of the new magazine; he was replaced by Al Feldstein. *Mad* continues, as one of the great success stories in American publishing.

Kurtzman, after editing several new satire magazines that failed to catch on, did the *Little Annie Fanny* stories in *Playboy*. Bernard Krigstein worked for a time in commercial art, and more recently has been a teacher and a painter.

M.B.



THE SCENE BELOW IS IN KOREA! THE MEN YOU SEE ARE PART OF THE REELING, BLEEDING CHINESE ARMY THAT IS SCRAMBLING BACK FROM ITS BIG SPRING OFFENSIVE! THE SPURTING DUST AT THEIR FEET IS BEING KICKED UP BY THE SPLINTERED STEEL OF AN...

# AIR BURST!



THAT HELLISH AMERICAN ARTILLERY DOES NOT LET UP FOR A MOMENT!

LET US GET AWAY FROM HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

LEE! OUR WHOLE MORTAR SQUAD IS DEAD!

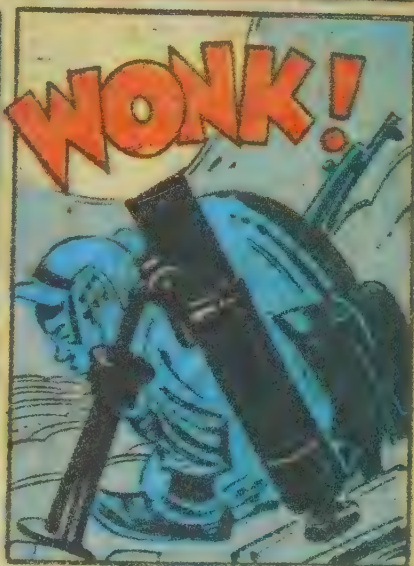
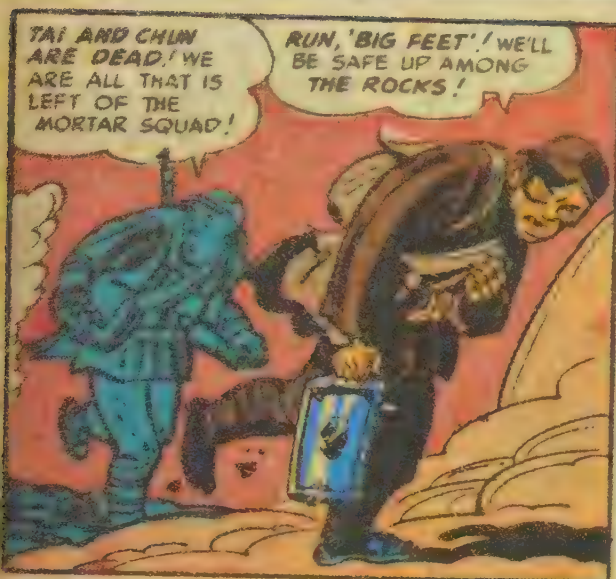
THERE ARE STILL FOUR OF US! COME, 'BIG FEET'! LIFT THAT MORTAR BARREL AND RUN!















OUR CAMOUFLAGE CLOTH WILL HIDE US! LAY STILL, 'BIG FEET'!

HE CIRCLES US!

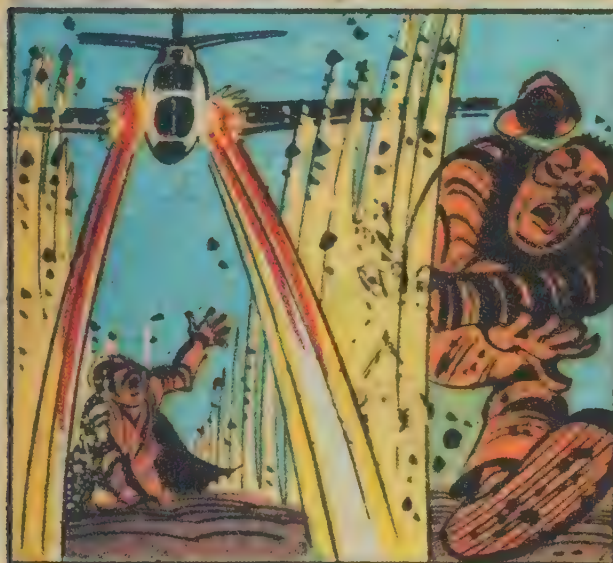


THEY SAY THE JET PLANES CANNOT BE HEARD APPROACHIN...



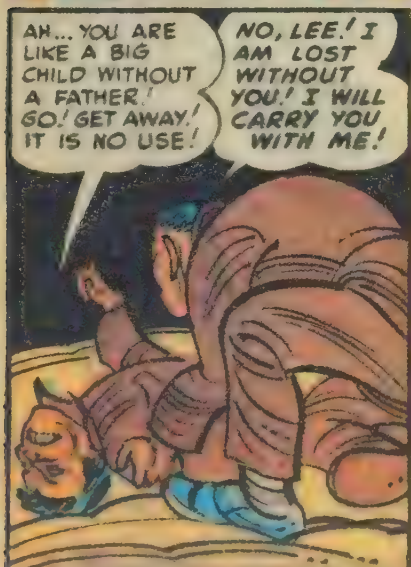
LIE STILL, 'BIG FEET'!

LET US RUN!



'BIG FEET'! I AM HURT! YOU ARE ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE MORTAR SQUAD! YOU MUST GO ON ALONE!

NO! NO, LEE! YOU ARE MY FRIEND! WE HAVE GONE THROUGH THE WAR TOGETHER! DO NOT LEAVE ME ALONE!



AH... YOU ARE LIKE A BIG CHILD WITHOUT A FATHER! GO! GET AWAY! IT IS NO USE!

NO, LEE! I AM LOST WITHOUT YOU! I WILL CARRY YOU WITH ME!



YOU ARE NOT SO HEAVY!

OOOOOH! OH! IT PAINS ME!



...WE WILL GET BACK...

...OH...

...NO!



AIRPLANES!  
MORE AIRPLANES!  
OH! OH! OH!



QUICKLY! QUICKLY! I  
MUST HIDE US... UNDER  
THE CAMOUFLAGE CLOTH!



THEY ARE ALMOST OVER-  
HEAD! THE BOMBS?  
WHERE ARE THE  
BOMBS?

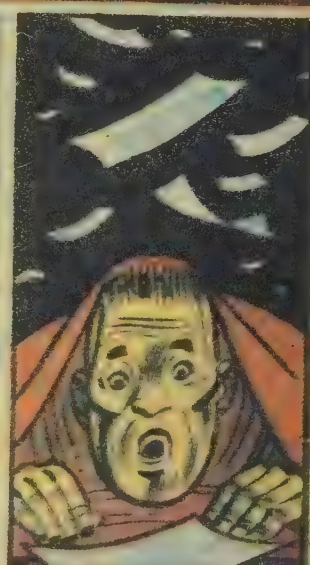


WHY DON'T THEY  
DROP THE BOMBS?  
WHY ARE THEY  
WAITING...



WHY... WHY...

WHAT...



PAPER! THEY'RE DROPPING PAPER!  
HA HA HA HA HA! PAPER!

...I KNOW WHAT THESE ARE! THESE  
ARE SURRENDER PAPERS! OUR  
LEADERS WARNED US WE'D BE  
SHOT IF WE KEPT THEM.



I WON'T LET ANYONE SEE! IT IS TOO MUCH!  
THE PLANES! THERE ARE TOO MANY  
PLANES! TOO MANY GUNS! TOO MUCH!  
THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY LEFT TO GO!







THE MORTAR SQUAD IS NO MORE!  
LEE SPRAWLS ON THE PATH...  
TWICE KILLED, LONG DEAD!

POOR, CLUMSY 'BIG FEET' LIES  
WITH HIS FACE IN THE BLOODY  
DIRT, HIS BIG FOOT CAUGHT ON A WIRE!

THE WIRE TRAILS TO THE RING OF  
FULL CORD DANGLING BENEATH  
THE REMAINS OF A HAND GRENADE





IT IS A DARK DAY IN MAY! LIGHTNING RICKERS IN THE SOUTH KOREAN HILLS, AND A STORM WIND ROARS OVER THE IMJIN RIVER! OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RAIN SWOLLEN IMJIN, A LONELY CORPSE FLOATS WITH THE RUBBLE DOWN TO THE SEA! FOR THIS IS WHAT OUR STORY IS ABOUT! A...

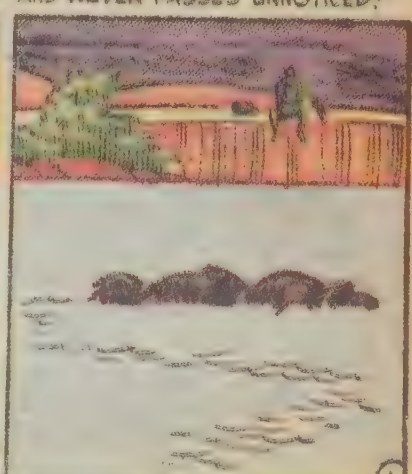
# CORPSE ON THE IMJIN!



BUT MANY THINGS FLOAT ON THE IMJIN! DRIFTWOOD, AMMUNITION BOXES, BATTERY CASES, SHELL TUBES!

...WE IGNORE THE FLOATING RUBBLE! WHY THEN, DO WE FASTEN OUR EYES ON A LIFELESS CORPSE?

...THOUGH WE SOMETIMES FORGET IT, LIFE IS PRECIOUS, AND DEATH IS UGLY AND NEVER PASSES UNNOTICED!

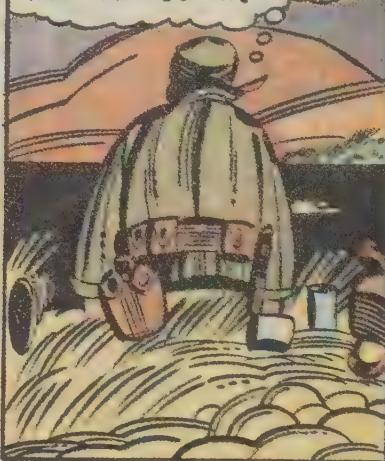




THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!  
THAT'S THE THIRD IN THE LAST  
HALF HOUR... FLOATING THERE  
LIKE A DEAD FISH!



GEE! WE MUST HAVE KILLED  
THOUSANDS OF THEM IN THIS  
OFFENSIVE! WONDER HOW  
THAT ONE GOT IT?



PROBABLY GOT HIT BY THE  
BOMBERS WHEN HE WAS  
TRYING TO CROSS FARTHER  
UPSTREAM THERE!



MAYBE IT WAS THE F-51'S! I  
SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE  
CAUGHT SITTING BY F-51'S...  
WITH THEM 5 INCH ROCKETS!



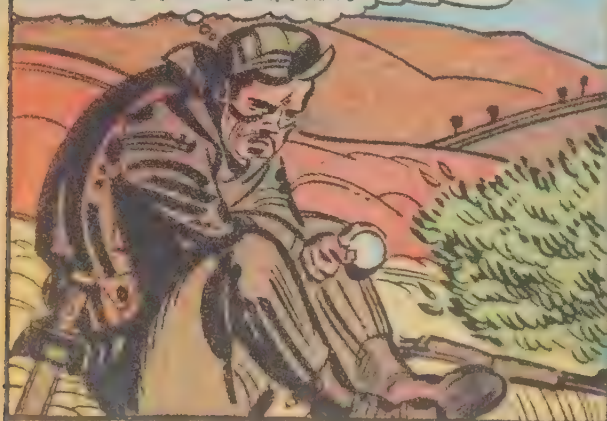
THEN AGAIN, IT COULD HAVE  
BEEN THE 155 MM CANNONS!  
THEM SELF-PROPELLED 'LONG  
TOMS' ARE MURDER!



OR DID A RIFLEMAN CATCH HIM?  
COULD'VE BEEN A SHARP  
SHOOTER WITH A TELESCOPIC  
SIGHT SPRINGFIELD!



COULD'VE EVEN BEEN HAND TO HAND COMBAT...  
ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT! THE WAY THEY TALK ABOUT  
HAND TO HAND COMBAT, YOU'D THINK IT HAPPENS  
ALL THE TIME, AND YET I'VE NEVER HEARD OF  
ANYONE WHO GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE  
ENEMY TO USE A BAYONET!



I GUESS HAND TO HAND COMBAT WAS STRICTLY  
FOR THE OLDEN DAYS WHEN EVERYONE FOUGHT  
WITH SWORDS AND KNIVES! NOW WITH ALL THE  
LONG RANGE WEAPONS, WE CAN KILL PRETTY  
GOOD BY REMOTE CONTROL! AND WE NEVER  
GET CLOSER 'N A MILE TO  
THE ENEMY!





CORRECTION. SOLDIER! NOT CLOSER THAN FIFTEEN FEET... FOR THE ENEMY IS WATCHING YOU EAT YOUR GRATIONS NOT FIFTEEN FEET FROM YOUR RIFLE!



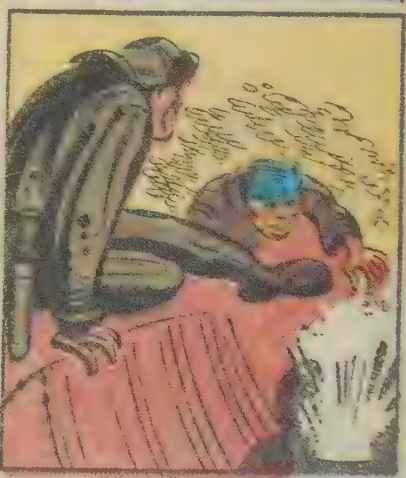
HE IS WET AND SCARED AND HUNGRY AND HIS EYES GO FROM YOUR GRATION CAN TO YOUR RIFLE! THE WIND HIDES ALL SOUND AS HE SPRINGS!



YOU SEE HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE AND YOU KICK OUT WITH BOTH YOUR FEET!



YOU KICK CLUMSILY AT YOUR RIFLE, BECAUSE THAT IS ALL YOU CAN DO TO GET IT OUT OF HIS REACH! THE RIFLE TUMBLES OVER THE BANK AND INTO THE IMJIN RIVER! AND THEN THERE'S JUST THE SOUND OF THE WIND!



WHERE ARE THE WISECRACKS YOU READ IN THE COMIC BOOKS? WHERE ARE THE FANCY RIGHT HOOKS YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES? HE PICKS UP A BROKEN STICK!



HE'S A LITTLE FELLOW AND HE GRINS AS HE CIRCLES YOU WITH HIS STICK! YOU WIPE AT YOUR NOSE, AND THEN YOU REMEMBER YOUR BAYONET!





YOU GRIP YOUR BAYONET TIGHT... **TIGHT!** DEEP INSIDE, YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE YOU CAN STICK A KNIFE INTO A HUMAN BEING! IT'S ALMOST SILLY...

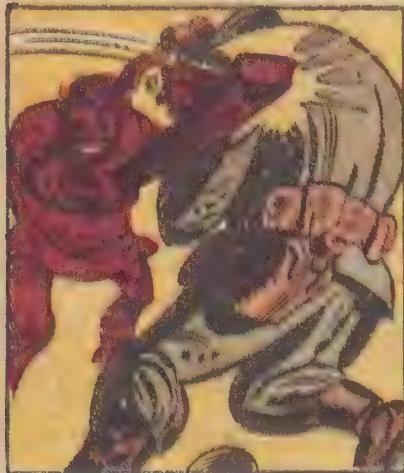
THEY SAY THE MAN WHO MOVES FIRST HAS WON HALF THE BATTLE, AND THE LITTLE GUY STRIKES OUT AT YOU WITH THE STICK... **CRACKS YOUR FINGERS**



YOU'VE LOST THE BAYONET AND NOW YOU'RE HURT! HE CLUBS YOU ON THE ARMS, THE SHOULDERS...

BUT THE PAIN MAKES YOU REACT... YOU FEEL A SURGE OF FEAR... HATE... ENERGY... TINGLING IN YOUR MUSCLES...

YOU SHRIEK AND CHARGE LIKE A CRAZY BULL TO ESCAPE THE STINGING CLUB! YOU CLUTCH AT HIM!



HE'S REALLY HURT YOU AND YOUR LEGS ARE WOBBLY AND HE STRIKES AND STRIKES AND STRIKES!

YOU OUTWEIGH HIM THOUGH, AND WITH ALL THE STRENGTH YOU CAN MUSTER, YOU PUSH HIM TO THE RIVER

...AND YOU BOTH FALL! YOU RELAX AND YOU FALL! YOU NEVER KNEW FALLING COULD BE SO PLEASANT!





HE KICKS TO STAY UP, BUT YOU ARE HEAVIER AND YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

IT REMINDS YOU OF SOMETHING...AND YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

LIKE DUNKING, WHEN YOU WENT SWIMMING! YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

YES...YES...LIKE DUNKING AT THE SWIMMING HOLE... YOU DUNK...DUNK...DUNK...



HIS HANDS HAVE STOPPED CLAWING AT THE AIR...HIS FEET HAVE STOPPED THRASHING...

...BLOOD AND BUBBLES ARE COMING TO THE SURFACE AND THE MAN YOU ARE HOLDING RELAXES!

IT SEEMS LIKE HOURS HAVE GONE BY! THE BUBBLES ARE BARELY TRICKLING UP AND ALL IS STILL!



SUDDENLY, YOUR MIND IS QUIET, AND YOUR RAGE COLLAPSES! THE WATER IS VERY COLD!

YOU'RE TIRED... YOUR BODY IS GASPING AND SHAKING WEAK... AND YOU'RE ASHAMED!

YOU STUMBLE AND SLOSH OUT OF THE RIVER AND RUN...RUN AWAY FROM THE BODY IN THE WATER!





THE WIND IS RUSHING FITFULLY  
OVER THE IMJIN! IT STIRS THE HAIR  
ON THE BACK OF THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD!

THE WATER RIPPLES BEFORE THE  
WIND... LAPS AT THE SHORE...SWAYS  
THE BODY FROM SIDE TO SIDE!

THE FLOWING RIVER GENTLY SWINGS  
THE BODY OUT, AWAY FROM THE  
BANK AND INTO THE CURRENT!



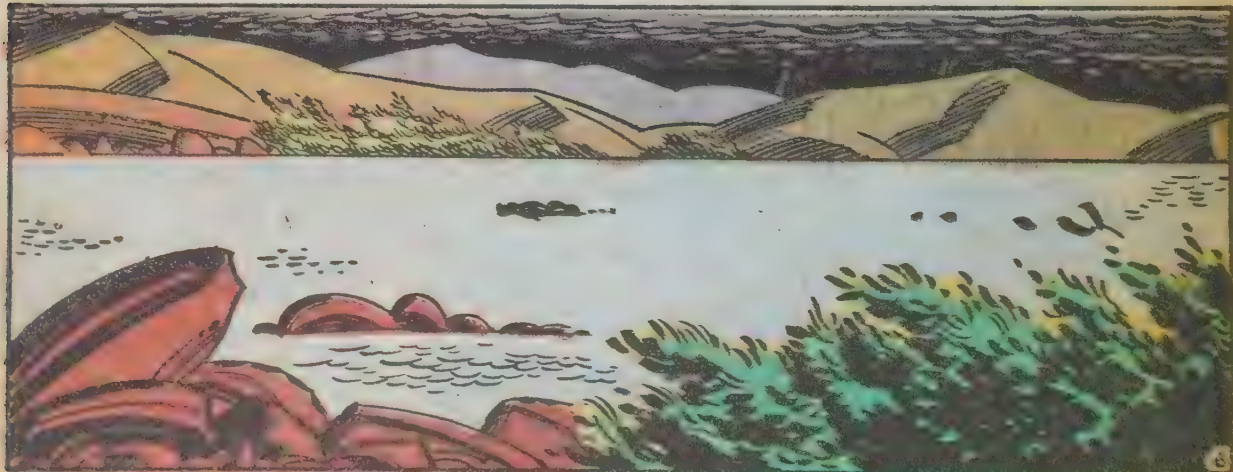
AND NOW THE CURRENT, WEAK  
NEAR THE SHORE, SLOWLY TURNS  
THE BODY AROUND AND AROUND...

...AND IT IS AS IF NATURE IS TAKING  
BACK WHAT IT HAS GIVEN! HAVE  
PITY! HAVE PITY FOR A DEAD MAN!

FOR HE IS NOW NOT RICH OR POOR,  
RIGHT OR WRONG, BAD OR GOOD!  
DON'T HATE HIM! HAVE PITY...



...FOR HE HAS LOST THAT MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION THAT WE ALL TREASURE ABOVE EVERYTHING...  
HE HAS LOST HIS **LIFE!**

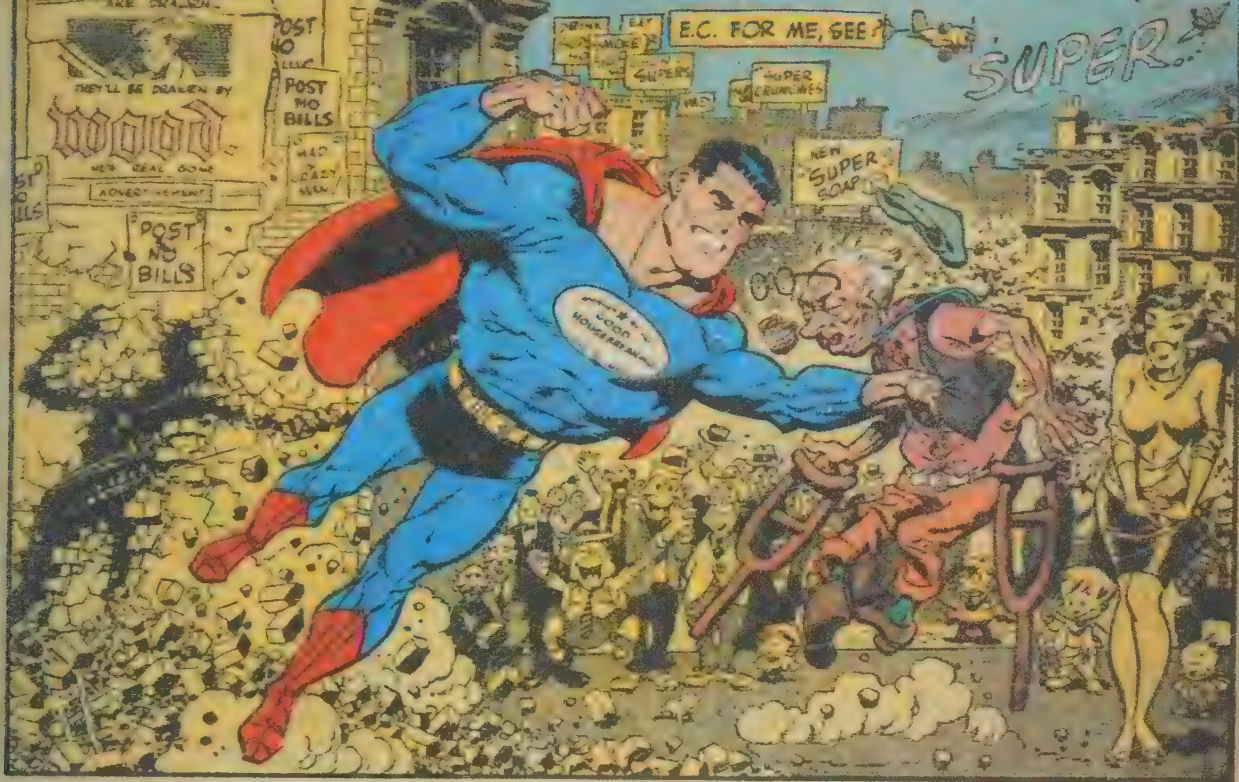


LIGHTNING FLASHES IN THE KOREAN HILLS, AND ON THE RAIN SWOLLEN IMJIN, A CORPSE FLOATS OUT TO SEA.



HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! KA-PWEENG! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE!  
 ... CHUGACHUGACHUGA CHUG! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND!... BOINGSWOOOSH!...  
 LOOK!... UP IN THE SKY!... IT'S A BIRD!... IT'S A PLANE!... IT'S...

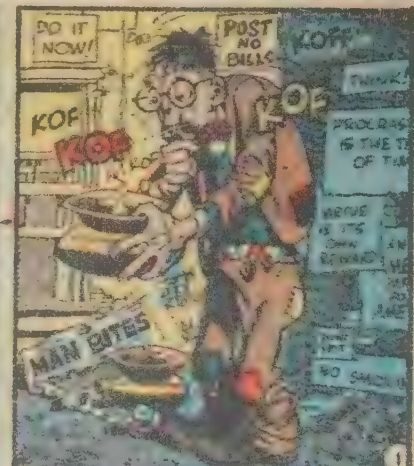
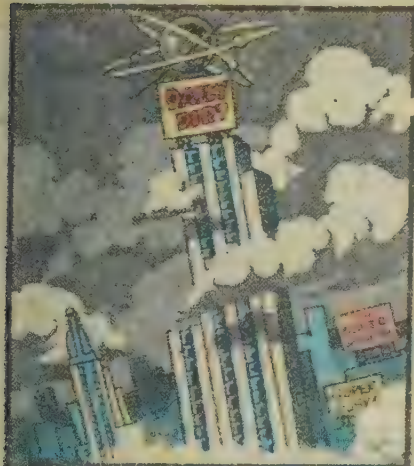
# SUPERDUPERMAN!



OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON!

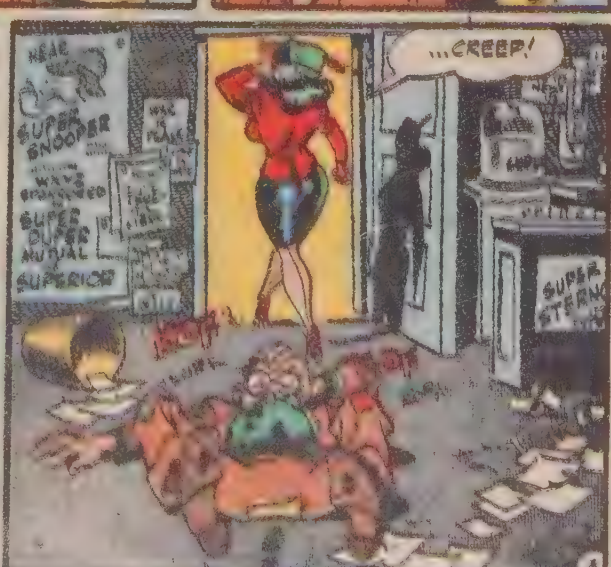
FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, **SUPERDUPERMAN!**















HA, BOY! SHE SHOULD ONLY KNOW I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! CHUGA-CHUGACHUG!... **HAN!**



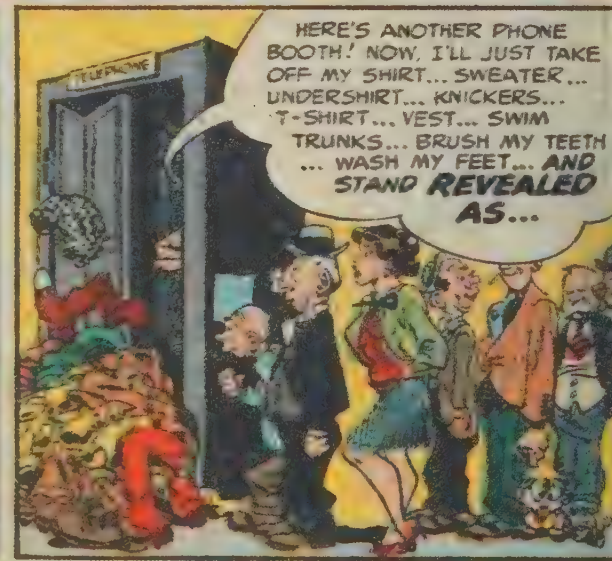
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER,' EH! THIS IS A JOB FOR **SUPER-DUPERMAN!**... I'LL JUST GO INTO THIS PHONE BOOTH...



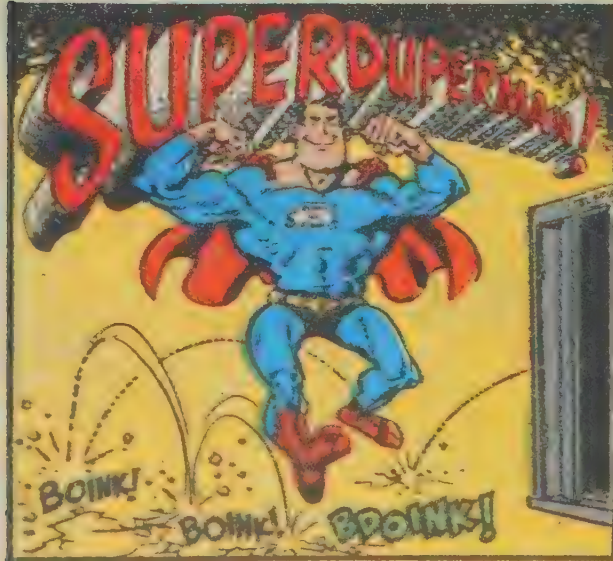
...AND CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME... **EEK!**



DRAT! FOOL PHONE BOOTH IS **OCCUPIED!** THIS ASSISTANT COPY BOY ROUTINE IS KILLING MY OL' X-RAY VISION!



HERE'S ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH! NOW, I'LL JUST TAKE OFF MY SHIRT... SWEATER... UNDERSHIRT... KNICKERS... T-SHIRT... VEST... SWIM TRUNKS... BRUSH MY TEETH... WASH MY FEET... **AND STAND REVEALED AS...**



**SUPERDUPERMAN!**  
BOINK! BOINK! BROINK!

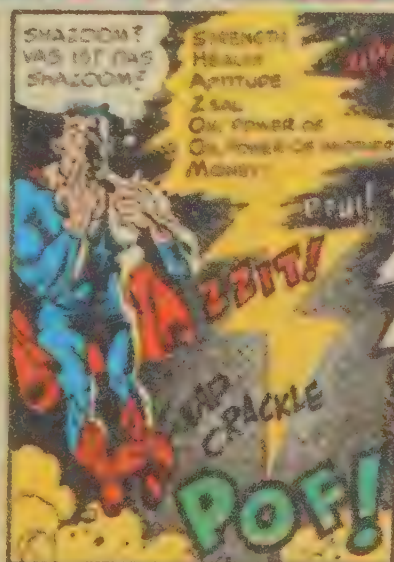
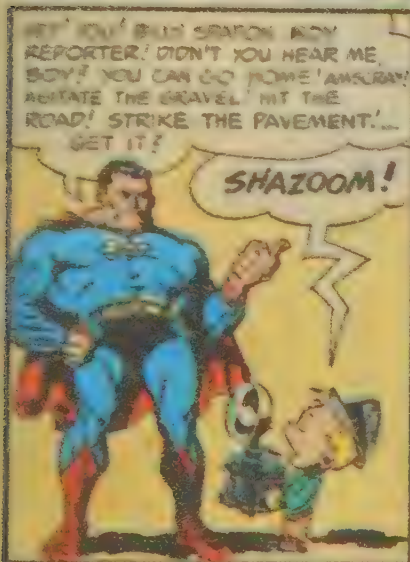


NOW... TO THE WINDOW... ON TO THE SILL... UP... UP AND... **AWA A A A A**

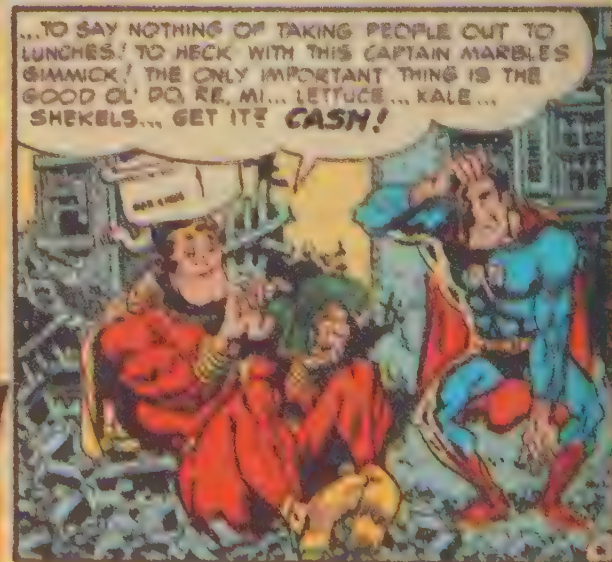
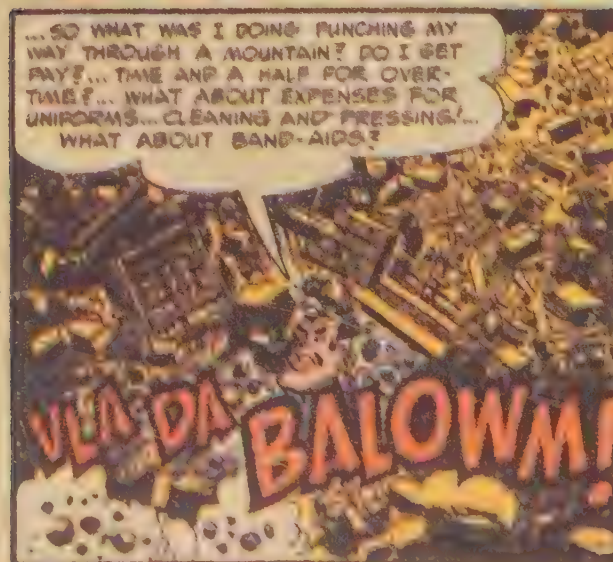
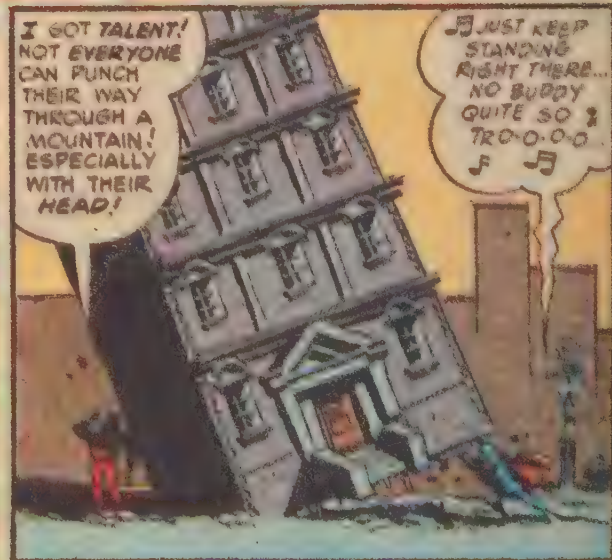


**CRASH!**





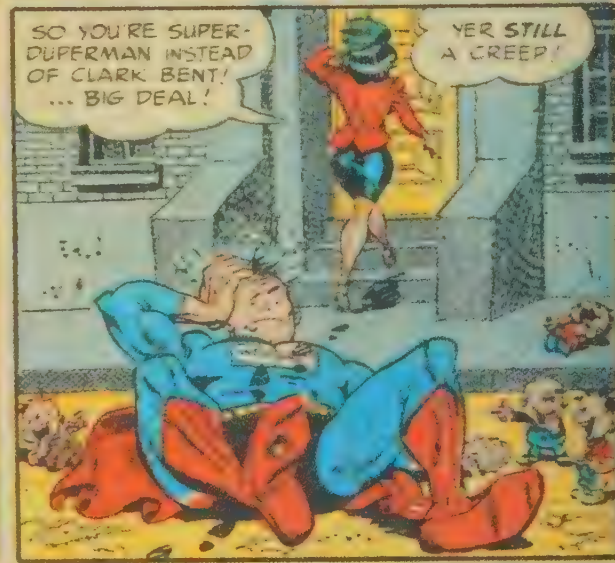
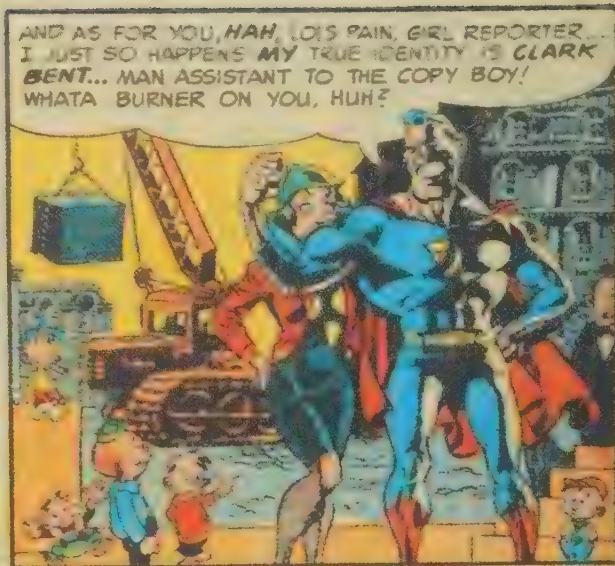
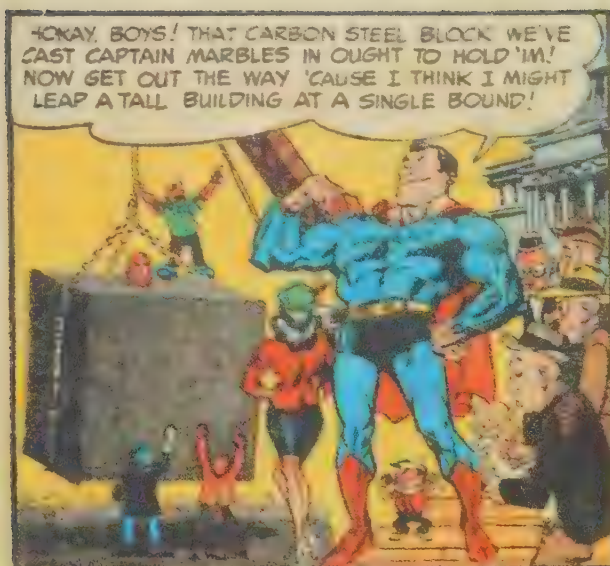












UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE DAILY DIRT, GOING FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON...

...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE, LOOKING CREEP.. CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY..

WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES **ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP**





T.V. DEPT.: OUR CONSTANT READERS HAVE NO DOUBT NOTICED OUR SUDDEN SHIFT TO TELEVISION! WE ARE GIVING SPECIAL ATTENTION TO T.V. BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IT HAS BECOME AN INTEGRAL PART OF LIVING... A POWERFUL INFLUENCE IN SHAPING THE FUTURE... BUT MAINLY WE ARE GIVING ATTENTION BECAUSE WE JUST GOT A NEW T.V. SET!... SO HERE'S OUR STORY...

# HOWDY-DOOIT!

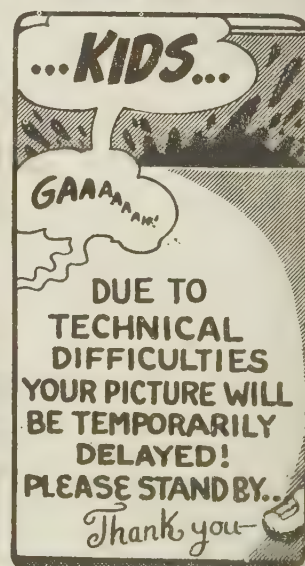
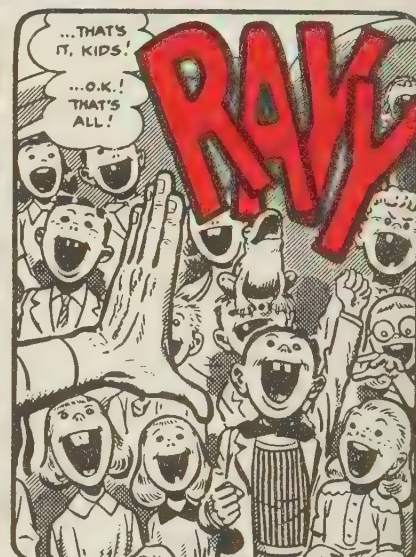


NO! LET ME GO! THAT'S MY SUNRAY FROM MY MOVIES BEHIND HIS HEAD AND I WANNIT BACK!

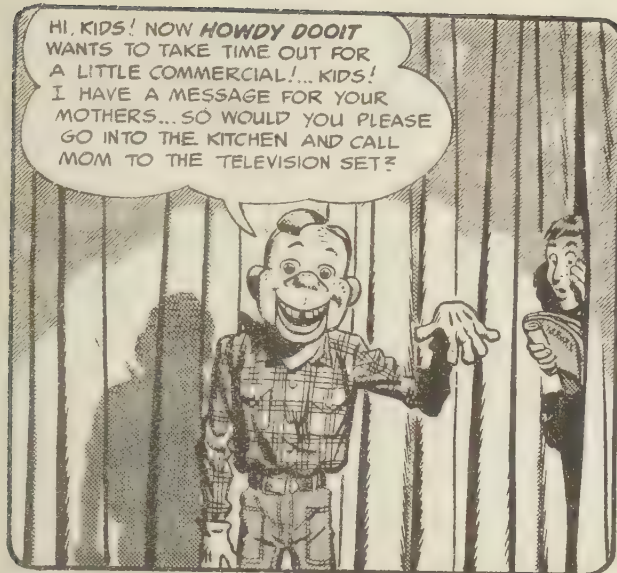
BILL Elder











HI, KIDS! NOW **HOWDY DOOIT** WANTS TO TAKE TIME OUT FOR A LITTLE COMMERCIAL!... KIDS! I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR MOTHERS... SO WOULD YOU PLEASE GO INTO THE KITCHEN AND CALL MOM TO THE TELEVISION SET?



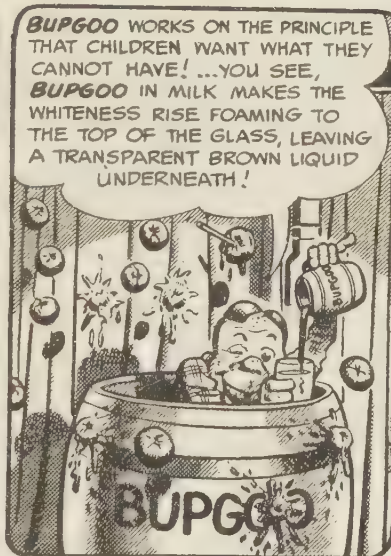
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME... YOU STILL SITTING THERE!? ...GET OUT AND CALL YOUR MOTHERS!

GET GOING BEFORE I GET MAD!

HISSE!



HI, MOM!... HAVING TROUBLE MAKING THE KIDS DRINK MILK? WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOME **BUPGOO!** **BUPGOO** IS A SYRUP THAT WHEN ADDED TO MILK MAKES THE MILK MORE ATTRACTIVE TO CHILDREN!



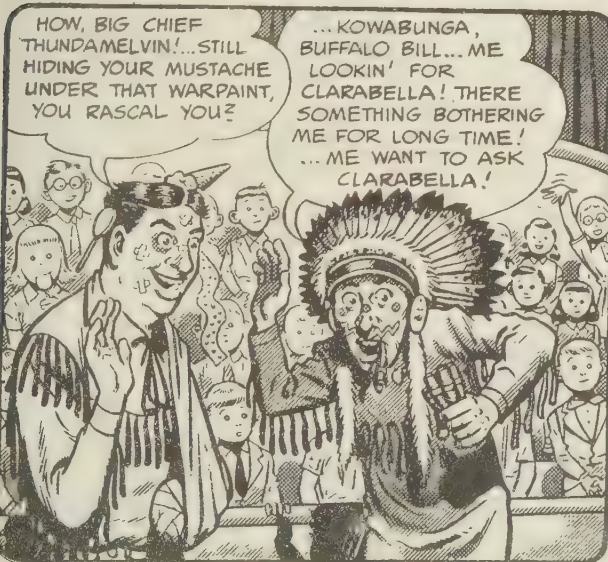
**BUPGOO** WORKS ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT CHILDREN WANT WHAT THEY CANNOT HAVE! ...YOU SEE, **BUPGOO** IN MILK MAKES THE WHITENESS RISE FOAMING TO THE TOP OF THE GLASS, LEAVING A TRANSPARENT BROWN LIQUID UNDERNEATH!



... YES... **BUPGOO** MAKES A GLASS OF MILK LOOK **EXACTLY LIKE A GLASS OF BEER!**

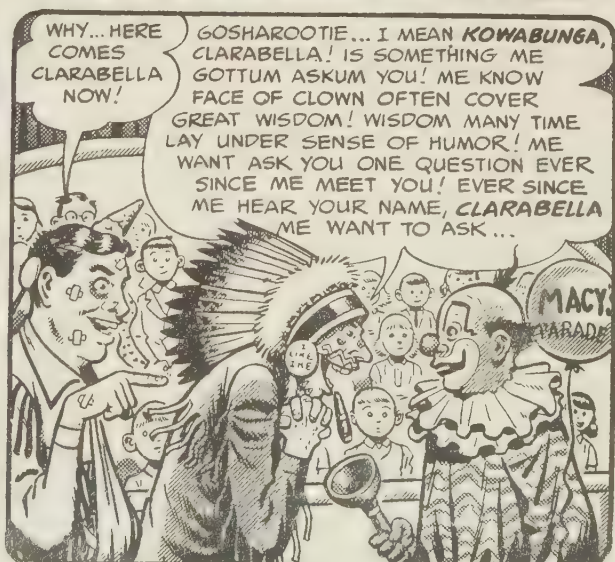
NEXT TIME THE KIDS WANT THE BEER YOU'RE DRINKING, GIVE 'EM **BUPGOO!**

NOW... BACK TO BUFFALO BILL!



HOW, BIG CHIEF THUNDAMELVIN!... STILL HIDING YOUR MUSTACHE UNDER THAT WARPAINT, YOU RASCAL YOU?

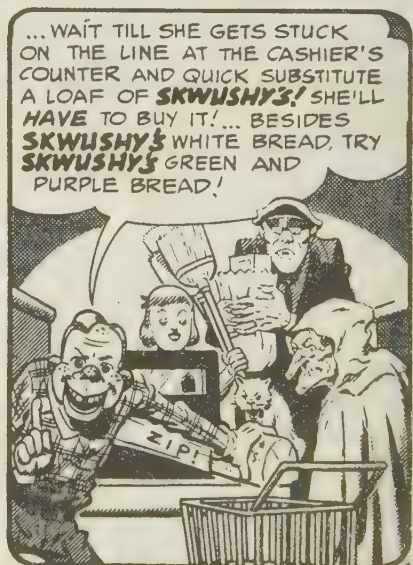
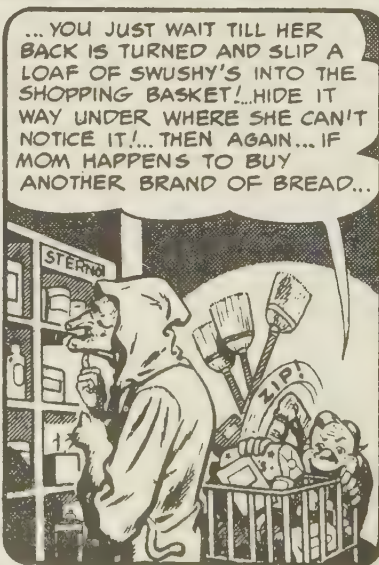
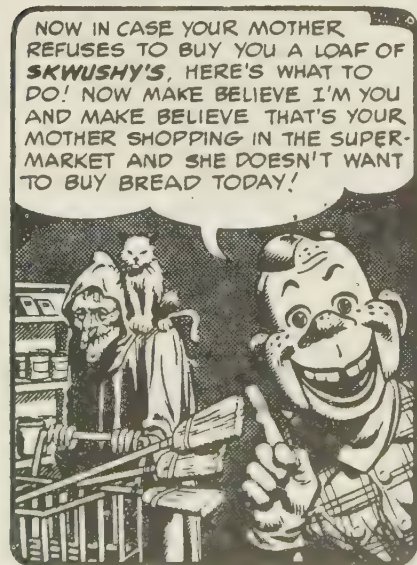
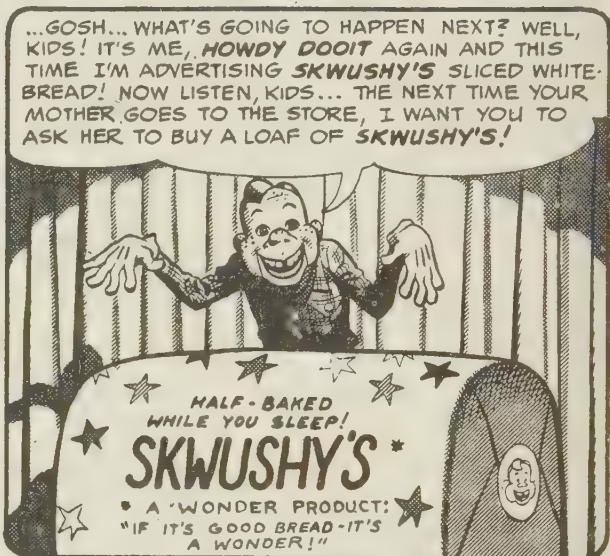
... KOWABUNGA, BUFFALO BILL... ME LOOKIN' FOR CLARABELLA! THERE SOMETHING BOTHERING ME FOR LONG TIME! ... ME WANT TO ASK CLARABELLA!



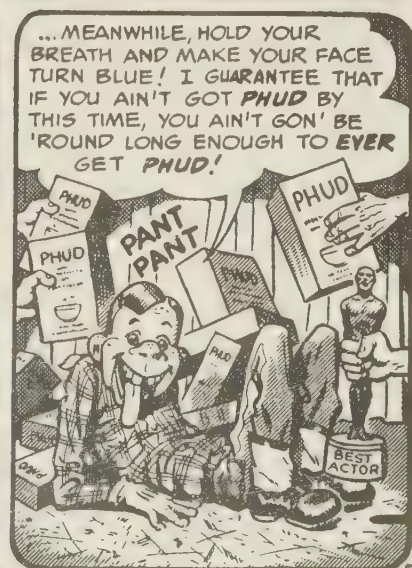
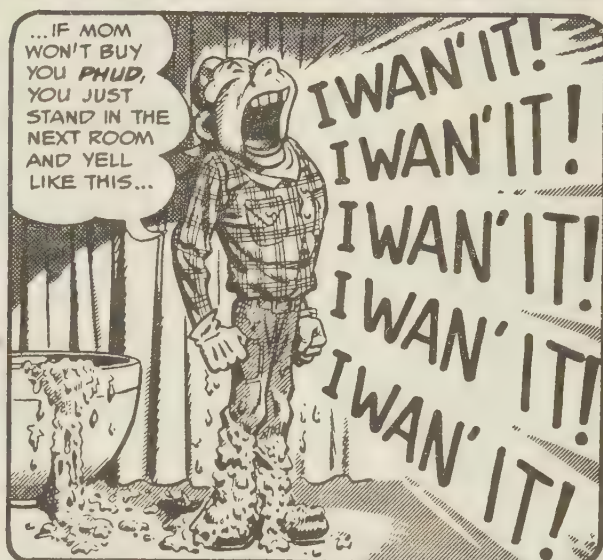
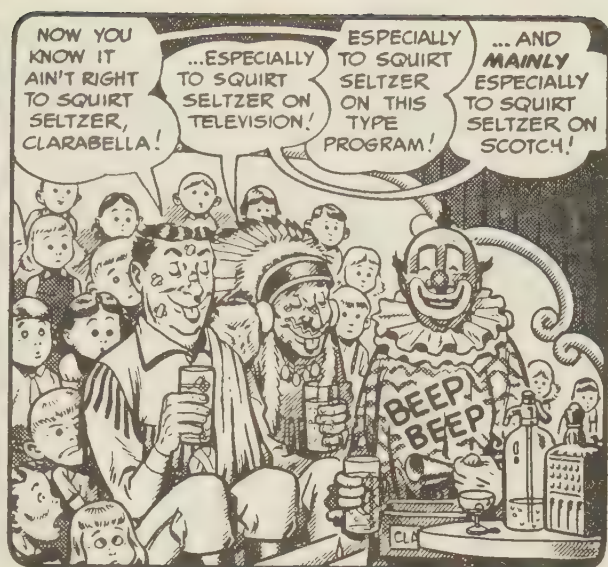
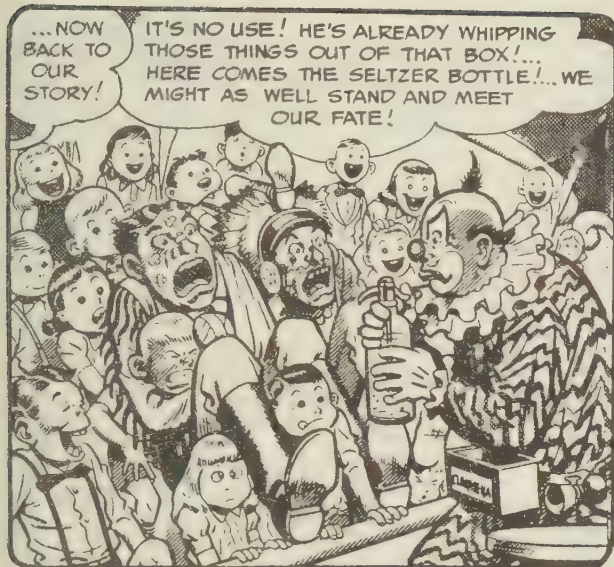
WHY... HERE COMES CLARABELLA NOW!

GOSHAROOTIE... I MEAN **KOWABUNGA**, CLARABELLA! IS SOMETHING ME GOTTUM ASKUM YOU! ME KNOW FACE OF CLOWN OFTEN COVER GREAT WISDOM! WISDOM MANY TIME LAY UNDER SENSE OF HUMOR! ME WANT ASK YOU ONE QUESTION EVER SINCE ME MEET YOU! EVER SINCE ME HEAR YOUR NAME, **CLARABELLA** ME WANT TO ASK...

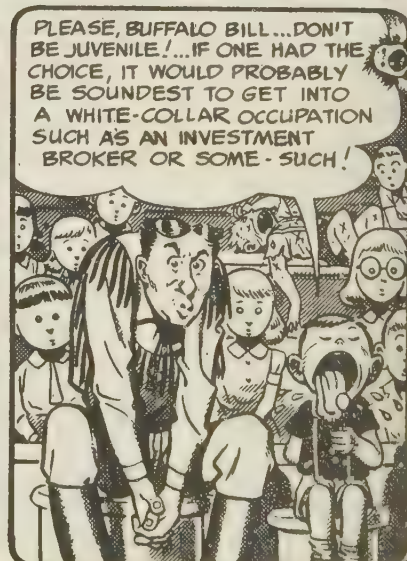
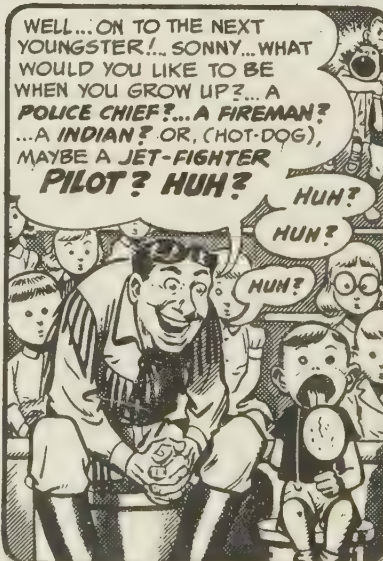
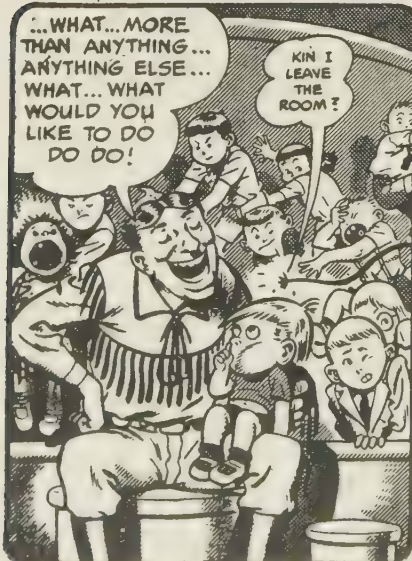
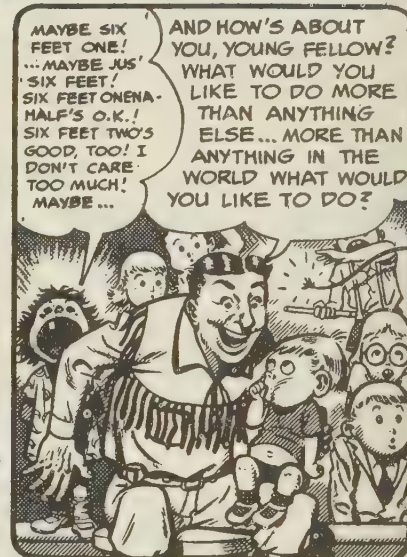
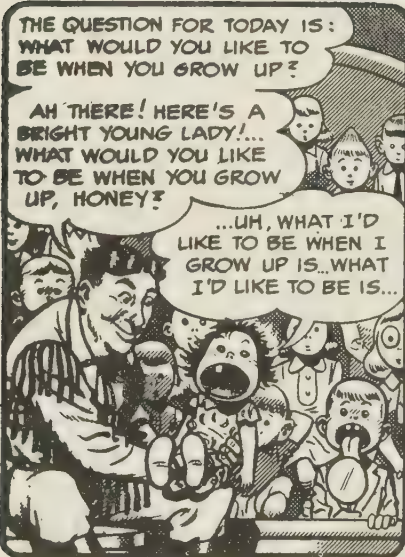






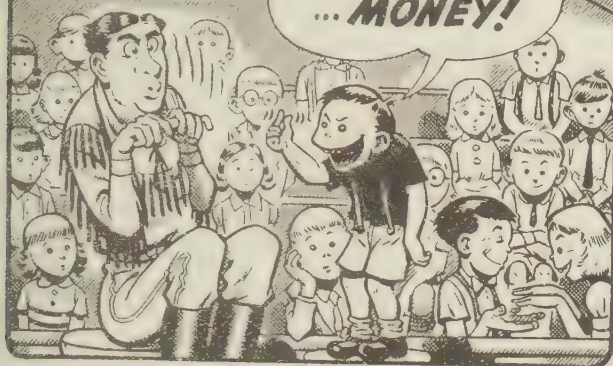






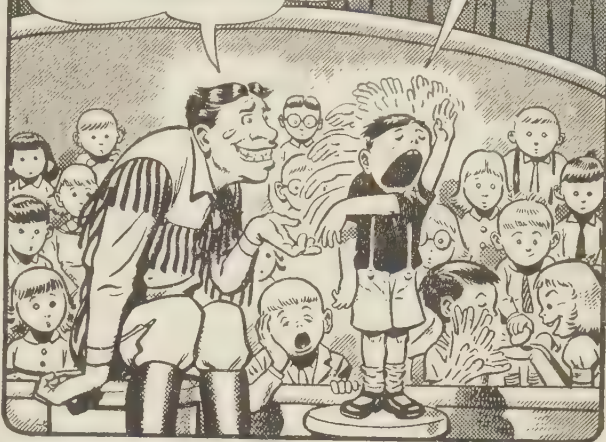


OF COURSE... ADVERTISING AND ENTERTAINMENT ARE LUCRATIVE FIELDS IF ONE HITS THE TOP BRACKETS... MUCH LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT** HAS! IN OTHER WORDS... WHAT I WANT TO DO WHEN I GROW UP, IS TO BE A HUSTLER LIKE **HOWDY DOOIT**! I WANT TO BE WHERE THE **CASH** IS... THE **GREEN STUFF**... **MOOLAH**... **POUND NOTES**... GET IT?  
...**MONEY!**



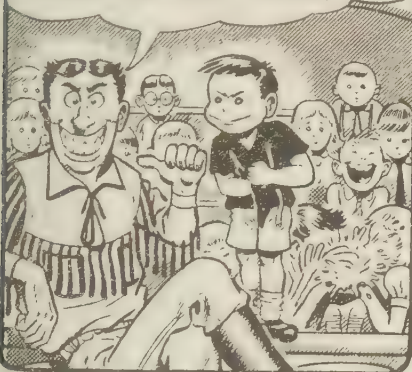
BUT CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS NO "HUSTLER"! HE NEEDS NO MONEY! NO DOLLAR BILLS TO SMILE... NO MERCENARY INCENTIVE TO PASS OUT HAPPINESS!

AWW COME OFF IT, **BUFFALO BILL**!



NO, CHILD... **HOWDY DOOIT** IS A HAPPY WOODEN MARIONETTE, MANIPULATED BY STRINGS! **HOWDY DOOIT**, CHILD, IS NO MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER...

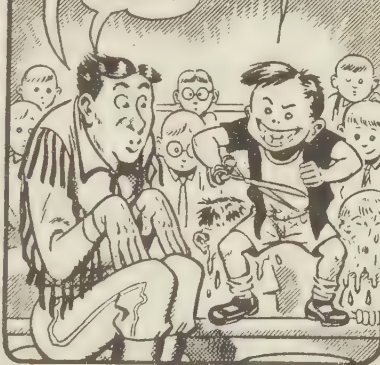
... I, **BUFFALO BILL**, AM THE MERCENARY, MONEY GRUBBING HUSTLER!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE HUSTLER IS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHILD?

WAIT!



SOMEONE GRAB HIM!

STOP HIM, SOMEONE!

HOLD HIM!



WHAT DID HE DO?... WHAT'S WRONG WITH **BUFFALO BILL**?

... CUT THE SCENE!  
... CUT THE SCENE!  
... CUT! CUT!

... THAT KID!... HE HAD A PAIR OF SCISSORS!

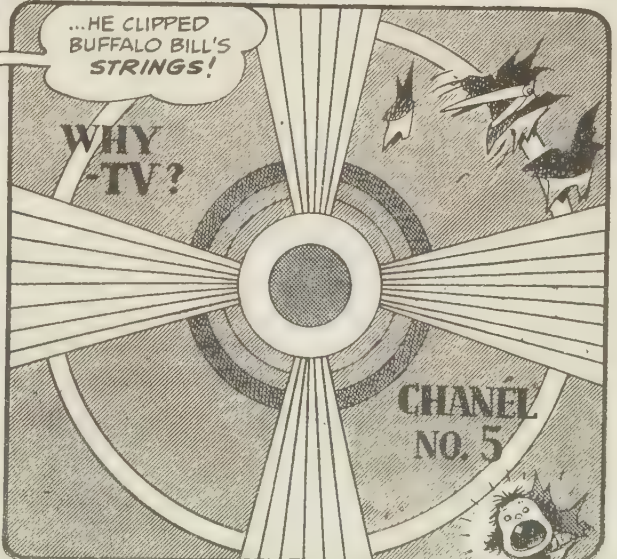
CLIK CLIK CLIK



... HE CLIPPED **BUFFALO BILL**'S STRINGS!

WHY -TV?

CHANÉL NO. 5





# MASTER RACE

YOU CAN *NEVER FORGET* CAN YOU, CARL REISSMAN? *EVEN HERE... IN AMERICA...* TEN YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM YOUR NATIVE GERMANY... YOU CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE *BLOODY WAR YEARS*. THOSE MEMORIES WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER... AS EVEN NOW THEY HAUNT YOU WHILE YOU DESCEND THE SUBWAY STAIRS INTO THE QUIET SEMI-DARKNESS...



THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE BLACK CAVERN, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF THE ALMOST DESERTED STATION...



YOUR ACCENT IS STILL THICK ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE MASTERED THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR NEW COUNTRY THAT TOOK YOU IN WITH OPEN ARMS WHEN YOU FINALLY ESCAPED FROM BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. YOU SLIDE THE BILL UNDER THE BARRED CHANGE-BOOTH WINDOW...



YOU STARE AT THE ONRUSHING STEEL MONSTER...



YOU MOVE TO THE BUSY CLICKING TURNSTILES... SLIP THE SHINY TOKEN INTO THE THIN SLOT... AND PUSH THROUGH...



YOU BLINK AS THE FIRST CAR RUSHES BY AND ILLUMINATED WINDOWS FLASH IN AN EVER-SLOWING RHYTHM...





AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A MISSING STOP...



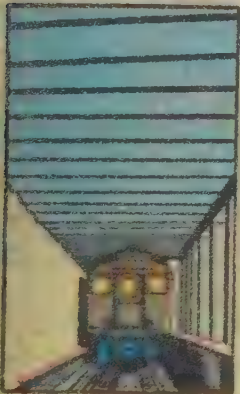
YOU MOVE TO THE DOOR AS IT SLIDES OPEN. A PASSENGER EMERGES AND YOU FEEL HIS EYES UPON YOU AND YOU SHUDDER. WHY ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, CARL? THAT WAS A **LONG TIME AGO!** THIS IS **AMERICA**. YOU'RE **SAFE NOW!** YOU'RE **FREE...**



BUT YOU **ARE** AFRAID, **AREN'T** YOU, CARL? YOU'LL **ALWAYS** BE AFRAID. YOU'LL **KEEP REMEMBERING...** REMEMBERING THE **HORROR...** THE **HATE...** THE **SUFFERING...** AND YOU'LL **STAY** AFRAID. YOU STEP INTO THE ALMOST-EMPTY CAR AND YOU SIGH INTO A SEAT...



THE DOORS SLAM SHUT. THE TRAIN LURCHES AND ROLLS AHEAD, THUNDERING OUT OF THE STATION AND BACK INTO THE BLACK CHASMS TUNNELING BENEATH THE CITY. YOU UNFOLD YOUR PAPER...



YOU TRY TO READ, BUT THE WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS. NOTHING HAS MEANING ANY MORE... NOTHING BUT THE SICKENING SENSATION THAT HAS PLAGUED YOU FOR OVER TEN LONG YEARS. THE CONCENTRATION CAMP HAS LEFT ITS MARK UPON YOU, HASN'T IT, CARL REISSMAN?

YOU LOOK AROUND AT YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS SITTING ALONE IN THEIR OWN LITTLE WORLDS OF FEAR. YOU STUDY THEIR FACES... THEIR FEATURES... THEIR EYES... LOOKING... ALWAYS LOOKING. WHAT ARE YOU **LOOKING** FOR CARL? WHO **IS** IT YOU'RE **AFRAID** OF?



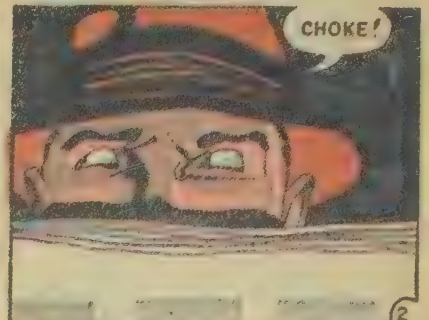
THE TRAIN GROANS INTO ANOTHER STATION AND JERKS TO A STOP. THE DOORS HUM WIDE. YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR PAPER, ONLY **SENSING** PEOPLE GETTING OFF...



...SOMEONE GETTING ON...



AND THEN...DOWN DEEP INSIDE YOU... YOU FEEL THE CHILL. THE COLD CHILL...THE CHILL OF DEATH. YOU STARE AT THE PAPER ON YOUR LAP, UNABLE TO RAISE YOUR EYES...AFRAID TO SEE WHAT YOU KNOW IS THERE. BUT, AFTER A FEW TERRORIZED MOMENTS, YOU CAN'T STAND IT! YOU **DO** LOOK UP! AND YOU **SEE** HIM...



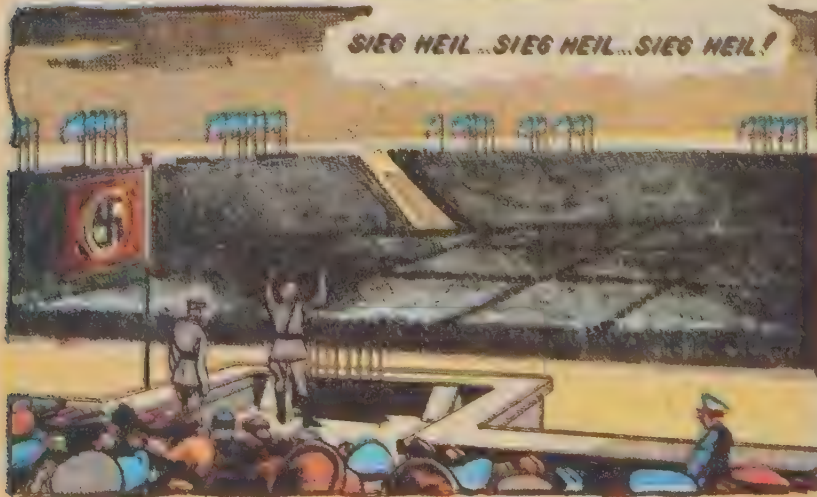


HE SITS STIFFLY, READING HIS PAPER, NOT LOOKING AT YOU, NOT NOTICING YOU. BUT **YOU'VE SEEN HIM, CARL!** YOU'VE SEEN HIS **FACE...** THE ONE YOU **KNEW** SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE AGAIN...THE FACE YOU'VE BEEN **AFRAID** TO SEE FOR **TEN LONG YEARS**, YOUR MOUTH TWITCHES. YOUR HANDS OPEN AND CLOSE, WET WITH PERSPIRATION...



...TO ANOTHER SHRILL SCREAM...THE SCREAM OF A LITTLE MAN WITH WILD EYES AND BLACK HAIR AND A SMALL BLACK MOUSTACHE...

**SIEG HEIL...SIEG HEIL...SIEG HEIL!**



AND WHEN THE LITTLE MAN HAD STOPPED SCREAMING AND THE CROWD HAD DISPERSED, REMEMBER THE SICKENING FEELING YOU HAD... THE REVULSION AND NAUSEA YOU FELT AS YOU TRUDGED HOME?...



THERE WERE **OTHERS** LIKE YOU, CARL...



...OTHERS WHO WERE **SICK** AND **REVOLTED** AND **NAUSEATED** AT THE SCREAMING PROPOSALS OF THIS LITTLE MAN. BUT **THEY** COULDN'T STOP THE TIDE, **COULD THEY, CARL?** **THEY** COULDN'T STEM THE FLOW OF HATE THAT / POURED THROUGH THE STREETS WITH CLUBS AND GUNS AND THE ECHOES OF THE LITTLE MAN'S SCREAMS URGING IT ON...



THE TRAIN SCREAMS AROUND A CURVE IN ITS SUBTERRANEAN ROUTE...AND THE SCREAM IS SHRILL AND SHARP...SETTING YOUR TEETH ON EDGE...REACHING BACK INTO THE PAST...



REMEMBER, CARL? REMEMBER THE LITTLE MAN IN THE UNIFORM WHO STOOD FIRST BEFORE SMALL GROUPS... THEN BEFORE CROWDS... AND FINALLY BEFORE MULTITUDES...AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED THEM INTO AN HYSTERICAL MISSION OF WORLD CONQUEST. **YOU WERE THERE...** IN ONE OF THOSE CROWDS. REMEMBER?





NO ONE COULD STOP THE BOOKS  
FROM BEING BURNED...



... OR THE SHOP WINDOWS FROM  
BEING SMASHED AND THEIR CON-  
TENTS RANSACKED...



... OR THE SANCTITY OF HOMES FROM  
BEING VIOLATED. . .



IT WAS A MADNESS... A WAVE THAT SWEEPED THROUGH  
YOUR HOMELAND LIKE A PLAGUE... A TIDAL WAVE OF  
FRENZIED HATE-FEARS AND BLOOD-LETTING AND  
EXPLODING VIOLENCE. . . A WILD UNCONTROLLED WAVE  
THAT SWEEPED YOU AND YOUR KIND ALONG WITH IT. . .

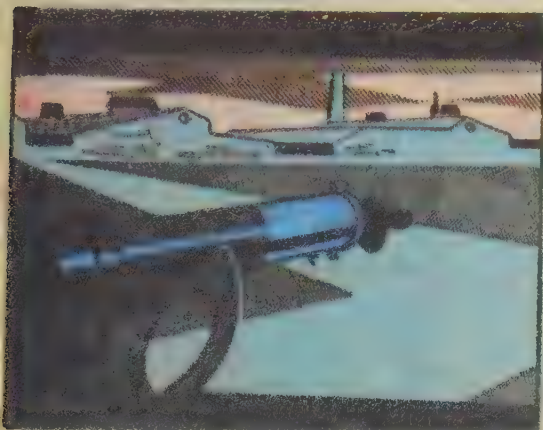


WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CARL? WHEN WERE YOU CAUGHT UP  
IN THIS TIDE? WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE BELSEN CONCENTRA-  
TION CAMP AND THE HUMAN MISERY THAT SOBBED WITHIN  
ITS BARBED-WIRE WALLS?...



DO YOU REMEMBER, CARL? DO YOU REMEMBER  
THE AWFUL SMELL OF THE GAS CHAMBERS THAT  
HOURLY ANNIHILATED HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS  
OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN?...

DO YOU REMEMBER THE STINKING ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH BURN-  
ING IN THE OVENS... MEN'S... WOMEN'S... CHILDREN'S... PEOPLE YOU  
ONCE KNEW AND TALKED TO AND DRANK BEER WITH?...

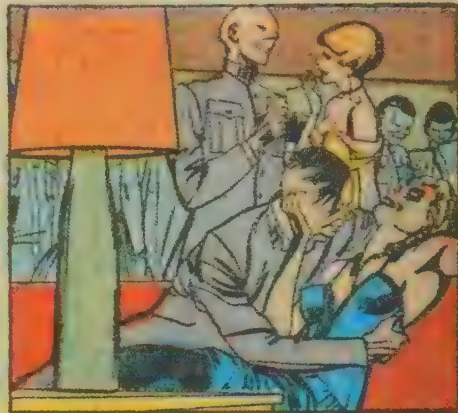




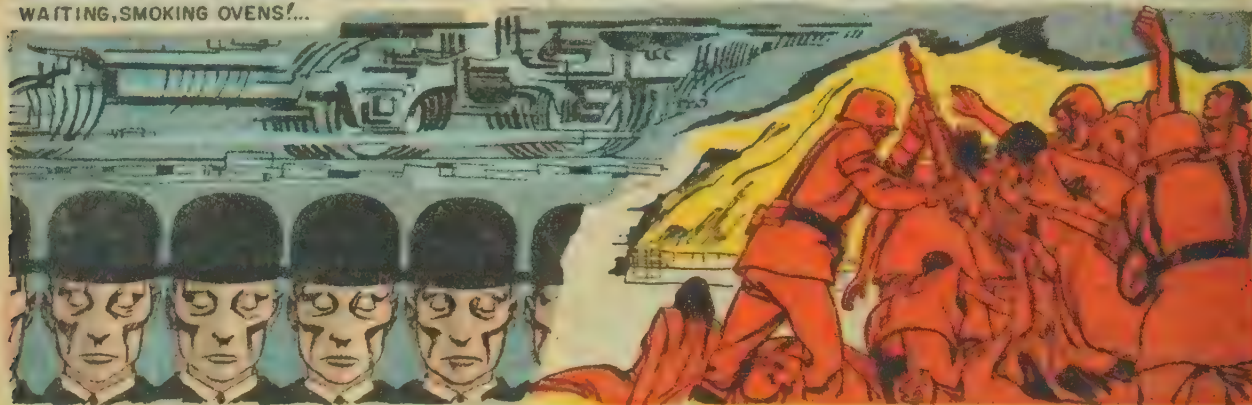
DO YOU REMEMBER THE UNMERCIFUL TORTURES...THE SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...THE PITIFUL WAILING OF THE DOOMED? DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAD EXPERIMENTS WITH HUMAN GUINEA PIGS...THE WANTON WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE?...



...THE BULBS THAT BURNED IN LAMPS ON DESKS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OFFICES...GLOWING THROUGH THEIR HUMAN-SKIN-SHADES?...



LOOK, CARL! LOOK AT THE FACE OF THIS MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU IN THIS NOW DESERTED SUBWAY CAR! LOOK... AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT GLEEFULLY CARRIED OUT THE SADISTIC ORDERS OF THE MASTER RACE...WHIPPING...KICKING... BEATING!... THE GUARDS THAT EAGERLY DRAGGED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE WAITING, SMOKING OVENS!...



REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT PUSHED AND SHOVED...HEAPING THE HELPLESS CAMP INMATES INTO THE FRESH DUG MASS GRAVES...



...LAUGHING WILDLY AS THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS ALIVE...SHOVELING THE DIRT DOWN UPON THEM, MUFLING THEIR PATHETIC SCREAMS...MUFLING THEIR PATHETIC LIVES!...

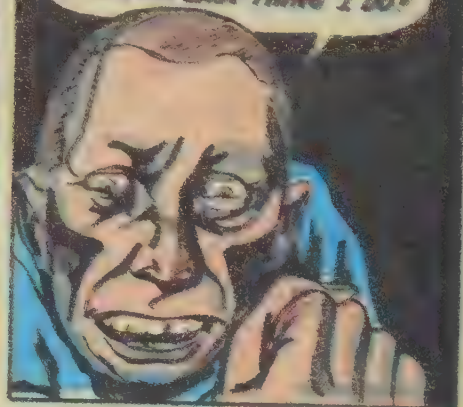




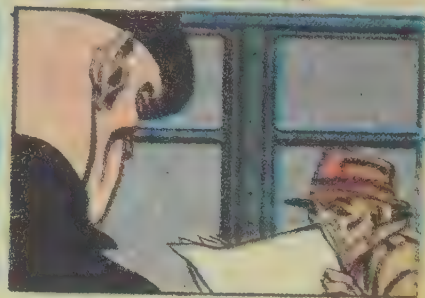
LOOK AT THIS MAN AND REMEMBER, CARL! REMEMBER HIS FACE... THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO HIS EYES WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE ONLY A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY! IT WAS OVER FOR YOU, THIN CARL! THE KILLING AND MAIMING AND TORTURING WAS SUDDENLY OVER FOR YOU!

AND YET IT WASN'T OVER, BECAUSE HE LOOKED AT YOU AND SWORE...

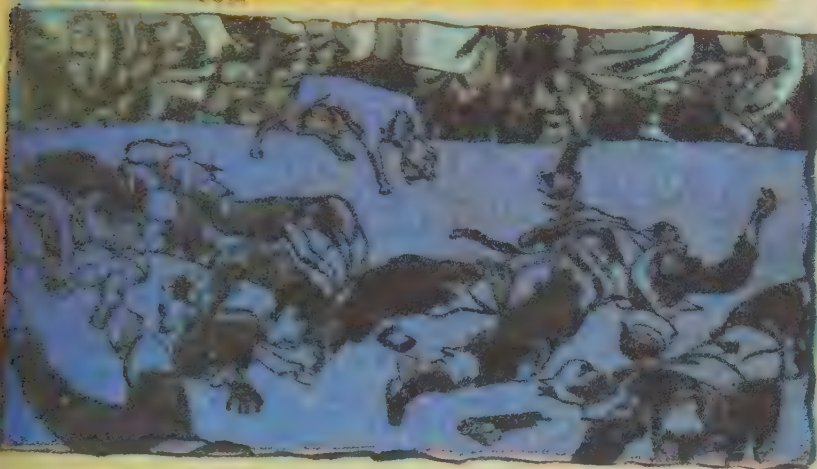
SOMEDAY, I'LL GET YOU, REISSMAN! I'LL GET YOU... IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



AND YET YOU WEREN'T FREE, CARL! EVEN THOUGH YOU SOMEHOW GOT TO AMERICA, YOU NEVER FORGOT! YOU NEVER FORGOT HIS PROMISE! SO YOU CARRIED THE FEAR WITH YOU FOR TEN YEARS AND NOW IT'S CAUGHT UP WITH YOU! HE'S THERE... SITTING OPPOSITE YOU... FEELING YOUR FRIGHTENED STARING EYES UPON HIM...



AND THEN YOU WERE FREE... RUNNING PELL-MELL ACROSS EUROPE, HIDING YOUR CLOTHES, LOSING YOURSELF IN AMONG THE STREAMS OF REFUGEES THAT CHOKED THE ROADS AND HIGHWAYS BEFORE THE ADVANCING ALLIED ARMIES...



AND NOW HE'S LOOKING AT YOU. HE'S LOOKING AT YOUR HAIR... AT YOUR LIPS... YOUR NOSE... DEEP INTO YOUR FRIGHTENED EYES AND A SPARK OF FAR-AWAY, LONG-AGO RECOGNITION IGNITES HIS FACE...

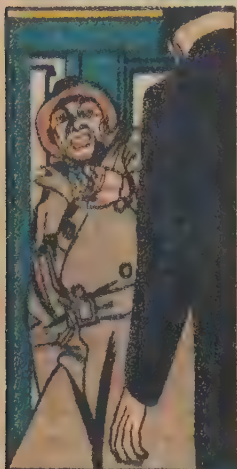


HE RISES SLOWLY, HIS MOUTH SET IN A GRIM TAUT LINE. HIS EYES CLOUD WITH HATE, HIS FISTS CLENCH

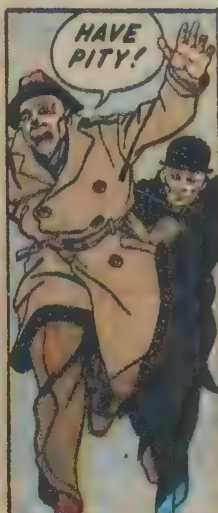
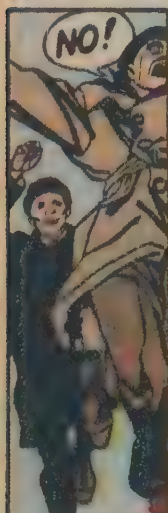
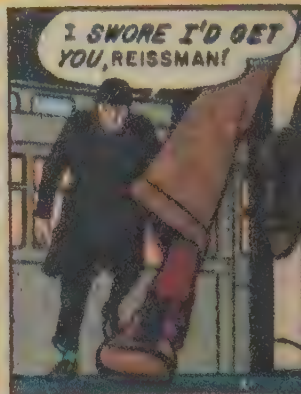




THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. HE'S COMING TOWARD YOU, CARL! RUN! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! RUN!...



RUN...AS YOU RAN FROM BELSEN, CARL! RUN... AS YOU RAN ACROSS EUROPE, FLEEING THE LIBERATING ALLIED ARMIES! RUN, NOW, CARL... AS YOU REFUSED TO RUN WHEN THAT MAD WAVE SWEEPED OVER GERMANY...SWEEPING YOU ALONG IN ITS BLOODY WAKE!...



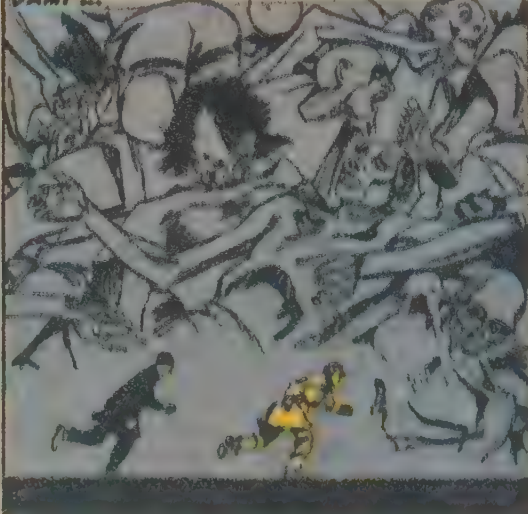
RUN DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY, DESERTED STATION PLATFORM, CARL! RUN FROM THIS PERSONIFICATION OF THE MILLIONS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN WHO COULDN'T RIDE THE TIDE YOU CHOSE TO RIDE... WHO WERE CAUGHT IN ITS UNDERTOW...



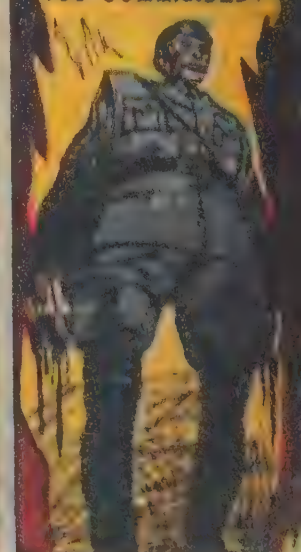
...WHO WERE PERSECUTED AND JAILED AND BURNED IN OVENS AND GASED AND BURIED ALIVE IN MASS GRAVES...



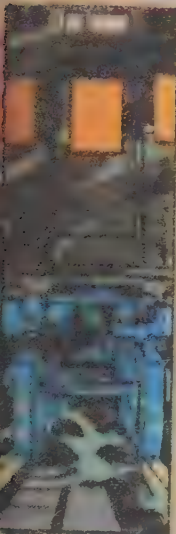
RUN FROM THIS SURVIVOR OF A HUMAN HELL ON EARTH...THIS SURVIVOR OF A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP...BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP...



THE CAMP THAT YOU COMMANDED!









# A Selective, Annotated Bibliography

Most of the best research and writing about comic books has been published in comics "fanzines"—obscure magazines, with tiny circulations, that are devoted to discussions of comic books and related fields. We have cited a selection of those writings in this bibliography, along with some of the books and articles that have received more general distribution. Some "fanzines" can be found in large libraries, and in some cases back issues are available from the publishers or from University Microfilms. The addresses of the publishers are given when appropriate. And here are the addresses for the comics "fanzines" we will be listing several times below:

*Fanfare* (formerly *Graphic Story Magazine*)—Bill Spicer, 329 N. Avenue 66, Los Angeles, California 90042.

*Funnyworld*—University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

*Panels, Squa Tront*—John Benson, 205 W. 80th Street, Apartment 2E, New York, New York 10024.

Please note: Inquiries about the price and availability of a publication should always be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## General

Bails, Jerry, and Hames Ware, eds. *The Who's Who of American Comic Books*, 4 vols., 1973–1976. (Jerry Bails, 21101 E. 11 Mile, Saint Clair Shores, Michigan 48081.) Biographical entries for more than 2,500 artists, writers, and editors.

Becker, Stephen. *Comic Art in America*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1959. Chapter VII is about comic books.

Feiffer, Jules. *The Great Comic Book Heroes*. New York: Dial Press, 1965. Includes a dozen stories from super-hero comic books, in addition to Feiffer's nostalgic text.

Horn, Maurice, ed. *The World Encyclopedia of Comics*. New York: Chelsea House, 1976. This book remains the only comprehensive reference to the field (but reviewers have cited errors and omissions).

Lupoff, Dick, and Don Thompson, eds. *All in Color for a Dime*. New Rochelle, N. Y.: Arlington House, 1970. A collection of essays on comic books, some of which are listed individually below.

Overstreet, R. M. *The Comic Book Price Guide*. Tenth ed., 1980–1981. (Distributed by Harmony Books.) Some of the prices in this annual compilation may be taken with a grain of salt, but it contains reliable information about the publishing histories of many hundreds of titles.

Thompson, Don, and Dick Lupoff, eds. *The Comic-Book Book*. New Rochelle, N. Y.: Arlington House, 1974. A successor volume to *All in Color for a Dime*, and likewise composed of essays on comic books.

Waugh, Coulton. *The Comics*. New York: Macmillan, 1947. Chapter 20 is about comic books, and draws on interviews with M. C. Gaines and other pioneers.

## On "Superman"

Kobler, John. "Up, Up and Awa-a-y! The Rise of Superman, Inc." *Saturday Evening Post*, June 21, 1941, p. 14.

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Lupoff, Dick. "The Big Red Cheese." In Lupoff and Thompson, eds., *All in Color for a Dime*.



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Thompson, Don. "The Rehabilitation of Eel O'Brian." In Thompson and Lupoff, eds., *The Comic-Book Book*.

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*Graphic Story Magazine* No. 12, Fall 1970, and No. 14, Winter 1971-1972. Both issues are made up entirely of material by and about Wolverton.

### On George Carlson

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### On "Little Lulu" and John Stanley

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Barrier, Michael. "Starting Out in the Comics: Carl Barks Becomes the Duck Man." *Funnyworld* 22 (1981): 12.

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Summer, Edward. "Of Ducks and Men: Carl Barks Interviewed." *Panels* 2 (Spring 1981): 3.

### On "Pogo" and Walt Kelly

Kelly, Walt. *Ten Ever-lovin' Blue-eyed Years with Pogo*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1959.

*The Okefenokee Star*. (Swamp Yankee Studios, P.O. Box 2311, Bridgeport, Connecticut 06608.) Issued with the cooperation of Kelly's estate, this magazine has published a great deal of rare material by and about Walt Kelly.

Robinson, Murray. "Pogo's Papa." *Collier's*, March 8, 1952, p. 20.

### On "The Spirit" and Will Eisner

Benson, John. "An Interview with Will Eisner." *Witzend* 6 (Spring 1969).

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Kyle, Richard. "Graphic Story Review." *Fantasy Illustrated (Graphic Story Magazine)* 6 (Summer/Fall 1966): 3.

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### On E.C.

Benson, John. "Is War Hell? The Evolution of an Artist's Viewpoint." *Panels* 2 (Spring 1981): 18. On Harvey Kurtzman's war comic books.



Bray, Glenn. *The Illustrated Harvey Kurtzman Index*. 1976. (Glenn Bray, P.O. Box 4482, Sylmar, California 91342)

Durwood, Tom. "Harvey Kurtzman." *Crimmer's* (No. 3) (Spring 1976): 23. An interview.

Jacobs, Frank. *The Mad World of William M. Gaines*. Secaucus, N.J.: Lyle Stuart, Inc., 1972.

Spiegel, Ed. "Fanfare Interview: Editor of *Mad Magazine*, Al Feldstein." *Fanfare* 1 (Spring 1977): 16.

*Squa Tront* 6 (1975). An issue devoted to Bernard Krigstein. All issues of *Squa Tront* consist of material related to the E.C. comic books.

Thompson, Don. "The Spawn of the Son of M. C. Gaines." In Thompson and Lupoff, eds., *The Comic-Book Book*.

### Reprints

Comic-book features have been reprinted in books with increasing frequency in recent years. Considering only the features represented in this book, *Superman*, *Batman*, and *Captain Marvel* (under the title of its 1970s revival, *Shazam!*) have been the subjects of collections published by Crown. Two collections of Carl Barks's *Donald Duck* and *Uncle Scrooge* have been published by Abbeville Press, but take warning that in these books substantial alterations were made in Barks's drawings and in his original dialogue. A collection of Barks's *Uncle Scrooge*—lovingly prepared and quite expensive—was published by Celestial Arts in 1982.

Will Eisner's *The Spirit* is being reprinted, in black and white, in a handsome bimonthly magazine, *The Spirit*; the magazine also publishes new work by Eisner. (Kitchen Sink Enterprises, Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968)

All E.C. comic books from 1950 to 1955 are being reprinted in slipcased sets; each set reprints, in several volumes, the complete run of an E.C. title in black and white, from the original artwork. To date, five sets—*Weird Science*, *Tales from the Crypt*, *Two-Fisted Tales*, *Weird Fantasy*, and *Shock SuspenStories*—have been published. (Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 469, West Plains, Missouri 65775)







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C. C. Beck (Captain Marvel), Harvey Kurtzman (*Mad* and the E.C. war features), and Will Eisner (the Spirit). Notes accompany each feature, giving biographical information on the creators and a brief history of the features' beginnings. The book ends with an annotated bibliography.

As a statement about the comic book at its very best, *A Smithsonian Book of Comic-Book Comics* is a glorious, creative statement indeed.

#### About the editors . . .

Michael Barrier, a native of Arkansas, is a graduate of Northwestern University and the University of Chicago Law School. He has worked as a lawyer and journalist in Little Rock, Atlanta, and Washington, D.C., as well as having been curator and author of the catalog for the Library of Congress exhibition on animation in 1978. He has written a book on the Warner Bros. cartoons (in press) and is completing a history of the Hollywood animation studios.

Martin Williams, a cultural historian at the Smithsonian Institution, has been an English teacher (Columbia University) and book editor (Macmillan), but most of his time has been spent as critic of the popular and performing arts. He is the co-editor of *The Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics*, and his other books include: *The Jazz Tradition* and several other books on jazz; a biography, *Griffith: First Artist of the Movies*; and the recent TV: *The Casual Art*.

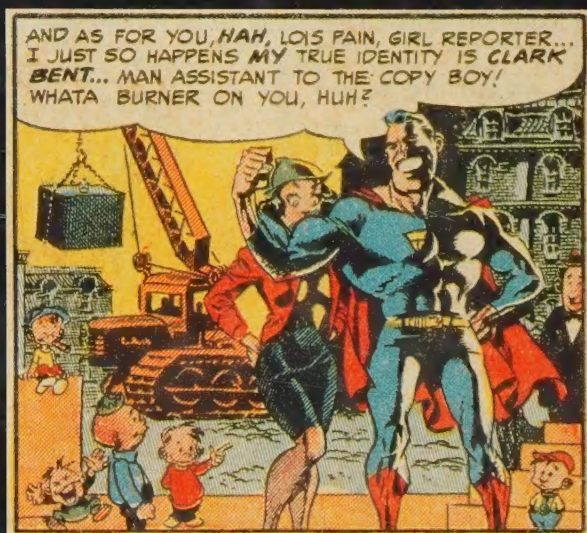




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